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BY

MARTIN A. O'BRENNAN, LL.D.

Principal of the Collegiate Seminary, 57, Bolton-street, Dublin.

béiré banba mo éiríra,
Zan aihpur, fōr, raoréa,
béiré an Sacron a z-car,
'S a réiré ríoréa fa bar.

'S é mo éiréac 'r mo éiréac,
Nac éiréiré réiré an la,
Zi b-furí éiréiréiré an ziré,
'S an z-réiréiréiré r an d-ziré.

Uí b-réiréiréiré.

DUBLIN:

JOHN MULLANY, 1, PARLIAMENT STREET,

1855.

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Dedication.

TO THE VERY REV. JOHN SPRATT, D.D.

VERY REVEREND DEAR SIR,

I take leave to dedicate to you, whose friendship it has been my pride to enjoy for many years, this poor effort of my pen in behalf of Ireland, her language, and religion. It has been usual with authors to seek out what are termed great names, to whom to dedicate their works : I have not been singular in this respect, as I have selected the name of one, whose untiring exertions in the cause of charity and temperance have ranked him amongst the greatest benefactors of the human family. It is not titles nor riches that confer elevation—these may be, and are, often possessed by the most worthless and degenerate. It is *moral worth* confers *dignity* ; not *dignity*, *worth*. In you, then, I behold that worth which, in my mind, constitutes the great and good man. Hence I have taken the liberty of dedicating this unpretending work to you, whose zeal for our old language is surpassed only by that for religion and temperance. I have to say, in conclusion, that, if ever a grateful heart offered a sincere tribute to friendship and worth, this is tendered, Very Reverend Dear Sir, to you by

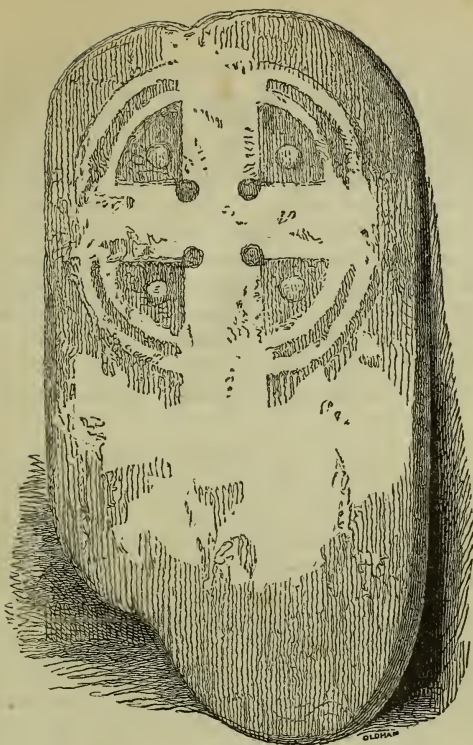
Your devoted, affectionate

Disciple and friend,

MARTIN A. O'BRENNAN.

*Collegiate Seminary,
57, Bolton-street, Dublin.
June, 1855.*





An Ancient Sculptured Pillar Stone.

According to tradition, the interesting relic of remote antiquity—of which the accompanying sketch is a perfect delineation—marked the grave of an early Irish saint. It is of hard granite, in length three feet five inches, in breadth one foot ten, and in thickness five inches. The stone bears two sculptured crosses, symbolical of the Christian faith, one on the front and the other on the back; each cross is enclosed within a circle, the emblem of eternity. The crosses and circles are greatly worn by the action of the elements during more than twelve centuries. It stood in “Owen’s-lane” (which leads from Corn Market, through St. Audeon’s arch, to Cook-street), near the door of entrance to the ancient church of St. Audeon, or Owen. From time immemorial it was called the “Blessed Stone,” and was held in very great respect and veneration by the Catholics

of Dublin—a respect so great, that for ages past, and up to the time of its removal, all persons, when passing by, laid their hands on it, and invoked a blessing, through the intercession of the saint, to perpetuate whose memory the stone was erected. In the year 1826, when the church near which it stood was undergoing repair, this ancient monument was taken up, and, being regarded with a slight respect by some workmen, it was carefully removed and buried in a yard in Cook-street, where it remained for some years. It is now in the possession of the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, of Aungier-street, who, as an antiquarian, looks on it, not only as an object worthy of respect for its very great antiquity, but also, as a memorial of the piety of a people whom ignorance and prejudice have sneered at as barbarous.

The following letter conveys DR. PETRIE'S opinion as to the use and age of the monument, &c.

67, Rathmines Road, 21st October, 1853.

“MY DEAR DR. SPRATT,

“In obedience to your request that I should give you my opinion respecting the probable antiquity of the interesting ancient stone on which a cross within a circle is sculptured, and which till it came into your conservating custody, was to be seen near the ancient Parish Church of St. Audeon, I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that it belongs to a class of monuments—most probably sepulchral—which are now rarely to be met with in Ireland, and which appears to me to be of a very early Christian age; and I have no doubt that this stone is much more ancient than any portion of the very old church now remaining, with which it was formerly connected.

“Believe me, my dear Sir,

“Most faithfully yours,

“GEORGE PETRIE.”

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PREFACE.

MUCH of what was found necessary to be said on the beautiful structure and genius of our venerable, pathetic, melodious, and vigorous old tongue, I have given, in the shape of notes, under the "Dirge of Ireland," and, therefore, with that part of the subject I shall not here deal.

THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.

The history of every other nation on earth has been penned, read, and studied, whilst our history is generally neglected, almost unknown, and, I might add, left in darkness. In Irish colleges, seminaries, and schools, the histories of pagan Greece and Rome are sedulously attended to; the history of even our tyrannical oppressors is forced upon the attention of pupils. They must learn it, whether they will or not; but with pain and shame I must confess that the study of Irish history is woefully overlooked. We see very few prizes offered as an inducement to the cultivation of a thorough knowledge of the architecture of our graceful, polished language, and our deeply interesting annals. When at school and in college I often wondered what was the cause that we were not made study Irish history; this reflection became stronger daily, upon having felt that in polite society it was deemed a disgrace to be unacquainted with the manners, deeds, and institutions of other countries, as contained in their history, except with those of Ireland. We see the very extreme parts of the world explored at great peril; the frozen regions of the north—the sandy deserts of the south—the torrid climes of the east—and the woody wilds and swampy fastnesses of the west, every and all of them diligently explored, and laboriously written upon; yet in the midst of them all there is a country whose history is more interesting, more engaging, and more brilliant than that of any one of them—a country that was once the centre of light and learning—the tranquil seat of arts and literature—a country that, when they all were in darkness, extended to them generously the warm and vivifying rays of her light. But they now turn their backs upon her. She is neglected and spurned; she is sinking into obscurity, and there is none to stretch out the hand to her, or to come to her relief. *Zion stretcheth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her*—Lamentations, i. 17.

I was every day more and more struck with this deplorable neglect of Ireland's *Ancient History*, and the singular fatuity by which all her former glory has been allowed to sink into utter darkness; all traces or recollection of it having almost totally disappeared from amongst us.

Therefore it was that I formed, some years since, the resolution of going to work, and of labouring to co-operate with others, who are producing books by which this darkness might be dissipated, and by which we might again obtain a steady view of the brilliant days of ancient Ireland, so that the glory of our ancestors might once more be revealed to their remote posterity of the present day, as well as to the other civilized nations of the world.

To this resolution I have since adhered, without any relaxation; without being shaken or disheartened by the want of sympathy or encouragement; I yearned, from the inmost depths of my soul, for the revival of our soul-stirring, heart-moving tongue, and the restoration of nationality in all its integrity. Religion and nature has implanted in every breast this sacred desire, which may be quelled or stifled, but can never be eradicated; the savage loves the sounds in which he first lisped his parent's name, he loves the tree under which he first amused himself with his playmates, he feels that the God of his worship gave him an innate right to govern his own household, as a merchant his own concerns. What is true of one, is so of a nation of even savages who ought to be helped to improve their system, but not robbed. This being so, ever since I came to Dublin, in 1836, I proposed to myself, to struggle for the resuscitation of the Irish language, and to impress, on all whom I could influence, to institute an inquiry into the ancient history of Ireland, but with respect to attempting to write and publish works, I feared the responsibility and dangers, especially as I had no capital but the revenue of the patrimony, given me by my parents—the profits resulting from the labour of an educated mind. Though this source of wealth might have been sufficient to support myself and family, I thought I could not make too large a draft on such an exchequer; however when the eloquent Poem of the Most Rev. Kerry bard was placed in my hands by my beloved and valued friend, the Very Rev. John Spratt, D.D., of the Carmelite Convent, Aungier-street, I was tempted to make some risk, and hence I determined to undertake the present work. I trust that all my toil, my study, and expense will ensure for the book that reception which may encourage me to persevere in my labours. And as to the imperfections of the work (I fear they are many), I trust to the generosity of my readers inasmuch as it is a first effort, my first journey into a region almost unexplored (I mean as far as making it a *school book*). The Very Rev. Dr. Spratt kindly gave me an interesting work on St. Patrick, from which I copied St. Fiech's hymn; but which, as being badly brought out, I had much trouble in correcting. I had to compare it with an approved copy lest any essential error might be allowed to remain; to a distinguished Dublin

priest I am indebted for the use of a work on St. Patrick and Ireland, written in polished Latin by a distinguished Spanish Clergyman, the Rev. Joachim Villanueva; from this book, approved of by the late meek, pious, and lamented Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. Daniel Murray, I have taken St. Seachnall's "Life of St. Patrick." These two last poems, with my comments, I sent to the Western Patriarch, the Most Rev. John Mac Hale, the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, himself an eloquent Irish poet, and the first of living Irish scholars. That they met the approbation of so brilliant a scholar, thoroughly conversant with the structure of all the learned languages, so unequalled a pillar of the Catholic faith, so fearless and uncompromising an asserter of all national rights, is to me ample compensation for much of my drudgery; and, as the name of his Grace of Tuam has occurred, I must meet some silent, jealous whispers in a few words:—His Grace was reared in a parish in which the Irish language was spoken with attic brevity and fluency, and which his Lordship spoke from the first day he was able to lisp up to the present. His power of moving a flock to tears, or entertaining a private circle in this peculiar strain of Irish eloquence is the theme for general admiration; this being so, and his refined and solid classical education considered, it is evident to any man, unless one prejudiced, of Bæotian stupidity, or dogged ignorance, that His Grace having from nature the poetic inspiration, possesses all the requisites that constitute a poet; and, as to the contemplative qualification, he has had ample field for the cultivation of it. He has had, supposing he never left Connaught, or that he never travelled, an opportunity of contemplating and studying everything that was awfully grand or terribly magnificent in nature; when a child he could feed his tender mind with sublime notions, as from his father's door he looked in the distance upon that immense natural pile "Sleeve Chorna." In fact, whithersoever he turned his eyes there were *cælum, montes, et pontus*; a beautiful sky whose colours, laid on by the divine hand of the Omnipotent artist, charmed the soul of the young student; cloud-capp'd mountains and ivy-mantled towers, majestic lakes, and the wild roaring of the Atlantic, all contributed to fan into a blaze the inborn spark of the youthful John Mac Hale. When first his Lordship's splendid letters, as Bishop of Maronia, whilst in Killala, continued to throw such confusion into the enemies rank, he had to visit the wild and romantic Erris, therein the poetic flame was still more fanned—and oh! Croagh Patrick, what a source to fire poetic genius! Clare Island, Innisbofin; in truth, all parts of Mayo and West Galway are highly suited to the cultivation of poetry. No one, unless he who has journeyed over these holy, haunted, enchanted spots of nature, can, from anything they read, arrive at a reasonable esti-

mate of their attractions. The national and religious pilgrim and even the foreigner, to see them, and knowing their history, must almost worship the earth on which he walks.

Why not a poet of the present day, as well as Homer of old, be allowed to shape words to answer his metre. What are *written sounds* but mere signs of ideas, and, therefore, one shape is as good as the other, especially when either shape is intelligible; are not heaven and nature as bountiful now as at any former time. In fact, in proportion to the advanced state of learning, we think His Grace of Tuam, if time allowed, ought to produce much more polished compositions than the bards of old; he has had advantages which they had not. This we can fearlessly state, that, in our opinion, his "Irish Melodies" excel the original. His epic poetry as well as his Irish hymns must convince any rational Irish scholar, that as a poet and a scholar he stands alone. I trust an apology for this digression is unnecessary.

The officers of the Royal Irish Academy were most kind in showing whatever my research demanded. To Professor Curry, whose friendly suggestions were of use, and the Secretary, I publicly return thanks. It is just to say, that whatever was required in Trinity College, was easily obtained. Mr. Thomas Connolly, 12, Upper Ormond Quay, who gave me free access to his extensive and splendid collection of Irish works, and generously sent some of them to my house, has my cordial thanks. Mr. J. O'Daly, 9, Anglesea-street, handed me various copies of Dr. O'Connell's poem. These, with what I saw in the Academy, Dawson-street, the one I had myself, and one given by Professor Curry, enabled me to give a good version of as beautiful a piece of epic poetry as was ever composed in any language. May its perusal have the same effect on others it had on me; if so, I will not have laboured in vain. The poem divides Irish history into several epochs—it begins with the creation of man, then touches on Pagan mythology; the several colonies that came to Ireland—the Milesians' voyage is particularly noticed in it; it shows what the worship was here up to the reign of Laoghaire (Lhayree); then O'Connell sings of Patrick, and the triumph of Christianity; then of the Danish invasion; next of the Norman irruption; of the Reformation, Calvin, Luther, Henry, and Elizabeth, and the immorality which then prevailed; of the great Earl of Desmond's insurrection; the O'Donnell and O'Neill's struggle for native land up to the year 1601; of all the principal chiefs who backed them; of those who reneagued country and creed for Elizabeth; of the murders of Archbishop O'Kelly of Tuam, Bishop Heber MacMahon, Bishop MacSweeney, Bishops Egan, Bishop Rickard O'Connell; of the insurrection of Sir Phelim O'Neill; Lord Maguire of Fermanagh; the glorious O'Moore

of Leix, the O'Connor-Sligo, the O'Connor-Kerry, and all the great men of those days of carnage and plunder; of Cromwell; of the Charleses, the Jameses, and William; of the traitors of former days; of the fatal effects of division amongst the Irish. The poet ends at the reign of Queen Anne, when he must have been martyred or assassinated, as no account has been had of what became of him or where he was interred. I did what I could to ascertain; all to no effect. Thus, it was only a few days ago, Most Rev. Dr. Dixon discovered on the continent where repose the remains of a distinguished Irish Prelate. There was such confusion in those black days of persecution, that annals and records were destroyed even by Catholics, lest they should serve as proofs against their hunted-down clergy; lest such documents would be brought up in evidence to prove, *that holy men were guilty of the enormous* crime of being a Bishop or Priest of the Catholic faith!!! The regular intercourse with Rome—the stellar centre of truth—was interrupted; there were *bloodhounds* by sea, as well as *bloodhounds* by land. Ecclesiastics, in order to be able to break the bread of life to their starving flocks, were called, “Pat,” “John” &c., and wear any dress, however mean, that they might escape the vigilance of the *Priest-catchers*. What an infamous class informers must be when Tacitus so reprobated the practice of espionage of Pagan Rome, as used in respect to their provinces. The government that sanctions it whether Christian or Pagan, must be not of heaven, nor its policy of the Bible. Heaven and the Bible can sanction nothing that is unjust or inhuman, but a *heavenly* pretence, and a *corrupt* interpretation of the Bible laid this fair land one scene of blood and confusion. Now those days are past for ever.

There was not a leading point of Irish history, from the earliest period up to 1704, which the Poet did not allude to; I had to follow, and in order to do so, I was obliged to consult at least 250 works belonging to different nations and in various languages. I assure my readers that though the commentary be only small, yet if money were my object I would not do the same again. Nothing less than my cherished wish of creating a taste for Irish literature could have made me, who have no time to spare, undertake such a task. May we not hope that in every school in Ireland, rich and poor, college and university, henceforward, Irish history and the language will be duly attended to. The Catholic University, the Dublin University, have, each, an Irish Professor. But these gentlemen must not be mere nominal Professors, reading old stories, however interesting. They must teach the structure of the tongue—grammar in all its parts; they will be required by the public to give value; they must be *teachers* rather than mere *talkers*, when a good national work is to be

done, people must be in earnest, or they *must* be *made* to be so; *sentiment* may do for the *drawing-room*, *work* is necessary to uplift a fallen nation, "*res non verba*."

Mankind in general are slow to adopt any theory, or any new system or improvement, be it ever so desirable, until they see it in full operation, and reduced into practice.

Example is better than precept. I would entreat, and do earnestly entreat, to have an *Irish class* opened in every school and college throughout Ireland. But the conductors of these establishments may very naturally turn round to me and ask, "have you got an Irish class opened in any school in your own neighbourhood? Have you set us the example? Have you taken any trouble to show us that it is practicable; to point out to us the mode, and to *supply us with the means*? Have you taken any steps to carry your theory into practical effect?"

My brief answer to all these queries is, "*I have*."

I have a class in Irish, and Dr. Mac Hale's works are used in class. I have now added a work of my own, which, whilst it is a history of Ireland, will enable the student to arrive at a knowledge of our language.

We shall give a few extracts to show how valued our literature was by men and women of genius.

Dr. Nicholson, the Protestant Bishop of Derry, 1723, published a work, which he entitles, "*The Irish Historical Library*." He had been a celebrated divine in England, distinguished for great learning and deep historical research. He was subsequently promoted to the Bishopric of Derry, in Ireland, and soon turned his mind to the history and language of this country. He states, that while compiling his *English* and *Scotch* Historical Libraries, "he had frequent opportunities of observing what *Irish historians* wrote at the same time." And then, with great candour, he goes on to say—

"I am now, however, under a more pressing obligation, than I then ever expected to have been, of paying my *dying respects* to a country (Ireland) which gives me and my family the present comfortable supports of life."

He states that he has made "abundant historical discoveries" since he came to Ireland, and only hopes that his "poor attempt will invite others to make much greater and more valuable improvements," for that he could only pay his "*dying respects*."

The next is an extract of a letter from the Marquis of Downshire—

"The Ancient History of Ireland is certainly very curious and interesting, though it appears to us at present to be enveloped or mixed up with much fable. I, for one, would be extremely happy to see more diligence applied to its development than, I am sorry to say, has been the case hitherto—

and I am convinced that the result would be useful, creditable, and honourable to the Irish nation at large. I am, Sir, faithfully, your obedient servant,

“DOWNSHIRE.

“*Hillsborough House, Hillsborough.*”

The late Archdeacon Trench, of Ballinasloe, wrote as follows—

“If some of the many Irish manuscript works, which now lie in darkness, were published, I think a great additional stimulus would be given to the study of the language, and we might thereby attain some insight into the ancient history of our country, which is now enveloped in night. We have some traditional whisperings, that Ireland (I think in the eighth or ninth century) was the seat of letters. But where is the proof? Perhaps in the library of Stowe; or the Bodleian; or in Trinity College, Dublin; or scattered over the world, as in Denmark, &c. But we have none of these records ushered forth to the world, to excite the industry of many who, perhaps, would feel anxious to know if our country were ever otherwise than barbarous. In fact (though perhaps to our shame it is spoken), we await some stimulant of this sort, to induce us to apply ourselves to a language which appears difficult to settlers to learn.”

We would urge on the ladies of Ireland to cultivate a knowledge so suited to the tenderness of their heart. How charming would the song, “The harp that once thro’ Tara’s Halls,” be, pronounced in our own melodious language. “The Minstrel Boy,” in Irish, as composed by Dr. Mac Hale is as apt as any rhapsody in Homer to fire the soul. The poem respecting Fionn Mac Cooil (Fingal), as every Fenian poem, has charms in it for ladies not to be found in any other language. To the expression of joy or sorrow, our language is peculiarly adapted—It rouses or abates in an instant, all the passions. The story of Ala wailing Fingal is most touching.

The ladies should feel that they owe much to a language, which was for ages and ages unceasingly employed in singing their praises, and lauding, in the highest and most ardent strains, their charms, attractions, beauty and virtues. Miss Brooke applied her cultivated mind to the study of the Irish language, and was so delighted with the beautiful poetry which it disclosed to her that she persevered, and was at length induced to publish an interesting collection of “Reliques of Irish Poetry,” which she also, and very sweetly, translated into English verse, with historical and explanatory notes. The following extract shews her admiration of the Irish language and Irish poetry—

“Poetry was cherished with enthusiastic regard in ancient Ireland, and had soared to an extraordinary pitch of excellence. It was absolutely, for ages, *the vital soul of the nation*, and shall we then have no curiosity respecting the productions of genius, once so celebrated and so prized? Besides the four different species of composition (*the Heroic Poem—the Ode—the Elegy—and the Song*), others yet remain unattempted by translation. The *Romance* in particular, which unites the fire of Homer, with

the enchanting wildness of Ariosto. It is really astonishing of what various and comprehensive powers this *neglected language* is possessed. In the pathetic, it breathes the most beautiful and affecting simplicity, and in the bolder species of composition, it is distinguished by a force of expression, a sublime dignity, and a rapid energy, which it is scarcely possible for any translation fully to convey; as it sometimes fills the mind with ideas altogether new, and which, perhaps, *no modern language is entirely prepared to express*. The productions of the Irish bards exhibit a glow of cultivated genius, a spirit of elevated heroism, sentiments of pure honour, instances of disinterested patriotism, and manners of a degree of refinement, totally astonishing at a period when the rest of Europe *was nearly sunk into barbarism*. And is not all this very honourable to our countrymen? Will they not be benefited, will they not be gratified, at the lustre reflected on them by ancestors so very different from what *modern prejudice has been studious to represent them?* But this is not all. As yet we are too little known to our noble neighbour of Britain; were we better acquainted, we should be better friends. The British Muse is not yet informed that she has an *elder sister* in this isle; let us then introduce them to each other. But where, alas! is the thirst for national glory, when a subject of such importance is permitted to a pen like mine? Why does not some son of Anak, in genius, step forward and boldly throw his gauntlet to prejudice, as the avowed and approved champion of his country's lovely muse."

Such are the opinions expressed by the accomplished Charlotte Brooke; as to the cultivated elegance of the Irish language, and the sublimity of its poetry—she who, by her own beautiful translations of it into *English Poetry*, has proved how fully qualified she was to form and to give an opinion. Miss Brooke died in 1793.

Ladies have been the subjects of the greater part of the poetry in the Irish language, and it would, therefore, now appear to be a duty incumbent, *in a particular degree upon them*, to promote its revival by every means in their power.

Poetry, besides, is a province of literature peculiarly suited to the fair sex. They are gifted in a high degree with that delicate and sensitive susceptibility so necessary for the perception of the more exquisite beauties of poetry. We have, also, numerous instances in different countries and at different periods, of Ladies having attained the highest perfection in the composition of poetry, the purest and richest. In proof of this we need but refer to the heavenly poetry of Mrs. Hemans at the present day. It is much to be regretted that the Ladies of Ireland should have been so long debarred from enjoying that poetry which no other country has ever yet surpassed, and which I shall not here attempt to describe, because I could not do so in language more appropriate or more true than that of Miss Brooke, already quoted. But the barriers which have hitherto precluded all entrance into this ancient and romantic region of literature

will now begin to disappear very speedily, and the Ladies of Ireland will be enabled to read the elegant poetry of their own nation, with less trouble and in less time, than they, at present, expend in endeavouring to attain a knowledge of Italian or other foreign poetry.

The opinion here given by Miss Brooke is sustained and corroborated by that of every man of genius who has ever examined deeply into the language and literature of this ancient country.

These distinguished scholars and able men all combine in one sentiment of sincere regret at the state of neglect in which they found this rich and beautiful language lying. They also invariably accompany it with an expression of equally deep regret that their own pressing avocations of life prevented their entering upon the task of rescuing or restoring it. Ussher, the Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, about 200 years since, and one of the greatest scholars of his day, says :

“Truly the Irish ranks amongst the very first of languages for *elegance* and *richness*: but no one has as yet arisen who would apply his mind to it in such a way as that we might have it cultivated, as almost all other vernacular languages of Europe have been cultivated within this age.”

The Prelates and learned men of the present day felt the same regret and the same wish; but they despaired of any, even the most remote chance, of having this wish realized. They looked upon it as impracticable—a matter which there was no use in thinking of—and, with sorrow, they gave up the hope of ever seeing the Irish language cultivated again. *But let them now dispel their sorrow!* Let them no longer despair.

The Archbishop of Tuam, the Royal Irish Academy, the Celtic Society, the Kilkenny Archæological Society, the Ossianic Society, Trinity College, and private individuals are supplying works. The chief things needed are elementary works.

What I have hitherto written was as a stimulant, not as a proof of the beauty of the language. For all have agreed that it is the sweetest, the most copious, most vigorous of all. See Doctor Keating's praise of it, p. 54 of “*The Dirge*.”

THE GENUINENESS OF THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF IRELAND.

It is indeed a fortunate circumstance for our history that occasionally there appeared above our horizon such men, as Ussher, Flood, Vallancey. Though not of Irish lineage, they appeared as historical lights, keeping alive truth and dispelling the mists of falsehood. The evidences of such a man as Sir L. Parsons (a late Earl of Ross), and of others of that class, whose religion and politics differ from those of the nation, must naturally carry weight with it. The Earl of Ross wrote a most able work in defence of the Ancient History of Ireland. It should be in the hands of every an-

tiquarian. From it we shall quote to show the genuineness of our history. We feel that no language we could use would equal the extracts in style and reasoning. Our readers are aware that the immortal orator, Henry Flood, Esq., of Farmley, Kilkenny, left by will all his property to Trinity College, to collect and buy up Irish manuscripts, wherever they could be had, and to pay an Irish Professor in college. For forty years that college neglected to do either, though they received the money. The Earl of Ross published a work on that subject, and from it I shall extract. As a Catholic writer I am bound to say, that the learned Ussher was a great enemy of Catholics, and the family of the Parsons were oppressors of the Irish, but when they give us a lift we have candour enough to thank them. And, if my memory be faithful, the Earl of Ross was a supporter of Catholic Emancipation. He was the first who got leave before Emancipation, for the erection of a steeple and a bell in a Catholic church in Ireland. We recollect his having entered Birr with his carriage decked with laurels on the occasion.—See reference to his work farther on.

It is to be lamented that there is no entire truthful translation of the learned Rev. Dr. Keating. The one by Dermod O'Connor, of Clare, is false in many places, and it is said, that it was intentionally so. His London publisher, in 1727, accused him of dishonesty with regard to the subscriptions, and the Raymonds, of Kerry, charged him with purloining the family MSS. He sought to make the Mac Carthys absorb every ancient glory, and thus he did an injustice to other families.

WEALTH OF IRELAND.

In the Royal Irish Academy we saw a copy of "Ireland's Dirge," in the first stanza of which are to be found "the smallness of her wealth," whereas, the copy given me by Dr. Spratt, as well as Mr. O'Daly's, has "The destruction of her property," or "The melting of her wealth." Between both phrases there is a vast difference. The one conveys the idea, *that Ireland was a poor country*, whilst any Irish scholar upon having read the passage, and having learned who the author was, and his aim, will at once see, that the former was not Bishop O'Connell's meaning. Generally, the text of a book explains itself; so it is in the first stanza of "The Dirge." The author says, "that his heart is torn by the reflection of the murder and extermination of the priesthood," to whom "*woods, forests, mountains, caves are no shelter*," as he sings at the close of the poem; the utter annihilation of his countrymen, or, as the poet has it, "the devouring of her people," and, to close his plaint against England—he adds, "the melting of her wealth;" this interpretation gives the exact scope of the author. The other is a manifest corruption, de-

signed to throw ridicule on this nation, and to make persons suppose that Ireland was too poor to invite ambitious or avaricious robbers to our shores. In other words, to make it appear that an illustrious Prelate—whose grand uncle, Bishop Rickard O'Connell, was hanged, in 1651, *with his own bridle, out of a tree*, near Killarney, by an infernal troop of Cromwellian red-coats, on the road-side—said “Ireland was a miserable nation.” We fear that our author met a worse fate, in the reign of Queen Anne, as we could, after close inquiry, learn nothing of his death or place of interment. We have many subscribers, both prelates and priests from the south. Yet, all the information I could gather was, that he was a bishop and that he lived in 1704—the very year that most stringent hellish laws were enacted against the Catholic religion, when a price was set on the head of a prelate or priest. Then it was, I am satisfied, he sang, “that for them there was no remedy on earth.” Many a holy ecclesiastic was then hunted down like wolves, driven into dreary, wet, hiding-places, there to starve. The last judgement only, can reveal the deeds of blood, perpetrated under the guise of religion in this devoted land. After the lapse of ages, and taking a retrospect glance through the long vista my heart is wrung, beholding in thought, the beloved pastors of the people, either perishing from hunger, dying in the woods, hanged in forests, torn by blood hounds (for such were used), and their sacred flesh mangled and scattered on the road-ways or foot-paths. The true sense of the passage alluded to is, that the sacred vessels destined for the service of the altar were melted down by the wicked soldiery who spared nothing, who demolished churches, made them stables for their horses, and converted the monasteries into barracks. History says, that the Saxons destroyed the coins of the Britons that there might not be even such a record of what they were. The Normans did the same as regarded the Saxons. The English acted in a like manner in this country even before the Reformation. When she was Catholic she was not much less rapacious and cruel. In the twelfth, and after centuries she robbed the *natives*.

Moreover, it would be wrong in any man much more so in a bishop of the Catholic Church, to state that Ireland was a poor country. Our greatest enemies, the blackest traducers of our character, confess, that our population and the richness of our soil, are in themselves, if not actual wealth, the source of such. The population of every country constitutes its main riches. For what use is there of gold, or rich lands, without a population? To dwell upon the fertility of our soil, the prolific qualities of our rivers, lakes, and seas, would be useless work. These are admitted on all hands, as well as the great suitability of our bays and harbours for commerce. But let us see if we had no gold, silver, or copper in the

land to attract the rapacity of invaders. It could not be a desire to serve or improve us, that brought the spoilers to these shores, and kept us in bondage 700 years. I find that in the year of the world 3370, King Muinamhon (Mynahon) got several helmets made, having the neck and forepieces all of gold, that he bestowed these, and golden chains on the most deserving warriors. Such warriors were termed "Chain Knights," from wearing chains of gold. Whenever chiefs, princes, or kings were made captives, their fetters used to be of gold, to distinguish them from common captives. This was an established law of the country. Ailder-goid, son of the aforesaid monarch, upon having ascended the throne in 3705, A.M., got rings of gold made for the first time in Ireland, and gave them as prizes to such as excelled in arts and sciences. Who would doubt our statements is referred to the "Books of Reigns," "Psalter of Cashel," and the other incorruptible Irish records in the Academy, Dawson-street. We may here by way of a passing remark, tell our readers that the first war chariots were made in A.M. 3223, Rothachaigh being on the throne. Our history informs us that the Irish warriors rode in chariots drawn by two horses, and the foot soldiers attended them after the manner of the times of Cæsar.

In the year after the Creation, 3680, Aongus Ollav (*a quo* Mac Gennis), having come to the throne, bestowed presents of gold ornaments on such as were pre-eminent in any science. In 3850 the same honour was conferred by Ruadh-righ (Rooree)—*Red King*—from the Red flag. From him were descended Clanna Ruadh-righ (Rudricians)—"the Red Branch Knights" of ancient Ulster. He was of the line of Ir. This princely family was, for centuries after Christ, masters of all the western parts of Europe. But cursed division weakened their strength, and limited their empire. In even 3952, when Connor, or O'Connor, was king of Ulster, Fergus, his cousin, invaded Connor, and the dispute ended in the ruin of that dynasty for many years after. They had three houses in Ulster; Emain, in which the knights kept their court; the house of The Red Branch (the war flags), and the "Sorrowful Lodging," which was the hospital for their wounded men.

Cathaoir (Caheer) left by his memorable will, made about 122 years after the Incarnation, an immense quantity of gold rings to Ross, his first son. Hence he was called Rosa Failge (of the rings). From him the "O'Connors Failey"—(Offaly, now King's County), and many other illustrious families mentioned in this work. Cormac, who reigned A.D. 213, and who wrote the Psalter of Tarah, and several other poetic works, amongst them one as a rule of life for princes, had at his table 150 cups of massive gold. Nor is this a matter of wonder, as Virgil tells us of the sumptuous

table of Queen Dido, which was spread over with cups, goblets, and dishes of gold—having delineated on them the deeds of her ancestors for many generations—*longissima series rerum*—(a long chain of facts) which Belus and his posterity were wont to use. This Belus of Phœnicia was the same as the Baal of the Irish. This entertainment to Æneas took place about the same century that Gollay came to Spain. If the East was so sumptuous in golden ornaments and plate, it is reasonable to infer, that the Scythians, who came thence, carried with them the same taste; and we are told that Ireland had many gold mines, and that she excelled in arts and sciences at a very early period as may be seen in another part of this preface. The classical scholar is acquainted with the richness, the artistic skill, and polished execution of the chariots and armour of the Grecian chiefs at the Trojan war, and Juno's chariot. The artistic taste of Ireland we heard most clearly proved by the distinguished artist of our own days, Henry O'Neill, Esq., author of "The Ancient Stone Crosses of Ireland," in lectures delivered by him in the Mechanics' Institute, Dublin. His arguments were such as to convince any man willing to be convinced. If then the Scythians spread civilization wherever they went (see p. 17 of "Dirge,"), and it is not denied—it is just to infer that, at a very early period, the fine arts were cultivated in this country, and amongst others, gold ornaments. This precious metal must have been very plentiful here, as in Cormac's reign a golden calf was set up by the Druids for veneration, but which the king refused to worship as he believed in the true God. To this knowledge his great, refined learning, and his exemplary life, aided by special inspiration had brought him. It is said, that Columcille made diligent search for the grave of Cormac, the learned law-giver, and that having found it on the banks of the Boyne, at Ros-na-riogh, he said many masses over his grave. Thus proving that he died a Christian; as if he did not, the saint would not have prayed over him. I find that Niall of the Nine Hostages, in the fourth century, presented King Corc, at Eily O'Carroll, with 180 gold rings and fifty cups of gold. In St. Patrick's days there were several goldsmiths in this country, he had himself three of them, of whom was Tassagh, afterwards bishop, who ornamented Patrick's crozier—"The Staff of Jesus," and who attended the Irish Apostle at his death. See Fiech's Hymn in this work. Surely workers in any metal pre-supposes a supply of the article. It is a waste of time, and, I might say, an insult to the understanding of my learned readers to follow up this subject farther, yet the cavillers must be silenced. The King of Cashel used to bestow on some of the sub-chiefs *ten gold cups, jewel-hilted swords, embroidered cloaks, scarlet mantles, and silk garments*. We refer the reader to "The Book of Rights," p. 194, lately

translated, and learnedly commented on by the accomplished Dr. O'Donovan. The veracity and authenticity of that interesting work of St. Benignus, Archbishop of Armagh, have been almost universally admitted, if we except a few modern dogmatizing followers of Pyrrho. They doubt of even palpable truths for the honour of being *eccentric historical infidels*.

The idol Cromcruagh, erected by King Tiernach, A.M. 3011, was almost of gold. This king was the first who discovered a gold mine on the banks of the Liffey, and he erected a factory for refining the metal.—See “Ogygia,” part ii., p. 49. All the pagan chiefs had a Cromcruagh and twelve inferior deities around him, in imitation of the signs of the Zodiac. There was another celebrated oracle in Oriel (Monaghan, &c.); it was designated Clochoir (gold-stone). The Rev. Canon Maguire, in olden times of Armagh, in his Scholia on the cessation of image worship, gives a description of the Clochoir (whence Clogher). In it, and from it, the devil, according to Colgan, used to speak and give answers. He adds, that upon St. Patrick's approach, and at the very point of the “Staff of Jesus,” without at all touching it, the statue was bent, and the minor ones were sunk in the earth, save the tops. This was the last Sunday in Summer, whence it was called Domhnagh Cromduibh (Downagh Crumduff), *the sun of the black Crom or devil*. It is also termed “Domhnagh Patrick,” in commemoration of the saint's putting an end to demon deceit and worship.

In 913 A.D., we find, by Mac Curtin's “Antiquity of Ireland,” that Cormac MacCullinan, King and Bishop of Cashel, left, by will, large presents of gold and silver to the churches of Ireland. Brian Borivey, when he went to the north to receive hostages, made gold presents to the Church of Armagh. But, at that time, such metals were not, what they are now, an object of such worship. Rich lands and their products were more appreciated, and justly; for, what is money but a token; and, by common consent, a piece of hard turf, of stone, leather, or timber, would answer the same purpose. The chalices, and all the altar services were of gold or silver, and should be so according to the discipline of the ancient Irish Church. Nothing was thought sufficiently precious for the celebration of the Mass. The piety of the monarchs and nobles enabled the clergy to have them so. All the coverings of relics and books were of gold or silver, or sumptuously ornamented with these metals, and jewels. For many ages this country held sway in all the northern parts of Europe, and our kings carried home with them the rich spoils. Tacitus, in his “Life of Agricola” says of Ireland, “*Melius aditus, portusque per commercia et negotiatores cogniti* ;” meaning that our ports and harbours were better fitted for commerce than those of Britain. Hence, there was a source of

great wealth. What made ancient Tyre, the Phœnician capital, so rich and flourishing as to be the admiration of the world, until Pygmalion, by his restrictive laws, checked her glorious condition? Commerce. Her free trade, her enlightenment, her excellence in manufactures, her cultivation of the fine arts, her respect for men of toil and industry, her character for integrity in her dealings, and her hospitality to strangers, attracted to her coasts merchants from all quarters. The best historians say the very same of our own island.

The Danes, during their power in Ireland, exacted "an ounce of gold for every nose." This exaction should be complied with, and to pay it the metal must have been plentiful. This plunder continued for 150 years; yet, when Gerald Barry—the reviler of the Irish—came here, he states, "*Aurum quoque, quo abundat insula.*"—Expug. Hib., lib. ii. chap. 75. Hadrianus Junius, according to Sir James Ware's "Antiquity," page 70, says,

"Et puri argenti venas, quas terra refossis
Visceribus, manes imos viscera recludit."

The Ulster Annals tell that 240 ounces of pure silver were collected in Ossory for the Coarb of Columcille, A. D. 1151. Concubar, or Cornelius O'Brien, King of Munster, and other Irish princes, made large money presents to Dionisius, Christianus, and Gregory, successive abbots of S. James' Benedictines at Ratisbon in Germany. To the messengers of the aforesaid abbots, the Emperor Conrade gave letters of introduction to the Irish kings. So magnificent were O'Brien's gifts to them, that the monastery for stateliness, finish, and gorgeousness, surpassed anything of the kind of those days. They purchased, with a portion of Ireland's presents, lands, houses, &c., whereby to maintain the cloister; for, even yet, "*Supererat ingens copia pecuniæ regis Hiberniæ;*" there was still remaining a great quantity of the Irish king's money.—Chronicle of Rensburg, in Annals of Emly; Walsh, in his "Prospect," p. 440. The aforesaid King O'Brien, who ended his holy life in a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Bridget, in Kildare, sent rich presents to Lothaire II., through Irish nobles, in the time of the Crusades. In A. D. 1143, died Turlough O'Connor, King of Connaught, and Monarch of Ireland: he left to religion jewels of immense value, silver, and 540 ounces of gold. It is not necessary to go farther, as about this time our shores were cursed by the English, plundering bandits. Never was there a more barefaced calumny than to insinuate the poverty of this island, whose very soil, whose very laborious peasantry, whose very rivers, lakes, fish-abounding bays, coal mines, marble mines, stone mines, copper mines, silver mines, and gold mines, added to the geniality of the air, are in themselves wealth, unequalled by any other

country on God's earth. We now leave the reader to judge if this old land had not riches sufficient to invite the rapacity of our *improving* neighbours, who gave such protection as vultures give to lambs, "covering and devouring them."

O'Flaherty says, that before King Cathir fell in the battle of Taltan, he ordered his son, Ross Failge, to give legacies to the rest of his sons, and to the other nobles of Leinster," and that he presented "to Daire Barry, one hundred round spears with silver blades; fifty sheilds in cases of gold and silver richly carved; fifty swords of peculiar workmanship; five rings of gold, ten times mettled; 150 cloaks variegated with Babylonian art; and seven military standards." Now this passage proves two facts: that Ireland abounded in wealth, and that she cultivated the fine arts at a very early period. From the battle of Moyture—which took place before the days of Moses—down to the Anglo-Norman invasion, Ireland excelled in the fine arts, as our native archives, and even some foreign writers attest. Several passages are to be met with in "The Book of Rights," as edited by Dr. O'Donovan, which place beyond all doubt Ireland's wealth, enlightenment, and her thorough acquaintance with everything that is characteristic of a glorious nation and a polished people.

INAUGURATION OF THE KINGS OF ANCIENT IRELAND,

Even in A.M., 3075, as Giolla Caomhghin (Gilla Keevin) says, was thus. When a king, whether monarch, or provincial prince, was to be inaugurated, the princes, nobles (amongst whom were the druids, bards, and scholars, the prelates), met at a grown place, such as Tara, for the paramount king, and, having elected him, they did him homage by bending the knee, as at a levee in St. James's palace, London; they then yielded themselves and their estates to him, as he sat on a throne in the middle of them, one of the highest rank having advanced towards the Ruler, having taken his sword from him, and having presented him with a long, white, unknotty wand, said "Receive, Sire, the auspicious sign of your dignity, and remember to imitate in your life and government, the whiteness, and straightness, and unknottiness of this rod; to the end that no evil tongue may find cause to asperse the candour of your actions, with blackness nor any kind of corruption, or tie of friendship be able to pervert your justice. Take, therefore, upon you in a lucky hour, the government of this people, and exercise this power, given you hereby with all freedom and security." After this Mionn Riogha, or "Royal Cap," made of Gold and precious stones, was placed, by the grand Marshall on his head. So far Giolla: and Cormac Mac Cullinan in the "Psalter of Cashel" writes that, 958 years before Christ, this was the practice; he adds that the *crown* was of gold,

that at that time a crowned king got many helmets made, having *neck-pieces and fore-pieces of gold*. All our native annalists, and they are the only veritable witnesses in matters of ancient Ireland, agree that this was the practice up to Christianity, but that then the Christian mode was adopted. However our antiquarians tell us, the ceremony of the white wand continued up to the English invasion; the bishops, the sub-kings, and princes were the electors, both as regarded monarchs and provincial dynasts. O'Farrell, and O'Gallagher were the grand officers who used to inaugurate "The O'Donnell" of Tyrconnell, the former gave him the sceptre, and the latter, as Marshall, placed the crown on his head. Gratian, or Lynch, in his "*Cambrensis Eversus*," and Peter Walsh in his "*Prospect*"—p. 421, most clearly show that the mode of inaugurating "The O'Donnell" was most solemn, august, and thoroughly Catholic. Against such national records the fictions of men, ignorant of Irish manners, habits and language, should have no weight.

IRELAND'S UNIVERSITIES AND CONVENTUAL SCHOOLS.

Of this subject we have treated at large in our notes on St. Patrick, however it may not be out of place to enumerate here a few of these nurseries of piety and learning, as we find them in our native records. Felim, in his "*Annals*," relates that the College of Armagh, under O'Duffy (Dubhthach), A.D. 513, had 7,000 scholars, also under Tiagarnan, A.D. 619, and sometimes more or less than that number under other primates. Under Cormac, king and bishop, the College of Cashel had 5,000 scholars, and 600 conventual monks, he was first Bishop of Cashel, Emly being joined to it. And as for the number of students in Down and Lismore, I should doubt it had I not proof in the Irish Annals. The Abbey of Mayo had a splendid college numerously attended, amongst whom were scholars from all parts of Europe; here it was that Ædelfrid, or Alfred, King of Northumbria, having been expelled by his rebellious subjects, devoted himself to the study of the Irish language, and composed a poem in that tongue, in eulogy of the learning, hospitality, valour, riches, and piety of Ireland. This poem, composed in the seventh century, is still extant. Clonrode, in Clare, Clonfush, near Tuam, in Galway, and many schools of note, are to be found farther on in this work.

Well could Bede, who finished his work A.D. 731, and Camden state that this land deserved the title of *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*. We had scarcely a prelate, king, or chief, in olden times, who did not compose poetry in honour of God, or of their ancestors; to enumerate them would require pages. From the days of Amergin, son of Milesius, 1080 after the Flood, down to the time of Tigernagh, the Annalist and Abbot of

Clonmacnoise, A.D. 1088, O'Reilly, in his "Catalogue," gives the number of 108 poets of Ireland; of that number, about seventy were either in Holy Orders, or consecrated to religion; some of their compositions were given in prose. From 1088, to his death, the same author enumerates 123 Irish writers, most of whom, or nearly all were poets; O'Reilly continues his "Catalogue," down to 1750; in all he counts 379, most of them poets; amongst them he reckons at A.D., 1651, "Dr. John O'Connell, R. C. Bishop of Ardfert in Kerry." He was not, however, at that time Bishop of Ardfert, as Rickard O'Connell, his grand-uncle, was (about which time he was martyred), though we believe he was a priest; nor did he then write the "Dirge," whereas he refers to Beeling's "Writings" which were not then composed. He also mentions King William, who was not until 1691. Archbishop Plunkett who was executed in London, on false evidence, on the 1st of July, 1681, is mentioned by O'Reilly in his list. The holy martyred prelate did not think it unbecoming his office to pen an eloquent poem as a eulogy on Tara. The Plunketts of Meath, of whom he was, were ever distinguished for love of letters and of Fatherland. Connaught seems to have produced the greatest number of poets at one period. This can be learned from a perusal of the "Irish Writers"—which book, if there existed no other, is sufficient to prove the glory of Ireland in every respect. It is a work of undoubted authority, having been prepared under the inspection of "The Ibero Celtic Society," Dublin, on whose committee, were Catholic prelates and priests—seventy-three noblemen, mostly Protestant, and Protestant clergymen.

IRELAND NOT PECULIARLY ADDICTED TO DIVISION.

Notwithstanding the piles of native evidence and of foreign historians, attesting the sanctity, valor, and enlightenment of our old country, still as libellers have been hired to strive to tarnish her glorious fame, it is my duty here to shew that she was not peculiar in her internal strife.

Though I bear no malice nor envy to any nation or to any person, yet I shall give instances of bloody feuds in other lands. I shall begin with the first inhabitants of this world,—Cain slew Abel. I shall then proceed to Greece and ask my reader to call to mind their murderous strifes. Then I shall direct attention to Rome, whose first king, Romulus, killed his brother Remus. Thus, the foundation of the famous "seven-hilled" city, was cemented with the blood of a brother. We bear in mind *the rebellion of Tarquin, the plebeian insurrection, the oppression and murder of the decemviri—the tyranny of the tribunes—the factions of Sylla and Marius, and the rivers of blood flowing from their swords—Cataline's conspiracy—the civil wars of Pompey and Cæsar—the total change of the*

republic, ending in plain, lawless, rebellious force, and the annihilation of myriads of the people—thirty emperors murdered.—In the time of Gallienus thirty men at least set themselves up as emperors. Germany, in later times, exhibit, awful instances of civil contentions—such as the violent deaths of Rodolph, Albert, Henry VII., Frederick III., Lewis of Bavier—each of whom was killed by poison or conspiracy.—Bodin, page 250; Peter Walsh, 206. The Ghibellines and Guelphs;—the bloody revolutions of the Florentine republic, in Italy, which lasted for 340 years. The slaughter and total extinction of one party was the result. At last the prudence of one man, Cosmus Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, restored order. The same can be said of Spain—Alphonsus III., put out the eyes of all his brethren, except one, who was killed. Raymirus treated with the like cruelty, his own brother, Alphonsus IV. Peter deposed and killed by his bastard brother, Henry,—Garzius by Sanctius—Sanctius by Vellidius;—all Spain in the time of Roderick, betrayed to the Moors by Julian, prince of Celtiberia. By this act of treason 70,000 Spaniards were killed in fourteen months! And, as to France, no pen could describe its convulsions, devastations, cruelties and barbarous, sacrilegious, civil wars, as can be seen in De Avila and Peter Walsh. Now let us come nearer home and ask pure and pious England how stands her account;—Twenty-eight Saxon kings, part killed by each other, part murdered, by their own subjects, others deposed and obliged to fly for refuge. Four of the Northumbrian kings alone murdered, and three deposed within the space of forty-one years. Charles II., of France, having heard of such atrocities, and though he had intended to send large presents to England, changed his mind and told Alcuin, an Englishman, his majesty's tutor, "that England was indeed a perfidious and perverse nation, a murderer of their lords, and worse than pagans." The bishops and nobles had also to fly, so that for thirty years no one dared sit on the throne of Northumbria. After the Norman invasion we have the unnatural rebellion of Henry II.'s own children. The baron wars under king John and Henry III.—Edward II.'s own queen, Eleanor, and son, the prince of Wales, conspired to dethrone him. The woful feuds of the houses of York and Lancaster—the oceans of blood that deluged the country for thirty years, under Henry VI. and Edward IV.—the murder of Richard II.—all are acquainted with the history of Richard III.! His grandfather, the earl of Cambridge, beheaded at Southampton,—the duke of York, his father—beheaded before Sandal. His three brothers, one of them slain in cold blood—the duke of Clarence drowned in a butt of Malmsey—his two nephews, strangled in their beds, besides eleven battles fought—in one of which 36,730 Englishmen were left dead on the field, besides the

wounded! (Echard, p. 520). This was the battle of Taunton, in Yorkshire. Philip Comines, an English writer, says, "eighty of the royal blood were lost in them," of whom was Henry VI., by all accounts, a good and virtuous prince. The *Usurper, Richard III.*, was killed in the battle of Bosworth, after having *swam to the throne on rivers of blood*. His opponent, the earl of Richmond, assumed the sceptre, as Henry VII., who by marrying the daughter of Edward IV., united the houses of York and Lancaster, and thus ended the terrible factions of "the White and Red Rose." All this I have from their own historians, and to do justice to Mylius, whose work is a very good school-book—he does not hide the faults of his countrymen. Nor does he act so unfairly towards Ireland as Lingard; Mylius I take to be a Briton—Lingard, a Norman, all know, of course, that both are Catholic books. "Lingard," by J. Burke, Esq., is a well got up school book.

We now leave our readers to infer whether Ireland was peculiar in her feuds. During the long space of 2468 years of the Gadelian monarchy, down to 1172, A.D., it will be found that not more blood was shed by civil wars in Ireland, than there was in 1000 years in England. During the whole time of our 136 Pagan kings, and forty-eight Christian ones, there were scarcely as many fell by intestine broils, as there did in one-half the time in the island of our traducers. And what excites my indignation most is, that some of our modern Irish romancers have the impudence to tell us that they find no characters, in Irish history, illustrious enough to make heroes of tales. These bear a great name, but very unjustly, as they live by forging calumnies of the Irish people, of old and modern days, of peasantry and gentry; still their *base coin* passes current. They must know very little of the solid history of Ireland, else, notwithstanding all her feuds, they could make out characters as brilliant as ever adorned the pages of any book.

THE FORTY-EIGHT KINGS OF IRELAND AFTER ST. PATRICK.

As it is falsely asserted that there were no Milesian kings from the coming of St. Patrick until the arrival of the English (though that most accurate historian, O'Flaherty, in his "*Ogygia*," gives them in regular succession, and the year of the reign of each), yet, I shall here cite a few foreign authorities, to disprove the deliberate falsehood: In the first book of the *Polychronicon* I find these words—which I render thus in English—"From the coming of St. Patrick, to King Felim's time, there have been thirty-three kings in the space of 400 years in Ireland. But in the time of Felim, the Norwegians with their leader, Turgesius, occupied the

land ; from Turgesius to the last monarch, Roderick, King of Connaught, seventeen kings were in Ireland." Thus it may be seen that a foreign author gives within eight of as many kings as O'Flaherty.

Anselm, the learned Archbishop of Canterbury, in one of his "Thirty-six Epistles," (contained in Dr. Ussher's collection of the "Epistles of the English Clergy"), written A.D. 1118 to Muirheartach (Murty), the great O'Brien, King of Ireland, thus writes, "To the glorious Murty, by the grace of God, King of Ireland, Anselm a servant of the Church of Canterbury, &c." Lanfranc, the predecessor of Anselm, and previously Bishop of Dover, thus says in his letter to Turlough O'Brien, King of Ireland, 1074, "Lanfranc, a sinner, and the unworthy Archbishop of the Church of Dover, to Tordelagh, the magnificent King of Ireland, benediction, &c.

In the same collection is mentioned a letter of King Henry I., to Rodolph, Archbishop of Canterbury, ordering him to consecrate priest Gregory Bishop of Dublin. This was A.D. 1123. These are Henry's words, "The King of Ireland has instructed me, that he and the citizens of Dublin, elected Gregory to be bishop, and sent him to you to be consecrated. Wherefore, I order you that, in compliance with their request, you immediately perform the consecration."

The Psalter of Cashel, quoted by the learned Rev. Dr. Keating, in its allusion to Irial, son of Heremon, informs us that of his line, up to St. Patrick, there were fifty-seven kings, and fifty after the same monarch. Such evidences as the above are quite sufficient to show to any unbiassed mind that there were, after Christianity, a long series of the Gadelian race of kings in this holy land, whose renown, valour, hospitality, liberality, and piety, formed a rich theme for the native bards and annalists.

It is worthy of remark that though there was repeated contention amongst the provincial kings of Ireland, still the annals of the several provinces agree generally as to the principal facts contained in Irish history. Thus each was a check on the other and was sure to contradict, if either put forward a false statement of any fact ; this tended to make and keep native records pure and unadulterated. But, above all, the Literary Committee of the Triennial Senate of Tara was highly calculated to preserve the truthfulness of our history ; by it the historian, who put forth false statements, was sure to be degraded. No other nation on earth, of ancient or modern times, had such an ordeal of investigation. Amongst our kings and princes, jealous of their fame, and having different interests and views, there could not, by possibility, be a combination to corrupt the national records. Mutual jealousy prevented it.

Our space will not allow us to give an outline of the constitution of the Parliament of Tara, nor of the laws of Ollamh Fodhla (Ollav Fyola),

and Cormac O'Quin, and of other Irish kings; the first reigned twelve centuries, and the second, two before St. Patrick. Who would read our national archives will find that no nation, ever yet, up to his day, has had so polished a constitution as was that of Tara. The reader is referred to Keating, Mac Curtin, O'Halloran, O'Connor, O'Flaherty, Taaffe, &c. The Scythic civilization, so much lauded by Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, of the fourth century, and quoted by me in page seventeen of the "Dirge," streamed to, and over Ireland.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

It would be tedious to enumerate, in this place, all Irish works whence has been derived our information on the previous facts. The "Seabright Collection," in Trinity College, is a book of great value. "Psalter na Rann," being an abridged history of the posterity of Abraham, until after the death of Moses. The collection called the "Speckled Book," the "Book of Invasions," the "Book of Lecan," the "Book of Clonmacnoise," the "Psalter of Cashel," by Cormac, its king and bishop. Most of this was a transcript from the "Psalter of Tara," besides some original prose and verse compositions. He wrote also a glossary of difficult Irish words, his poems, though not all illustrative of Irish history, but chiefly on religion, are most interesting. The "Psalter" is in the British Museum; the compositions of Eochaidh (Ayughy) O'Flynn, as contained in the "Book of Invasions," by the O'Clerys, &c., are of immense interest. His poems on the colonization of Eire, present specimens of eloquence and diction not to be equalled in any language that I have read. His poem on the Milesian kings, from their landing 2935, to 3150 of the Creation; his poem detailing the building of the palace of Emain, in Ulidia, 3596, A.M., to Connor, A.D. 1, down to its destruction by the Colla Uais, A.D. 331, and many more of still greater importance.

The Annals of Tigernach, Abbot of Clonmacnoise, who died A.D., 1088. He went back only to 3596. From this fact some dogmatizers assert, in opposition to most numerous, concurrent, and authentic authorities, that it was on that year the Milesians landed. Just as if a writer may not take his start from any year he pleases. And so we find in the historians of all countries. Such inferences from false data are very dangerous. Was anything ever more silly than to say, "such a historian did not mention a certain fact, therefore, such a fact had no existence." If a historian finds a thing well done by another he leaves it so, he then takes up what he thinks he may do better. Thus, acted Tigernach. He left well enough alone.

"The Roll of Kings," the "Din Seanchus," the "Book of Innis-

fallen," the "Book of Rights," the "Book of Etymologies." In fact, it would require a large work to contain a list of the Irish works still extant at home, besides hundreds scattered all over Europe; England as well as Denmark, did what they could to steal or destroy our Records. See the Catalogue in Trinity College, the Irish Academy, and Dr. Ussher, Marshe's Library, Royal Dublin Society.

We should have sooner said, that the harp-players and other musicians, physicians, entertainers (betaghs), poets, annalists, &c., should—according to the law—be of noble descent.

OBJECTION AGAINST THE EARLY MILESIAH COLONY.

It is most strange, that well-informed minds can be so silly, as to urge against the early arrival in this country, the want of sufficient shipping. On this point, we will not waste time, as every scholar has read of the Argonautic expedition; of the Grecian fleets before Troy; of the twenty-one ships of Æneas, and his having twice as great an extent of sea to cross before his landing in the country of Latinus; of the number of men he must have had with him, worn and spent as they were after many sea hardships, when the native king thought it the more prudent course to make terms with him. Ireland was much nearer to Spain, than Latium or Carthage to Troy. Moreover, the Milesians were practiced seamen—having crossed the inland seas so often—and their system was to coast along for the purpose of taking in provisions. Again, we find St. Paul sailed from Asia to Rome; the vessel having on board 276 souls.—Acts of the Apostles, c. xxvii. The ship was driven into the Adriatic, and met with disasters. She must have been a large ship to contain so many and provisions necessary for several months. The compass is the invention of only a few ages ago; yet, long before that epoch, a great many distant islands were discovered and colonized.

As to our taste for Fine Arts, the following extracts from the *Freeman's Journal* of May, 1855, is quite *apropos* :—

“MECHANICS’ INSTITUTE—LECTURE ON THE FINE ARTS OF ANCIENT IRELAND.—Mr. Henry O’Neill resumed, last evening, the delivery of a course of lectures on the fine arts of ancient Ireland. Independent of the interest with which Mr. O’Neill by his pleasing style of delivery invests his lecture, the subject is one which should in an especial manner command the attention of an Irish audience. We have read of, and we have been lectured about, the ancient glories of almost every nation; and yet, we know but little, comparatively speaking, of the position which our own country held with reference to the fine arts in the days of old. It is high time to look at home, and any one who has heard Mr. O’Neill cannot doubt that a rich field is open to such as care to explore it. The talented lecturer gave a history of ancient Irish art and civilization, commencing from the battle of Moyturra, which, according to the Four

Masters, took place 1897 years before the Christian era—in fact, before the time of Moses, and at which period the Irish were skilled in working the precious metals. And pursuing the few evidences which are given by our ancient writers, the lecturer dwelt with peculiar force and felicity on the proofs these notices furnish of a very early civilization in this country. The establishment of a parliament at Tara above 3000 years ago—the literary character of our Irish King Cormac—the high condition of art anterior to the English invasion—its decline from that period—art dying out here when it was progressing in other countries—these important facts in the history—ancient Irish art, and ancient Irish civilization—were commented on in a most lucid, argumentative, and convincing way, so as fully to establish the fact that Ireland had a very early civilization, and that, notwithstanding the Danish invasion, she preserved that civilization until the twelfth century, and that her subsequent retrogression was a natural result of the disorganised state of society consequent upon the Norman invasion.”

As to primitive nations being clad with skins, it is not a sign of savagery; for skins, then, as now, were so manufactured as to render a dress of them rather a sign of civilization than the contrary. Skins, in our time, are used by the nobles of the land as ornaments. In olden times they were ordinary clothing.

M. A. O'B.

APPROVING LETTERS.

As I feel that the following extracts from a few of the many letters received will be found interesting I think it my duty to publish them.

*St. Jarlath's, Tuam,
April 3rd, 1855.*

“MY DEAR SIR—I feel pleasure in becoming a subscriber for . . . copies of your publication of “Ireland’s Dirge.” Your taste for our Irish literature is not, I am happy to find, of that merely antiquarian character, which neglects the living, breathing forms of our beautiful language, and like the preservers of Egyptian mummies, wholly devoted to the decoration of the remains, out of which life has just departed. Were their zeal for our olden literature accompanied with an anxiety for its perpetuation, then it would be entitled to the praise of a laudable devotion to the fame and glory of Ancient Ireland. It is not one of the least strange anomalies of our country to find so many entirely sentimental about the old language, whose ears are at the same time, so fastidious as not to endure the continuance of what has been ever deemed the moral striking characteristics of every nation.

“I remain,

“Your very faithful servant,

“✠ JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

“MARTIN A. O'BRENNAN, Esq.,
57, Bolton-street.”

*Riversdale, Ballina,
March, 1855.*

"DEAR SIR—The perusal of your letter gave me much pleasure, as it brought to my recollection the talents you displayed, when I had the pleasure of giving you lectures on logic, in St. Jarlath's College. You were then a *bonæ spei adolescens*, and I have no doubt, that the literary acquirements, which your then blooming talents showed you capable of accumulating, must have fitted you to accomplish satisfactorily the work which you have undertaken. I have great pleasure in subscribing to your work, and of assuring you of the interest which I feel in its success.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Your's faithfully,

"✠ THOMAS FEENY."

"MARTIN A. O'BRENNAN, Esq., LL.D."

As my notes on St. Fiech's and St. Seachnall's hymns were of a critical character, both as they regarded philology and religion, and wishing to be thoroughly sound on religion, I thought it my duty to submit proofs of them to his Grace of Tuam, the most learned, polished and orthodox of Ireland's sons on these matters. Here is his Lordship's answer—

*St. Jarlath's, Tuam,
April 27th, 1855.*

"DEAR SIR—I am glad your work is so far advanced as to be on the eve of publication. In the notes there is evidence of much research and learning. If, regarding ancient languages much better cultivated than the Irish, there is found such diversity of interpretations, it is no wonder if several words in the hymn of the Bishop of Sletty, some nearly, and others entirely obsolete, should be found a rich theme for the industry of its more modern expounders. Without, then, the dogmatizers, who insist on our own glossary being exclusively the right one, you can well take your place among those whose patient labour in the elucidation of old and difficult forms of language entitles their version to a fair share of attention.

"Wishing you again that encouragement which your devotion to the literature and religion of Ireland so well deserves.

"I remain,

"Your faithful servant,

"✠ JOHN MAC HALE.

"MARTIN A. O'BRENNAN, Esq.,
57, Bolton-street."

THE
AUTHOR OF THE "DIRGE OF IRELAND."

As some small doubt (however seeming unworthy of notice) has been thrown upon the fact that the author was a *Bishop*, it becomes our duty to say something on the subject. Let us, in the first place, state, that though several moderns of the present day might have rashly asserted that he was not a Bishop; still we would look on such authority as nothing, when compared with the universally received opinion to the contrary. A national tradition, relative to an important popular fact, which happened only five generations (150 years) before the present day, is more than sufficient to outweigh the authority of any living man, however learned and respectable he might be. The name of the learned Most Rev. John O'Connell, Bishop of Kerry, the author of "Ireland's Dirge," is a household word in all parts of Kerry, part of Cork, Waterford and Connaught. We have often heard western Irish scholars recite the "Dirge," and talk with rapture of the Most Rev. bard. But as the eloquent poem tells such tales of woe, and so brilliantly sings of the rapacity, oppressions, and murders practised on the prelate's native land by the *drumming* ancestors of many men who now pompously strut about our streets, it is very unpalatable to disentomb (as a Rev. antiquarian has termed our effort) the beautiful composition. Had another pen than ours undertaken the task, it is probable that no doubt would be sought to be made. But it is fortunate that, in addition to the concurrent testimony of the national tradition, and (with scarcely an exception) of all Irish scholars, we can give a quotation from the letter of a learned Irish scholar, a parish priest of the archdiocese of Tuam, once our fellow-student. We have seen, in the Royal Irish Academy, a portion of a manuscript purporting to be a history of Kerry, and in which it is said that in that county there was, in the 17th century, a great rivalry in dirgic poetry, in which "*Mr. John Connell*" surpassed all other poets, and that Pierce Ferriter ranks next. As to the manuscript itself, we have to say, that though it directly, and not inferentially stated, our author

was not Bishop, still its words ought to have no force with a logician, because the work itself proves the author's entire ignorance of local circumstances, and he, everywhere, adds, "that of *himself* he knew nothing of what he wrote." He confesses that he did not know when the first of the O'Connells settled in Kerry. Of them, their hospitality, and learning, he speaks with great respect, and particularly of John of Ashtown, who submitted to Cromwell. However, the author evinces that he is a complete stranger to that part of Ireland. He is clearly a minion of English power, as we shall show elsewhere. It is quite evident he was not a native of Kerry, nor of any neighbouring county. We have carefully read the *anonymous, mutilated manuscript*, and we hesitate not to assert, that no scholar ought to raise a doubt, depending on such an authority. As we have above written, even though a work were subscribed by the most distinguished man of the day, nevertheless the "*consensus hominum*" would have the greater weight. We by no means insinuate, that the mutilation was made by, or in the Academy, whose labour we highly value. Again, though "*John O'Connell*" was not even a priest (there is evidence to the contrary in the poem itself) when he was in the habit of composing dirges, still it would not follow that he did not afterwards receive ordination and consecration.—Next, any one who will carefully peruse the "Annals of the Four Masters" will find that men, whether lay or cleric, distinguished by learning, are styled "Master." We likewise find from a letter of Bishop Mollony, writing from the Continent to Dr. Tyrrell, Bishop of Clogher, in 1689, that a Bishop named Barry, is called three times "M. B.," and once "Master Barry." This letter is to be found in King's "State of the Protestants under James," and was published in 1691. Wherefore if we had no further authority we would rest content that our author was a Bishop both holy and learned. But to silence all cavil on the matter, we annex the extract from the parish priest's letter, and the Bishop's pedigree, which we have from one of his lordship's descendants.

"January, 3rd, 1855.

"MY DEAR O'BRENNAN.—Need I say that I will cheerfully subscribe for a copy of your forth-coming 'O'Connell's Irish Dirge,' which, I venture to say, will be the best and most accurate epitome of the history of

Ireland that has ever appeared in print. You ask my authority for saying to you, in a former correspondence, that the poem was composed in 1704, by the Right Rev. John O'Connell, then Bishop of Aghadoe, which bishopric is now-a-days absorbed in Ardfert, *alias* Kerry.

"My dear Sir, my authority was no less a personage than the Liberator, whose sister I met, eight years ago, at the mansion of her son-in-law, a member of the ancient and illustrious house of Coolavin. The fine old lady spoke the Irish fluently. I asked her the connexion between O'Connell and the episcopal bard; her answer was, she could not then say, but promised me to consult her brother on that point. On her return to Derrynane, she, at the earliest convenience wrote, informing me "that the poet was the great-grand-uncle of their father, and that the bishop and Queen Anne were contemporaries."

The above quotation proves two things, viz., that Dr. O'Connell was alive in 1704, and secondly, that he was a Bishop, and this is exactly what we stated in our first prospectus, to which exception was taken. We need not add, that nothing was more usual in the days of Queen Anne, than to call Bishops and Priests by their name *simply*, omitting *Bishop* and *Priest*. This was most necessary to screen the people's faithful pastors from the infernal system of espionage, exercised to *catch* ecclesiastics in those days of terror, blood, and irreligion, when a large price was placed on the head of a Bishop, Priest, or Catholic teacher.—See O'Connor's "History of the Catholics," also Curry's "Civil Wars." These three classes were then obliged to hide (*earth*) themselves as if foxes avoiding the pursuit of the *horrible dogs of war*. On the mountain-tops, in caves, in bog-holes, and under hedges, were the clergy forced to discharge their ministration duties, and celebrate the august sacrifice of the Mass. We are convinced that Doctor O'Connell's episcopacy began about 1691, and that he died in 1704.—See note in page 85 of "Dirge."

DESCENT OF THE MOST REV. JOHN O'CONNELL,

BISHOP OF ARDFERT, IN KERRY, AUTHOR OF THE "DIRGE OF IRELAND."

He was of the O'Connells of Iveragh, hereditary constables of the castle of Ballycarbery.—See note under stanza ci.

I. GEOFFREY O'CONNELL, head of the sept in the time of Elizabeth and James I., by his wife, Julia, daughter of Sir Teige Mac Owen Mac Carthy, of Drishane, had three sons, viz.:

II. MAURICE, the aged chief in the war of 1641; JOHN of Ashtown,

law agent to the Marquis of Ormond; and RICKARD, Bishop of Kerry, martyred, 1651. Said Maurice had two sons, viz.:

III. BARTHOLOMEW, the elder, whose wife was Honora, daughter of Mac Croghan of Littercastle, he died before the war of 1641. CHARLES *a quo* the Ballinablowne family. Said Bartholomew had two sons, minors, during said war, and restored by Cromwell, viz.:

IV. MAURICE, father of BRIGADIER GENERAL MAURICE O'CONNELL and three other sons, all of whom died s. p.; and GEOFFREY, the second son, who had three sons, viz.:

V. MAURICE of BALLINAHAW, his heir, who forfeited in 1691 (about the time "The Dirge" was written); DANIEL, second son, *a quo* the Derrynane (Derry Finan); family, and third, JOHN, Bishop of Kerry, author of "The Dirge," who died in 1704, according to the testimony of the Liberator.

VI. GEOFFREY, NA M-BO (MO) MOR (obit 1722 æt 37), only son of Maurice, was great-grand-father of the late CAPTAIN RICKARD O'CONNELL of Tralee (head of his sept who left issue), and of Betsey, wife of the late James O'Connor, Esq., Clerk of the Peace of the County Kerry, and of Mary, wife of the LIBERATOR. JOHN, only son of the above Daniel, was great grandfather of the illustrious Daniel O'Connell, M.P., the Emancipator of the Catholics in the British dominions.

In 1689, Bishop Mollony wrote from the Continent to Bishop Tyrrell to interest himself with King James and Cardinal Howard, to recommend to his Holiness O'Leyne, as Bishop of Waterford, Lismore, and to have united to them Ardfert and Aghadoe, as "*these latter were only small.*" However, O'Leyne's claims did not succeed, whereas Dr. O'Connell was appointed. But O'Leyne was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Aghadoe. And Dr. O'Connell must have been the predecessor of Dr. Moriarty in Ardfert. Moriarty was not made bishop until 1705. Dr. Mollony writes, that in 1689 there were only two bishops in *all* Munster, in the absence of Master (Bishop) Barry. He tells Dr. Tyrrell to resist the pretensions of Father Pierce, a Munster priest, and of Father D'Arcy, of Connaught, who were chaplains in King James's army; he opposes them because they were too young, and because there were older men entitled to the vacant places. Connaught had only two bishops at this time.

As we believe the prefix "Right Rev." was a Protestant introduction, for the purpose of giving bishops the rank of "Right Hon.," and, as it is not in accordance with pure philology (it is opposed to it), we reject it, and use the words "Most Rev." for all Prelates; the prefix "Arch" being sufficient to mark the difference between a Metropolitan and a

Suffragan. We have taken this course, though we find the superscription on Bishop Mollony's letter of 1689, thus given,

"The Right Rev. Father in God,

"Peter Tyrrell, Lord Bishop of Clogher."

Dr. Tyrrell was, at that time, a member of the "House of Lords."

There were some interesting remarks on this point prepared for press; but we have already far exceeded our limits on other matters.

LETTERS, ECLIPSES, AND MUTABLES; GENDERS, CASES, &c.

The Irish characters now in use are seventeen, *h* being considered as an aspirate. Of these, five are vowels—three broad, *a*, *o*, *u*; two slender, *e*, *i*—the rest consonants; some of the latter are occasionally used as vowels, as *b*, *ð*, *ð̇*, *ih*. There are thirteen diphthongs, as follow: *ae*, *aɪ*, *ao*, *eA*, *eɪ*, *eo*, *eu*, *ɪA*, *ɪo*, *ɪu*, *oɪ*, *uA*, *uɪ*; and five triphthongs: *aoɪ*, *eoɪ*, *ɪAɪ*, *ɪuɪ*, *uAɪ*—the ancients used *oeɪ*, the moderns *aoɪ*. *ɪ*, it may be said, has strictly but three sounds, the other two being from association with others letters. The sounds are as heard in the English words *all* (*A*), *hat*, (*A*), and *what*. Instead of using the words sounded *long*, *short*, *broad*, *slender*, I shall insert *˘* *˙* *˚* over the letters, and for pronounced I will use = which means "equal to." Thus, *ʌ* = *aw*, *éA* = *ay* or *ā* in *āle*, *é* = *ay* in *say*, *ě* = *e* in *met*, *í* = *ee* in *meet*, *ĩ* = *i* in *hit*, *ô* = *ō* in *vote*, *o* = *o* in *doctor*, nearly, or a middle sound between short *o* and *u*, as heard in *but*, *ú* = *ū* in *lūte*, *u* = *u* in *hut*, *æ*, *so*, *éu*, *éA*, *éɪ* = *ay* in *say*, or *ā* *āle*, *Aɪ*, *ɪo*, *oɪ* = *i* in *hit*; but in Connaught *Aɪ* = *a* in *hat*, and, *e* in *bet*; *ao* is sometimes sounded in Connaught as *eeu*, but *rarely*; *eA*, *eɪ* = *e* in *bet*, *Aɪ* = *wi* in *pawing*, *eô* = *ō* in *vôte*, yet the *e* has a compressed sound; *eo* = *u* in *push*, *ɪA*, *ɪo* = *eeu*; *oɪ* = *ō* in *vôte* and *i* in *hit*, *oɪ* = *ee* in *meet*, *ɪu* = *ew* in *pew*, *ɪu* = *oo* in *good*, *uA* = *ōō* in *fōōd* it never requires an accent, being always long; *úɪ* = *ū* in *lūte* and *i* in *hit*, *uɪ* = *ee* in *meet*, *uɪ* = *i* in *hit*. Triphthongs, *aoɪ*, *ɪAɪ* = *ee* in *meet*, *eoɪ* = *ě* in *mět*, *ô* in *höt*, and *i* in *hit*, forming, as if, one long sound, nearly as *ō* in *vote*, but each vowel has a short *distinct* sound. The above sounds are as exact as could be expected in a work of this nature. A close attention to them will enable the student to acquire an accurate pronunciation.

The consonants, except *ð*, *ɲ*, *ɾ*, sound as in English; *ɲ* before *ʒ* has a nasal sound as the terminational French *n*. *ð* = *th* in the word *there*,

τ = th in *this* or *thick*, l = l in *liam* of *William*; r, attended by slender vowels = sh, attended by broad vowels = s in *son*. There are a few conversational exceptions in Munster and Connaught.

ECLIPSES.

l, m, n, r, are never eclipsed.

m	eclipses	b,	as	am m-bam,	our poet.
5	—	c	—	am 5-caf,	our case.
n	—	d	—	am n-dnam,	our back.
b	—	f	—	am b-fufl,	our blood.
n	—	5,	—	am n-5eu5,	our branch.
b	—	p	—	am b-plaonba,	our plant.
d	—	c	—	am d-cneaf,	our battle.
c	—	r	—	am c-rlac,	our rod.

It will be found by a very little observation, that the sounds of the Irish letters are very simple, not like the English ones, of which Mr. John Ellis in his “Plea for Phonography,” says—“English orthoephy sets all observations of analogy at defiance; none but itself can be its parallel; we sincerely hope that ‘we ne’er shall look upon its like again.’” Mr. Ellis enumerates 553 sounds for the English alphabet.

The verbs are most simple, as I showed in my notes. The declensions are very simple. It might be said there are only two cases (that is, variations) in the singular, the nominative and genitive. The nominative plural is generally as the genitive singular, and am or n is added to the gen. sing., to make the plural. This is, of course, but a general remark made, to point out the simplicity of our language. The simple rule to ascertain the genders (not the sex) of Irish nouns is this: prefix é or rē to a noun, and if the phrase makes sense the noun will be masculine; if not, it will be feminine. Thus—rē am leac acā tinn, *it is the cheek that is sore*, does not make sense, where rí am leac, &c., does—as leac is the fem. gen. Sí am leabair do nín me, *it was the book taught me*, does not make sense, where rē am leabair, &c., does—leabair being masculine. This rule is chiefly for those who speak the language and have a good ear. But the classical scholar who knows the rules for genders, will find them nearly the same in Irish as other languages. He can appreciate the simplicity and beauty of our native tongue. If one tenth, aye one twentieth, of time were expended on it as on others the whole nation would now be able to talk and use the Irish.

The initial r in Irish has sometimes the sound of the aspirated Greek ρ, as it has indeed in English, as “rural.” R and s are the only Irish characters that differ in form from the English. I have observed, also, that in English the accident of “slender vowels to slender,” and “broad to broad,” almost universally obtains. A strange fact, but true.

TO THE READER.

I am fully aware that most of my subscribers are better acquainted with the matter of the following work than I am, and that their patronage has been given solely to encourage native literature, I have not language sufficient to convey my deep sense of gratitude for such high and flattering support.

As to the facts detailed in the work, they are not mine; they have been taken from previous writers, native and foreign. If there be errors in that respect I am not in fault, as I depended on the writings of the best authorities for my information.

Errors of type are unavoidable in the first impression of every original and critical work.

The nature of my profession prevented me making a large or personal canvass. If any friends were forgotten, the omission was not intended. To provide for such contingency, some few copies additional were struck off.

The explanations requisite to aid the student of Irish, which were at first intended to be prefixed to the "Dirge," I thought better to place as notes, that the reader might the more conveniently refer to them. These are not as numerous as I could wish, but it will be remembered that I was not giving a grammar to the public. I have introduced marks to facilitate the study of the Irish, which, if the language were studied as Greek or Latin, I would have omitted. There never was a more erroneous notion than that our language is hard to be learned. From my experience as a teacher, I am bold to say, that it is the *easiest* and *simplest* of all languages. The works being in manuscript caused them to appear difficult; the case would have been different, had printing been applied to the Irish as soon as it was to Greek and Latin. Irish scholars must not then be jealous of each other, as neither can yet claim perfection in writing the language. Much depends on conjecture and time. There must be a mutual co-operation, and fraternal intercourse; and, as each province has its own dialect, as had the provinces of Greece, it must not be that the native of either will condemn the language of another, as either may be right. As the Greek writers used the Ionic, Poetic, Attic, Bœotic, Doric, and Æolic, dialects; the Irish writers differed on certain words. It must be also borne in mind that the *mere reading* or *manuscripting* of Irish does not constitute a scholar; thousands can *read, talk, English, and copy* it with graceful ease, and yet be almost strangers to its grammatical and poetical structure. Yet if such persons were allowed to tamper with the language of the English poet, they would shortly take down its fresco-cornices to make it agree with their own notions of grammar. The Munster dialect, in which the Prelate wrote, has not been interfered with by me.

THE DIRGE OF IRELAND.

ΤΥΡΕΑΦ ΝΑ^a Η-ΕΥΡΕΑΝΗ.

I.

Αη-υαη^b ρμυη^c αη^e ῥαοι^fβ ηα Η-Ευρεανη,^d
 Σζμ^gορ ηα ετ-τιο^hα, ηρ δῖο^f ηα clē^hηε;
 Φῖο^hαδ α^g δαο^hηε, ηρ^h λαζ^hαδ η-ζμ^hε^hτε,ⁱ
 Βῖον μο ῥμ^hοδ^hρε α^hη^j ῥλ^hαβ δ^k α ηε^hυαδ.

[This mark * refers the reader to the notes at the end of this poem. There will be only one mark for each stanza. The *foot* notes will be marked by small letters, each verse beginning with the letter a. We had *foot* notes prepared for each stanza, but space obliged us to relinquish that plan, believing that the historical comments would prove more agreeable to our readers. If the *foot* notes belonging to each verse, be not found in the same folio with the text, they will be got in next page, and before those of next stanza. The *numbers* in the *translation* mark the order in which the words are to be read.]

^a ηα, *of the*, gen. of αη, fem. gender, the masculine αη is invariable in the singular, its plural is ηα, which is the same in all cases; ηα is also the plural feminine, and undergoes no variation—thus, ηα κο^hα, *the feet*, ηα ζ-κο^h, *of the feet*, δο ηα κο^hαβ or κο^hα, *to the feet*, ηα κο^hα (the accus. is the same as the nom.), α ῥο^hα (chossa), *o feet*—observe that ζ-κο^h is pronounced *gus*, or rather the *o* has a middle sound between short ὀ and ῥ.—ηα, *than*, the word has many interpretations; in the text it is the genitive feminine article.

^b αη is “*the*,” αηη *in*. The English preposition *in* is in Irish rendered by the above, as stated, also by α or η, sometimes by η before an ι, and by η, improperly by οη. The α, preposition, is corruptly incorporated with η, for η^c, ηο. Nay, we have occasionally υη for α η^c, “*in my*.” This must be exploded by scholars. Of late, α or αηη is the form of preposition for the English “*in*,” not η. Another corruption we would respectfully suggest to the Irish student to be avoided. Some writers divide the preposition αηη before a vowel, and this they do because the words sound as if one. Surely it does not thence follow that they are to be written, certainly not printed, as one word. In French, *un ami*, *des amis*, are pronounced as if *oounamee*, *dayzamee*; but who would, on that account print them so—*unnami*, *dessamis*? However, such a barbarism is in use amongst persons who are *thought* to be Irish scholars. They would maintain that αη υαη ought to be printed αηηυαη, or

THE DIRGE OF IRELAND ;

BY THE

RIGHT REV. JOHN O'CONNELL, BISHOP OF KERRY, 1704.

I.

The hour I reflect on the nobles of (*the*) Erin,
The devastation of the country, and the want of the clergy,
The destruction of her people, and the melting of her
wealth (*jewels*),
My² heart³ in³ my breast⁴ is tearing.⁶

Αη-ηυαη, thus inserting an euphonic η where it is not required, as the η in αη fills up the hiatus ; and they would write αηη αη υαη, "*in the hour*," αη ηαηηυαη ; and even if they use the hyphen, they tear the η from the preposition or article, and prefix it to the word following. It is time to put a stop to this barbarism. The mistake originated in this way : having heard *two* words sounded as if *one*, they thought they might write them so. In every language, it is common that two words sound to the ear as one, particularly in Greek, French, and Italian, yet no scholar would ever think of writing them as one word. Ωη has many other significations, as αη, *time*, hence *annus*, a year, αη τ-αη, *when*.

αη υαη, "*when*," *the hour*.—Whenever the words of the text mean *when*, they may be joined ; but they are to be written separate when *the hour* is signified, thus αη υαη. Some friends of the Irish language think that the system hitherto observed in writing and printing it is defective. They say that words, like these under consideration, ought to be always given separate, that wherever euphony requires the omission of a letter or letters, the apostrophe (') should be inserted, as 'ηυαη, not ηυαη : that wherever the euphonic η, or any eclipsing letter, such as η, β, γ, &c., occurs, a hyphen ought to be used thus, αη τ-αδαη, not ταδαη, *the father*. Others, on the contrary, are opposed to this mode, and call it an innovation ; they add, that though this system might seem an improvement, so far as facilitating the study of the language, yet it might be doing violence to its native origin and peculiar structure. They urge, that Greek authors, particularly Homer, abound in *compound* terms—*prefixes*, *affixes*, *infixes*, *elisions*, *crases*, &c., still there was very little interference on the part of posterity with the *originals*. The apostrophe, coronis, breathings, and

II.

Ταρέρρ ηα δήλονη ρεαδ^a μαρι λέιζτεαρ,^b

Νήορι ηήαρι ρυιηη δοη έηηε δαονδα,^c

Ναρι βάρε ηεαριτ ηα τυλε τρέηηε,*

Αέτ Ηαοι* 'ρ α έλανη, Sem, Cam, ηρ Japhétur.

accent, as used by the Greeks, are observed by Irish writers to some extent. We must say, that the accent was not introduced by Greek writers until 200 years B.C., and then by Aristophanes, the comedian of Byzantium, according to the traditional Athenian intonation. The primitive Greeks, as well as the primitive Irish, spoke purely, without the use of the accent; but as men proceeded from the source, marks were requisite to preserve or restore original grace and melody. As to the point in dispute, we are to remark—that even in Greek, innumerable instances might be adduced in which, though there is an omission of a vowel or vowels, the apostrophe is not inserted—thus *ταυτα*, for *τα αύτα*, “the same things,” *ταλλα* for *τα αλλα*, “the other things,” *sic passim*; instances of crasis—*προυτυψας* for *πρὸ ετυπσας*, *passim*. Between these opinions, we adopt a middle one. As to the hyphen after the aspirate “h,” and the eclipsing letters, we agree with the improvement suggested, and generally with the use of the apostrophe. We have read, in an Irish prayer-book this word δοδ, instead of δο δ’, and many such inelegant contractions. In our mind, they are barbarous, and ought to be discontinued. At the same time, we find similar contractions in Italian, thus *col*, for *con* or *col*, *laor le*, and many of that class. We find “*del padre*,” for “*de el padre*,” in Spanish; not even an apostrophe is used. So also in German. Notwithstanding what has been already said, it is to be remembered that the beauty of a language may be injured, if not destroyed, by a cumbersome insertion of marks; and that the facility aimed at may be effected by a few clear prefatory observations, bearing on them, and an occasional note. Though the marks have been much used in the English editions of French works, yet we are satisfied the best ancient authors in France did not generally apply them, if we except the apostrophe. In fact, the absence of them is an evidence of a primitive tongue. In conclusion, we believe that the use of marks was unknown to the ancients. We recollect that, even when ourselves began our Greek Grammar, it was a contracted one, and when we required a Lexicon, &c., it was contracted. In course of time, the system was changed. So it will be with the Irish; the difficulty of rendering all matters in manuscript, imposed the neces-

II.

After the Deluge; as is recorded (*read*)

There lived not a portion of the generation of people
That did⁹ not¹⁰ drown¹¹ the² force³ of⁵ the⁶ universal⁷ flood,⁸
But Noah, and his children, Shem, Ham, and Japhet.

sity of contractions, and caused the absence of almost all marks—"In medio tutissimus."

^c Αη is also written Αηη when the next word has, in its first syllable, a slender vowel, as ε̇ or ι, though this practice is not observed in old manuscripts.

^d ΗΑ Η-ΕΙΡΕΑΝΗ, of (*the*) Ireland.—"The" is used either for the sake of metre or pre-eminence, denoting *glorious* Eire, as we say in Greek, δ Θεος, *the God*, literally, though there is but one God. *Eire* will be found in this poem without the article, euphony demanding its omission. In Irish as in French, the article is generally set before the divisions of the earth, names of some countries, cities, &c., a proof of the affinity that exists between the languages and the peoples. Some ignorant dabblers in our venerable language have frequently detached the η from the beginning of the article ηΑ and attached it to the previous word, especially to words whose final letter was ο, and that because the old historians and poets not unfrequently placed ο after some words. This custom was very much abused, and sometimes interfered with the integrity of the word. The ancients often substituted that letter for η, in the middle or end of a term which would otherwise have ηη. In old Latin authors this practice existed. It has entirely disappeared, and so should it be discontinued in our language, unless where melody might demand it.

^e Ττ, ο, οτ. Ο mortifies or eclipses τ; hence the word τ-τῳρεῖα, pronounced *theerha* (land), the tongue must be pressed much between the teeth, as the inhabitants of some parts of Ulster do when pronouncing "though." This is the best notion I can give of the sound.

^f ὀζοῖ for ὀζοῦαιζ, *destroy*, or *destruction*. In the Celtic, as in French and other languages, verbs are used substantively. The word is pronounced "*dheeoaa*."

^g "Α," *her*, does not cause aspiration, but requires η before a vowel—"Α," *his*, does require aspiration.

^h η, Αῖυρ, Α'ρ, Ακυρ, Αῖυρ, οκαρ, and.

ⁱ η-ῖηέε. The sound of η before ῖ cannot be given in writing, it must be learned orally, just as the terminational "n" in French, which

III.

Ալէտ ամայն յօ լալի լ^a Ելլիւ,^b
 Դիօնտալոյ* բալծ,^c չան Եաճած 'ր և Ելլիլոյ;
 Ոյ Ե-և և իմայն^d ոյ և լիօժ^e շուք լաւ ծօ,
 Ալէտ շօլ ևն Ալլոյի՛ն,^f 'րէ լիլ Ելլեաճտ.

IV.

Այ-ուայլ և ճալժ Ուօլ, չան Եալլ,^a չան Ելլեւճա,
 Պօման Եալլե, լլ Ելլօժ և իւլլալ;
 Ծօ շալծ յօ Լլմօ Ծ' իւլլալ Եւծա,
 Լլ Ծ' իւլլ ԵՅ և շլոյն^b ևն Ծօման^c Ելլաւնաճ.

having no equivalent letter or combination of letters in English, must be learned from one who talks the language purely. Ե-Յլլեւ.—The Ե in this place is for euphony—the possessive pronoun և is left out for sake of metre.

This line, the interpretation of which is

“The torturing of her people, the melting of her wealth,”

has been treated of by us elsewhere. The author throws his feelings, through a long vista of time, into ours. His language, so expressive and affecting, moves us, as it evidently did himself. He saw the victims of torture undergoing the excruciating ordeal. He must have witnessed the inhuman execution of Bishops O'Connell and Mac Egan, on Fair Hill, near Killarney. We picture to ourselves his generous nature recoiling from the mere reminiscence of the racking, mangling system of punishment of Cromwell's party. In fact, to those who understand the language the last lines present a beautiful hypotoposis—

“Ելլոյ մօ շլոյծ'րէ Ծ' մ' շլլաճ Ծ'ա իւլլաճ.”

Pronounced *beeun mo chreea si um chlee dhawrayboo*.

^j Ծ'մ', ևն մօ, in our copy was ւմ, contraction for ևն մօ.

^k Ծ' for ծօ, an euphonic particle set before some parts of verbs—to, of, thy, ծօ, to him, to it, also, two, not, in, un; as ծօ-Եւլլաճ, not *mannerly* or *unmannerly*. ծօ, when negative before a slender vowel, is by some written ծօլ. ծօ-Եալլաճ, not *mortal, immortal*; as can be learned from the examples given ծօ aspirates.

STANZA II.

^a իւլլաճ, or իւլլա, might be interpreted, *fathom, length, continuance*; its translation is here, *as is*.

III.

But alone there was in Erin,
Fintan, the prophet, without drowning in the Deluge,
'Twas not his swimming, nor running gave safety to him,
But the will of the High-king ; that is the wonder.

IV.

The hour (*when*) Noah spent, without folly, without lies,
Much time, and the end of his life, (sin,)
He went to Limbo to look for Eve,
And left to his children the world wide.

^b Hence, "letter."

ᵉ δασηδα, *dheena*, the letter δ being quiescent; a euphonic δ is inserted, or added to the end of words in old authors—thus ϣηδ, ϣηδ, ϣηδ, *pro.* (in Munster) *sin, sen, sun*, (in Connaught) *shin, shen, shum*. In the middle of words it is quiescent where it is only euphonic; but when it is a radical part of the word, it must be sounded thus, λογηδub, ϣηγηδub, *a black-bird*, but ὕρηδασηδα, *O'Brenan*. In such as the last, the “δ” may be a substitute for “η,” or merely *arbitrary*. The poet should, of necessity, sometimes introduce it for melody. “ὅμη,” a single person, *homo*.—δασηηη, population, *populus*, &c.

STANZA III.

^a *Hodie*, Δηη.

^b η-Επιηνη—dative case—"η" prefixed for euphony; in the 1st verse "h" was used for the same purpose, though, in the latter case, we think it would be as sweet and as poetic to attach the "η" to the foregoing, "ι" and read "ηι," an old form of "αηη," as is also "ι." To prevent disphony our poets, like those of Greece, were wont to insert "η." The use of the *aspirate* over our vowels, instead of "h" before them, would be an improvement. It occurs to us, that the above "η" belongs to "ι," and ought to be "ηι."

c Hence, "faith."

^d *ri*, and *ʙ*, thus dotted before broad vowels, have the sound of “w;” as *Δ ριζαρι*, *his mother*, *Δ βαταδ*, *his baton*, but before *ε*, or *ι*, they sound “v;” at the end of words “v” is the sound, whether the words are broad or slender, as *καορι*, for *khayuv*. However, in Connaught these letters, when *final*, seem to have, in some words a protracted sound, nearly as “wv,” and the Conacians pronounce *ʙ* final, in many instances, like “ff,”

V.

Ան Արիա թօրի* բալի Sem մար շեծօւծ,^a
 'Տան^b Ալբրիւ* շար բալի Cam, դար դաօմած ;
 Ծօ շար ան Եւրօթ շում Եփետր,
 Ծօ շլաւ բարի^c մար թօրի ան շար ծելճօնած.

VI.

Եար Ե-Երուշալմ ան Ծօմար, Ե Ե-Բօշար Ե Ծիւի թիւ,
 Որ մար Ե Եարիւրի ԾԵ. Ե Եարի 'րան^a Ե-Բիւրի Ե-Եիւ,
 Ածամ, Եր Եար, Աբել Եր Եւծ,
 'Տ Ծօ մար Եար Աբել շան Եան-շօր.

VII.

Cam մաւ Ուօր, դար Ե' Ծօլիւրի Երեւա,^a
 Եր օ Cham Ծօ շար' Ե Ե-Ծիւի^b շան Եար ;
 Աւար^c Եր Ե Ե-Եիւ լաւ Ե Երիւ,
 Եր, Եան Ե-Եր Ե Ե-Եան, Polphemur.^d

thus ծւ, pro. *Duff*, the tongue in pronouncing, being gently protruded and pressed out between the teeth. Ա, *her*, does not aspirate, as Ե Ծօլիւր.

^a Hence, *rota*, wheel.

^b *Aliter*, ընդ, ուր.

STANZA IV.

^a *Follg*, ր, or any *eclipsed* or *deadened* letter, does not require to be aspirated with a dot or with an Ե after it, which is equivalent to a dot. The student will please observe, that the dot and the Ե are used in the poem, to accustom him to the use of both (ր). This word must be carefully distinguished from ըրար, or ըրար, *West*, pro. "*sheer*," whereas ըրար is pronounced "*serh*," the "ր" to be sounded roughly, or with a rough breathing. This is easily understood by the Greek student, who is acquainted with the use of the aspirated ր.

^b *Alit* ր, Երիւ.

^c Hence *Dominus*, also domain.

STANZA V.

^a շեծօւծ, is also written ԵԵԵԵԵԵ, the syncope is of frequent use in the Irish writings, as are the epinthesis, prothesis, apocope, paragoge, tmesis, aphæresis, metathesis, elision, cœsura, crasis.

V.

(*The*) Asia East got Shem as the first part,
And hot Africa got Ham, who was not blessed,
There fell Europe to Japhet;
He took as his share, the West, the part² last.¹

VI.

When created⁴ was³ the¹ world,² shortly after that,
There was not living but four in happy existence,
Adam, Cain, Abel, and Eve,
And Cain killed Abel without one fault.

VII.

Ham, son of Noah, that was not of happy deeds (*traits*).
It is from Ham were descended the monsters without man-
Atlas, on whose shoulders was half of the heavens, [ners,
And Polyphemus, (*with*) one eye in *his* head.

^b 'Sañ for ʃr añ, "and the," also used for 'r añ, "and in."—Ham, as a part of the curse entailed on himself and his offspring, for laughing at his father's weakness, got as his inheritance *hot Africa*; that even their colour might be a brand of infamy.

^c In Munster *this* ʃ is usually sounded, but silent in Connaught; it is generally silent in the middle of words. This word might be translated—"he took the end," or "I would take," ʃuʃñ being then a part of the verb—the sign of the potential mood. ʃuʃñ, *end*; Europe being the end of the world.

STANZA VI.

^a 'r for aʒur, &c.

STANZA VII.

^a "Kawim mac nhee nhawr veevin thrayha." As we write for two classes of readers—those who know the language, and those who do not, we thought right to give a key for pronouncing the first line.

^b corruptly ʃatʃaʃ, also ʃatʃaʃ.

^c Atlas was a great astronomer—a chain of mountains extending through the Barbary states to the Atlantic, was called after him, as from its top he made his astronomical observations. Hence the classical myth, that he supported on his shoulders the heavens.

VIII.

Բրիարեւ,^a ար արայն շուր լան մէլրդեւ,
 Արշւր, 'նա շահ, քար շուր լան-լան;
 Եւր^b ծաւաճ ծիւ շ-շարն ար մէլ,
 Յօշ, մաշ Յօշ, իր շար շան լան.

IX.

Եւրոպ, Եւրոպ, Եւրոպ, Եւրոպ,
 Յօշոն ծաւաճ ծիւ շ-շահ;^a
 Արշւար ծիւ շահ նա Յիւրաշ,
 Արշւար, շահ իր Կիւ նա Յիւր.

X.

Դ'աշլա ար շո ծ-շարն ար ծիւ,^a
 Դո մար Արշւար ծիւ ծաւաճ,
 Բա ի-ար շահ շահ^b. նա իւրա,
 Ար շահ^c ծիւ շահ, ծիւ ա իւրա.

XI.

Եւրոպ ծիւ շահ ար շահ,^a
 Ար շահ Օլիւր, Օր իր Փիւր;
 Ար իւր ծիւ շահ շահ ծիւ շահ,
 Ար շահ իւրա շահ ա իւրա շահ.

^a One-eyed Polyphemus—There was a race of giants in the south-east of Sicily, called Cyclops; so called from having a circular large eye in the middle of the forehead. Of these, Polyphemus was the chief. For an account of these giants, the reader is referred to Virgil's *Æneid*, also to Lucian.

STANZA VIII.

^a For the history of Briareus and Argos, see Lempriere's "Classical Dictionary," wherein will be had a full description of the giants.

^b For these names read Lempriere.

STANZA IX.

^a For ծաւաճ.

STANZA X.

^a This line is explained in the notes on thirteenth and fourteenth verse.

VIII.

Briareus, on whom were a hundred hands of thorny fingers.
 Argus, the¹ man² with a hundred seeing eyes in his head.
 Titan that swallowed¹¹ ten oxen at a meal,
 Gog, Magog, and their bodies without cover, (*shirt.*)

IX.

Cyclops, Centaur Cerberus, Eryx,
 Gorgon that made stones of persons,
 Minotaurus, that devoured the Greeks,
 Nimrod the chief, and king of armies.

X.

Through fear the⁵ flood⁶ again² would³ come,⁴
 Nimrod² resolved¹ a³ tower to make⁴
 Of¹ higher² head³ than⁴ the⁵ stars,⁶
 A thing¹ that was² not² finished after³ his⁴ labour.⁵

XI.

He collected a gathering of the artists
 On Olympus Hill, Ossa and Pelion.
 It was not they that were until night on one meal
 A sowing potatoes in a fallow garden.

^b *ἡ* *ἡ*, with this mark its English is *than*; *ἡ*, thus written is the masculine article, translated *the*, it is also the genitive form of the feminine article. There is but one article in the Irish language, *an*, *the*; for masculine and feminine, in the singular number, it is invariable, save that in the feminine gender, in the genitive case, it makes *na*; the plural masculine and feminine is *na*. Hence can be seen how simple the Irish article is. If we would translate *a man*, into Irish, we would write the simple word *féar*. As in French, so in Irish, there are but two genders—masculine and feminine; so that all personal pronouns, representing inanimate objects, must be interpreted—he, she, him, her, &c., in both languages. It is the same, in many instances, in Greek and Latin, thus *ille est magnus lupis*, *magnus gladius*—literally—he is great stone, he is great sword; *illa est brevis via*, *bona penna*—she is short way, she is good pen. We write these examples

XII.

God was patient, meek, full of endurance
 On the earth from heaven a looking,
 He did laugh at (*the worms*) the people,
 It was not little to him the length he was listening.

XIII.

He³ tumbled² down⁴ with⁵ his⁶ nod⁷
 Themselves and the hills on top of each other,
 They are yet burning in their members,
 Turning with difficulty, a groaning and screaming.

XIV.

The silly³ master² that was over the artizans
 Of Nimrod's tower, and his labourers,
 When he asked for stones there was given earth to him,
 And when he asked for timber there was brought lime
 to him.

than 𐌆𐌔. The old writers had some regard to the above rule. Too close an adhesion to it would be very unsafe.

STANZA XIV.

* "The silly superintendant who was over the men," 𐌇𐌱𐌰𐌸, pro. llyaw, silly, *l* beginning a word or syllable, pro. as the *l* in the last syllable of William llygum, the tongue being *protruded* between the teeth, but not *pressed*. We wish to be precise and clear on this sound, as it seems difficult to learners; but the observance of our simple rule at once removes the apparent difficulty. A stranger to the sibilating leopard English language, will find vastly more difficulties in its pronunciation than in ours. The very sound we are explaining is a proof of what we say; but as we are familiar with the word William, the sound *llyum*, *liam*, seems quite easy. Habit is everything in speaking a language. This proves that there is nothing peculiar nor difficult in pronouncing *Irish* more than *English*. The rule for sounding *l* holds good for *d*, *t*. It will be borne in mind, that this simple rule is the result of experience in speaking and teaching the language, 𐌋𐌰 pro. *vee*, 𐌋𐌰 pro. *woe*, 𐌰𐌵 plural of 𐌱𐌰, in all cases, it is also gen. singular. 𐌰𐌵𐌱𐌰𐌸 or 𐌰𐌵𐌱𐌰𐌸, derived from 𐌰𐌱𐌰, 𐌰𐌱𐌰, or 𐌰𐌵𐌰, *knowledge*, and 𐌰𐌵𐌰𐌸 *man*, 𐌵𐌰 or 𐌱𐌰 being the sign of the

xv.

Σζυιηδ̄ ζο ταριζ̄, γ ρζαριαδ̄ με ἐέ̄λε,
 Βῑ αριητ̄ ρο̄ λε̄ιτ̄ α^a η̄-béal^b ζᾱc̄ αει-ηε,^c
 Ηῑ ρᾱιβ̄ μο̄ιηε^d ρη̄η̄ αᾱ ᾱc̄t̄ αοῡ-ζῡc̄,^e
 Αη̄ τεαηζᾱ Εαβ̄ριᾱ, δο̄ η̄ύιη̄ η̄-Ε̄βερ̄.

dative plural. ρ ᾱ λῡc̄ ρᾱε̄c̄αρη̄, and his persons of labour—the labouring men—those who attended the tradesmen or artists—who were men learned in their arts. The term ραορη̄ may be applied to any tradesman, but the Irish apply it generally to carpenters or builders; when they apply it to masons they add the word clōj̄c̄e, *g.* of clōc̄. δο̄ has many significations: it is used in a relative sense as above, it means *in, of, to*, with an accent on the ο̄, *to him, two*; it is also negative—in *un* in English, as δο̄-ῥεῡρᾱδ̄, *unanimously*, δο̄-ῥᾱῑc̄ρ̄η̄ᾱc̄, *invisible*; pronounce it as *though*, in English, or nearly so. It is, likewise, an intensitive particle, like *in, im*, in English—*exempli gratia*—δο̄β̄ρ̄ό̄ρη̄, *great grief, melancholy*, μη̄λο̄σ̄ *black*, χο̄λη̄, *bile*, from the Greek. δο̄ is sometimes a prefix or sign of the infinitive, as δο̄ ἐ̄c̄ᾱρᾱδ̄, *to torment*, of the past tense, as δο̄ c̄ε̄ᾱρᾱρ̄, *I tormented*. In prose, this word could be written without the broad vowels, as it could in verse, if the metre required, according to the rule “slender to slender,” and “broad to broad.”

^b ᾱ has several meanings, in this place it is to be translated *which*, the relative for ᾱη̄υᾱρη̄, “*the hour*,” or “*when*,” it signifies, *his, hers, its, theirs*, sometimes placed before the infinitive mood, the present-perfect, and future tense indicative, con. for ᾱη̄, the interrogative particle, for ᾱη̄, *in* for ᾱζ̄, the prefix of the pre. part., &c.

^c Σᾱε̄c̄αρη̄, *labourers*—ρᾱε̄c̄, or ρᾱο̄c̄, *labour*, and ρε̄ᾱρη̄, *man*, a labour-man: these were the workmen who attended the artizans—the ραορη̄-c̄ρη̄ᾱρη̄, *carpenters*, and the ραορη̄-clōj̄c̄ē, the *masons*.

^d δ̄ is here the prefix of the past tense indic., δ̄c̄ᾱρη̄ᾱδ̄, con. for δο̄ ρᾱρη̄ᾱδ̄, “*they asked for*.” We may here note, that the author, as far as we could find, has uniformly kept to the rule “c̄ᾱο̄l̄ lē c̄ᾱο̄l̄ ’ρ̄ lēᾱc̄ᾱη̄ lē lēᾱc̄ᾱη̄. However, grammar commands a deviation, when the broad or slender vowel is an essential part of the word, so that another cannot be substituted, as in the word δο̄j̄b̄, which is contracted for δο̄, *to*, j̄b̄, *them*. Both prosody and etymology prevent the carrying out the rule in this instance; there will occur other exceptions, which the careful student can easily distinguish, j̄b̄ is also *ye*, and δ̄j̄b̄, con. for δο̄, *to*, j̄b̄. We are anxious to be explicit on these words; a close

XV.

They slipped away quickly, and separated together.
 There was speech different in the mouth of each of them,
 There was not before that to them but one tongue,
 The Hebrew³ language² that Heber⁶ taught.⁵

distinction can alone make a stranger to the structure of our venerable language comprehend the manner of using them; so *ʃb*, the accent on the *ʃ*, "*to you*," suffers apostrophe, and is written *ʃb ʔʃb*. The observance of such rules as these obviates the interference with the venerability of the structure of the text, by the interposition of marks. This ought to be avoided as much as possible. The 14th, 15th, and 16th verses are literally grounded on the Book of Genesis (which see).

STANZA XV.

^a *Δ η-béal*, "*in the mouth*," *ɿ* is used before a slender vowel, and is translated *in*; before a broad vowel we use *Δ* or *Δηη*, pro. *on*. We have already noted that when a letter is eclipsed it needs not to be dotted; *η-béal*, pro. *mayul*; *é*, thus marked, invariably sounds *ay*.

^b *ɿ* without an accent, pro. as *ĩ* in *hit*, *ĩ* as *ee*; the latter is its natural sound in every language, except English; in Irish it never, unless joined with some other letter, sounds as the *i* in *life*. This last sound is an innovation amongst some of our Latin scholars. We are forced occasionally to tolerate it, though knowing it to be a corruption.

This, and other prepositions, signify *in*. This copiousness of our language gives a fluency to the speaker, a facility to the poet and prose writer, as he can take the form most suitable to his metre or his taste; the same may be said of other prepositions.

^c *Δοη* or *Δεη*, as the vowel following may be slender or broad.

^d *ʔʃob ʔʃob*, con. for *de ʃob*, *of them*, must be distinguished from *ʔʃb*, *to them*. The eclipsed letter has been omitted by writers not proficient in literature.

^e Could be *ɿɿje*.

^f Con. for *Δοη-ɿɿje*, *Δοη-ɿɿje*, *Δοη one*, *ɿɿje*, *voice*, in the previous line we had *Δεη*, here we have *Δοη*, each means *one*; in one place the slender vowel *ɿ* followed. Therefore, it was written *Δεη* in the latter place, the broad vowel "*u*" came after, hence *Δοη*. It occurs to us, that if a slender vowel be pronounced broadly, the preceding vowel may be broad, as *η-béal*.—*Usus te plura docet* :

"Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi."

We must never, for the sake of melody, destroy the *radix* of a word.

XVI.

Do bí fo h-am roih^a ppiomhpa tpeíjžēac,
 Annpa* Scíclā,^b Njūl, mac Phéihir,^c
 Do cuip ré dír ir fíche ir caezad,^d
 A tōjžbājl^e teanžčā na d-tioičā 'h-éih-řeačt.^f

The numerals *aoi* or *aei*, *do*, cause aspiration, thence upwards they do not; but *řeačt*, *očt*, *noj*, *deč*, cause *eclipses* or *mortification*, *aoižut* should be written *aoi-žut*. It is a manifest corruption to join such words. What caused this error in *printing* Irish was this:—The original writers or transcribers found it inconvenient to be raising the pen at the end of each word. They preferred to let it run to the next. This they did for dispatch, and to compress their manuscript into as narrow a limit as possible. An expeditious writer or copyist of the English language does the same at this day. He will finish an entire line without ever lifting his pen. It does not thence follow, that a printer ought not to print his words *asunder*. Ignorant writers or copyists of the Irish language, made the manuscript as the words sounded on *the ear* not as *grammar* demanded. Hence, we have met some manuscripts that were perfect nonsense and disgusting. And what makes this evil still worse is, that the ignorance of some of them is incurable: they fancy themselves more learned than all others, and will not, therefore, yield to the force of common sense, because of their dogged pertinacity in pre-conceived notions. However, I am satisfied that a little time will rectify this mistake, when it will be found that there are hundreds of *learned* Irish scholars to be met with. Time, the grand developer of all things, will prove the truth of this statement. There are, at this moment, many native *Cionfodhlās* (*kinfyowlas*) in Ireland, though they do not shine in print. There is no field for them, no encouragement, no patron to sustain a writer. If an *individual* venture to publish to any extent, he is sure to fare as the patriotic Barron of Waterford, who devoted his life, and his entire property, to the revival of the language; he got in return a broken heart. Notwithstanding all this, it is fortunate that there is even one small field for the advancement of Irish literature, even though a monopoly may be, and is greatly complained of. Rivalry is salutary. It purifies matters, as does agitation the waters of the deep. I like to see honourable emulation, because it creates an earnest that work will be better done.

STANZA XVI.

^a *hām roih*, pro. *nhom son*, "*that time*," sometimes written *čan aih*, pro. *thon-son*, in Munster is *thon-sin*. *ř* before the broad vowels is pro. as *s*

There was at that⁵ time⁴ an accomplished⁶ prince,⁵
 In Scythia, Niul, the son of Fenius;
 He sent twelve and twenty and forty,* (72)
 On⁴ a⁵ tour together⁶ to collect languages.

* All the ancient languages had this mode of computing.

in sat; but before and after the slender vowels, pro. *sh*, as heard in *shall*, thus *Seān*, pro. *Shawn*, "*John*;" *Séamur*, pro. *Shaymus*, "*James*." In Connaught, *ro* and *ru* are sometimes pro. *sho*, *shu*; but as *torr agh ro*, pro. *thor on sho*, "*come hither*," *agh ruo* "*thithèr*," pro. *on-shud*. When the student will be reminded that the *h* is not a *letter*, but an *aspirate*, he will find that *s* in English, when preceded or followed by a slender vowel, *e* or *i*, is attended by an *h* or *aspirate*; and when by a broad vowel *a*, *o*, or *u*, there is seldom an *h*. Hence, it appears that rule is as much a rule of the English language as of the Irish. There are, however, some few exceptions in one and the other.

^b Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, a great writer of the fourth century and who died in 403, says, "that the monarchy of the Scythians began soon after the flood, and continued to the captivity of Babylon;" he further adds, "that the laws, customs, and manners of the Scythians were received by other nations as the standards of policy, civility, and polite learning, and that they were first after the flood who attempted to reform mankind into notions of courtesy, into the art of government, and the practice of good government—see edition of his writing by Dians. Petavius, Parist, 1622.

The primitive or early Scythia exactly corresponded with the present Western or Independent Tartary, though, in after days, it comprised a great portion of Europe and Asia. The reader will please recollect, that as often as Scythia, whence Milesius emigrated, will be mentioned in this work, the author means no larger a territory than Western Tartary, having the Caspian Sea to the west, the Beloo Tagh Mountains to the east, Siberia to the north, and Persia with Affghanistan to the south.

^c This word, by the insertion of *o* for the first *l*, would read in English pronunciation, "*Scotia*."

^d From him, "*Phœnicia*;" also European civilization. It is said he built Athens, in Achaia, in Greece, see Mac Curtin's "*Antiquities*."

^e Sometimes *cac̃āb̃*.

^f Letters dotted in the middle of words are not sounded, e. g. *τὸ ὕβρις*, *n-em̃ēac̃*, are pronounced "*thoge awill*," "*n-ainacht*."

^g The genitive plural takes the eclipsing letters, *o*, *b*, *m*, &c., as occasion

XVII.

Rinn^a ré coinne nju ar macáinne^b Senaari,
 An n rí n cnuighíod ríorl do raetnaic,
 Ba ha eóluige teanḡa, ir tréige,
 ḡreḡir, Eabair, Laidion ir ḡaoḡile.

XVIII.

Do cualaḡ Pharíaoh tárg meice^a Penjur,
 D'iairi air dol leir féin do'n Éḡiric
 Thuḡ ré a nḡean do mar cēile,
 Aenḡear^b an ḡir-uir Scotā, deḡ-ḡeal.

XIX.

Ir uairce tuḡaḡ Scotí^a air ḡaeḡle^b
 Scorja a laidion mar ainn air Eiric;^{*}
 Do nuḡ rí mac no mair, ḡatelu,^c
 Sé rí n ḡaoḡeal ḡar,^{*} ríirir Éireann.

requires; double *cc*, *cc*, *pp*, &c., *bc*, *gc*, *bp*, &c., in these places the second letter is silent; but to omit it would destroy the integrity of the original term.

STANZA XVII.

^a Rinn', *by apocope* for "ríneḡ," coinne nju, "a meeting with them," or "of them," that is, he made them Professors in his University; the first we read of that was ever established. From that day down to this in which we write, the Scythic race, wheresoever it streamed, has been proverbial for its fame in all the walks of literature, and pre-eminently so the descendants of the Milesian Irish colony.

^b mac pro. *mogh*, "a small plain," macáinne, "a vast plain," resembling a sea. "The plain of Senaar." Mac Curtin, in his "Defence of the Antiquity of Ireland," says, "this plain was in Achaia." From this it is plain why Doctor O'Connell asserts in his poem, "that Athens (in Greece) belonged to the Gadeliens by right of Feniusa." If this is so, then that renowned city must have been built by the Scythians, who, as Justin, in his second book, and Herodotus, in his fifth book, write, that they spread civilization and refinement wheresoever they travelled. Herodotus, in the passage alluded to, calls the Scythians *αυτοχθονες*. By this very name the Athenians of old seemed to have called themselves *αυτοχθονος*. For this reason, that, with the exception of the Pelasgi, they were never held in sub-

XVII.

He³ arranged² a meeting⁴ of them⁵ on the plains of Shenaar,
 Therein he assembled a school with diligence ;
 He was the guide of virtues and languages—
 Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and Irish,

XVIII.

Pharoah³ heard² of the fame of Fenius' son,
 Asked of him to go with him to Egypt,
 He² gave his daughter to him as wife,
 The golden-locked³ maid,¹ fair⁵ Scots.⁴

XIX.

It is from her the name "Scoti" is given to the Gaeliv.
 Scotia in Latin, as a term for Eire ;
 She³ brought² forth² a son very good, Gadelas,
 That is Gael-glas, ancestor of Ireland (the Irish).

jection by any foreign tribe, and considered themselves *as old as the ground* from which they thought they sprang. Herodotus viewed the Scythians in the same light, though he formed a false notion of the primitive Scythia, which certainly did not extend west of the Rha or Volga.

STANZA XVIII.

^a *meic* also *mic*, of the son, it is also *meic* and *mic* in the *nom. plu.* Masculine nouns and adnouns, are aspirated in the *gen. sing.*, but not the *nom. plu.* In some words they suffer *eclipse* not *aspiration*, as *an t-arlach* "of the artizan." Feminine nouns are aspirated in the *nom. sing.*, not in the *gen. sing.*, but their *gen. plu.* suffer *eclipsis* ; if the *gen. sing.* of masculine nouns be eclipsed, the same case plural of the same word will not.

^b This means, *for a man*, that is, *marriageable*, or *masculine* ; *intrepid* as a man.

STANZA XIX.

Rather she was called Scots by Niul, in honour of his own country, Scythia. See a previous note.

^b So called after Gael, the Linguist, whom Niul so much respected. The Professor must not be confounded with Nial's son, the last syllable cut off.

^c *Gaodhal Glas*, *Gadelas*. Niul called his son by Scots *Gaodhal* (*Gael*), or (*Ghayul*), out of respect to his tutor of the same name, who digested

XX.

So 'é an tam do b'í Mhaoir' r' an Ézirt,*
 Jr poball Jrmael fo daeribruid;*
 Pháno fallra, fíocmair, daéir leir,
 Jr Scóta ceannra lan do *daennar.^b

XXI.

Do ruiz Mhóire a mhuintir féin leir
 Tírd an Mhuir Ruað rlan zan eirlinn^a
 Do mear an ruiz a b-fillead', jr a t-triaecad^b
 Zan baitead é féin 'r a buidean ann^c éirfeacht.

XXII.

Do glac rzuubal^a móir clann Fadélur*
 Coimuidhe do deannan ar an taeib rlin;
 Do gléar^b a cablaç tnom zo gléurta,
 'S n'íor rtað *zuir^c moitcadur* crioç na Zríze.*

the Irish tongue into form, and who was also his relative, being descended of Gomer, son of Japhet. The reader will have learned, that when Gaodhal was young, he was bitten by a serpent; and Moses, through the intercession of Aaron, laid his wand on the child's arm (the part injured), and it was instantly healed, and the place of the wound remained *green*, which, in Irish, means "Glas." Keating and Mac Curtin give this story, which is not *lightly* to be denied. Niul relieved the Hebrew people with provisions and other things; and we are not, therefore, to be surprised that Moses, the divinely-chosen leader, besought God in favour of the generous prince and his child. We are moreover told, that the Hebrew chief pronounced a blessing on the posterity of Gadelas, that wherever they ruled, serpents could not exist. And it is a fact, that wherever they reigned, as in Crete, Thrace, and Ireland, serpents have been unknown. It is even remarkable, that the parts of Great Britain occupied by the Celts, or their progeny, adders and snakes do not infest. Moses likewise predicted, that learning, in all its lovely shapes, would be spread in every land wherein the Gael would gain sway. This has been literally verified. For, in this island, the infernal tyranny of the Danes, and the abominable Vandal spirit of English rulers could not uproot learning from the Irish soil. What but the Divine will powerfully manifested could have saved it. Even as late as the days of bigotted Anne, mountains of precious Irish

XXI.

XXII.

"Heavens ! whole ages perish there."

STANZA XX.

a 'r an Éiric; by close observation we have found that this ran hitherto set down as a *preposition*, is not such, but is compounded of r, "in," and an, the definite article, "the." For example, ran tíu, pro. *son theer*, "in the country." Now, as we have no *indefinite* article in Irish, the Irish words given by us, *must* contain a *definite* one, and that is evidently found in ran, which should be r an, "in the." If we would express "in a country" in the *Celtic*, we would say an tíu. According to our view of this matter r is often used for an, not for an, as

XXIII.

*Do^a bġ rġad real a 5-cačajr an *Tēbir^b
 Ba leo Ačhenr a 5-ceariz Pēnjur,*
 Do čuajð ar rġn 5o Lacedēmon^c
 'S do 5luar ar lē h-ġomad* 5reuzac.

XXIV.

Do ġmčġ5 rġor leo 5ur an Scġcġa,
 'S anġ d'ēġrġ5 urġian^a ġdġr' 'r a 5ealca
 D'rġlle' a'r aġr črġ h-oġllēajr ġa 5rēġ5ġ,
 Or *rġnd^b reōle' 5' an h-ē5ġrč, ġr h-ġbērġ.

as this last word is itself a contraction for anġr a, "in the," a being occasionally substituted for an, "the," as it is for anġ, "in."

Again we say, anġr an leabair, "in the book," but anġ or ġnġ leabair, "in a book," 'r an carġbad, "in the chariot," ap carġbad, "in a chariot." We were indeed much surprised to find, that the learned O'Brien, who has conferred so lasting a benefit on his native tongue, did not animadvert upon this inaccuracy, though the least reflection could not have failed to suggest the improvement, anġar a bġ an ġġ5 'r an 5-cačajr, pro. *nhooir a ree un ree son goghir*,—"when the king was in the city," but anġar a bġ an ġġ5 a 5-cačajr, is translated "when the king was in a city." Wherefore, we undertake to say, that anġraġ, 'raġ, anġra, ġnġr, ġra, onġr, onġraġ, ġnġraġ, &c., are each equal to "in the;" but that our predecessors, for want of reflection, not through ignorance, did not notice the error.

^b daenġar for daenġacč, for sake of metre.

STANZA XXI.

^a *hree un murrh roo-a slawn gun eshlhyn.*

^b 5rġlleadð, *villhoo*, in the copies we read ġġlleadð, which is clearly a corruption.

^c The preposition anġ before this word used, to be improperly separated, so that one ġ was placed before the eġġ, and the other after a. It is time to improve when *thought*, by *electricity*, is being conveyed so rapidly.

STANZA XXII.

^a The copy had rčrġupall, *an English word.*

^b 5lēur, in the copy 5luar.

^c 5ur ġġoč rē črġoč are the words of the copy—"until he settled in the country." We have made it "until he reached, &c.

XXIII.

They were for a time in the city of Thebes,
 To them belonged Athens by right of Fenius,*
 They went thence to Lacedemon,
 And he departed from it with many Greeks.

XXIV.

They went east to Scythia;
 It was there arose a strife between them and their kindred,
 They returned back through the islands of the Greeks,
 Thence *they* sailed to (*the*) Egypt and Iberia.

STANZA XXIII.

^a δό βί ρηδ, "*they were*," the copy has it "*he was*," using ρέ (*shay*) instead of ρηδ (*sheeud*).

^b αν τέβέ, "*of Thebes*," the copy has η-ρηπέηη, "*of Hisperia*." We read that the Gadelians were for some time in the city of Thebes.

^c The capital of Laconia, whose inhabitants wrote so curtly that all pointed short writing, is styled *laconic*.

* Gadelas the linguist was from Greece, and was nephew to Fenius, and this perhaps is the allusion here.

STANZA XXIV.

^a αρρηδ. I have considered this term more appropriate than ρηεδ, the *latter* denotes a *petty* quarrel. This is evident from the fact, that ηδρ, "*great*," is added when the idea of a dangerous dispute is to be conveyed; but the former term implies "*contentio*," a contention, not for a part, but for the entire possession of a thing.—See Ainsworth's large dictionary, he writes: "*Contentio est non de parte sed de tota possessione*." This was exactly the case in the matter alluded to by the poet; the struggle was for the sovereignty of Old Scythia, between Riflore, its king, and his kinsman, Eagnon (Annon), son of Taith (Thagh), the former having been slain, and the Gadelians fled to escape the rage of the descendants of Nenual.

^b ρηδ, the δ is only euphonic, as the Greek poets had their euphonic ν, the Celts used δ. The Greeks, according to their provinces, had their *apa θα θεν* the Irish, also, had their particles to secure melody, for which it stands pre-eminent. The patriotic Keating thus writes of the Irish language.

XXV.

Փ'ելլէ՛լիճ^a ըծօլլոմ, իր ծ'արծալ՛ճ չաւե՛ծ օլլե՛ա,
 յ ըլեյ՛նե Շաճիլլի,^c իյլ Չլսւմենա,
 Ելլի Պիլիճ աշար^d Եփերսր,
 Ելլի Օրէլլիա^e իր օլլեան Շիւետա;*

“Ար յոլիր աղ տաղճա աղ ճաօթիլճե,
 Յսէ, չաղ, ճաճալլ, ճօլճէրլճե;
 Յլօն, Յլե՛, Յլիճ, չարծա,
 Տէրի, ըսալլ, ըլեճարծա.

Շլա Շաբա տաղճա ար տաղոծա,
 Շլա Լաթլօղղ իր Լեճճաղա,
 Աւեճա յիլլե յիօր ըրլճէ Լիճ
 Շարսի ըօճալ ծօ ճոյալլ.”

“The Irish is a language completely sweet.
 In aid of which no foreign e'er did meet,
 A copious, free, keen, and extending voice,
 And mellifluent, brief; for mirth most choice.

Although the Hebrew language be the first,
 And that for learning, Latin be the best,
 Yet still, from them the Irish never was found,
 One word to borrow to make its proper sound.”

STANZA XXV.

^a ծ' for ծօ, the sign of the past indic., as of the infinitive, for ծօ արծալճ.

^b Also շճաւ, ճաւե՛ աղբաւ, “a tempest,” աղ, *intensitive particle*, “very,” բաւ, “long,” ճաւե՛-իօղղ, “great wind,” “a storm.”

^c “Carbin” is a name the poet gives to a promontory on the south-east of Italy, and which, as we find by the third book of Virgil, was, with the whole territory, sacred to Hercules, the son of Alcmena. Strabo says, that in the city of that place was a colossus of brass to Hercules; that it was built by the celebrated Sysippus, Alexander’s statuary; and that Fabius Maximus brought it to Rome, and placed it in the Capitol. արա, taken literally, means “a head,” also “a friend,” it signifies also “a gammon,” likewise a “headland,” but somewhat *winding* or *crescent-like*. Hence արաբիղղ, “a lofty headland,” the promontory of Licinia, where Juno was worshipped. To the west of this promontory lay Scylla and Charibdis; the latter on the coast of Sicily, and the former on that of Italy. արաբիղղ is better, though we allow the text to stand. The reading of a passage in Virgil leads to the true interpretation of արաբիղղ, and only

XXV.

A storm arose and the winds raged against them,
 At the Cabiri, sacred to the son of Alcmena.
 Between Melos and Ephesus,
 Between Ortygia and the island of Crete,

when we had a former note in print. $\kappa\alpha\tau\text{-}\beta\iota\eta\eta$. for $\kappa\alpha\tau\eta\text{-}\beta\iota\eta\eta$, "*stone-promontory*." $\kappa\alpha\tau\beta\acute{\iota}\eta$, mountains of Phrygia, in Asia Minor, on the coast of the Egean Sea; they lay south of Troas. Deities, called after them, were worshipped here, in a most obscene and wicked manner. This system of worshipping was practiced in Colchis, west of the Caspian, and in Samothrace; especially in the latter place. These deities were supposed to be most powerful in their guardianship of sailors and warriors. Hence all chiefs and princes were initiated in Samothrace.—V. Her. ii., 51. Strab. 10. Pan., ix., 22. There is much dispute as to who were those gods. The author evidently sets them down as ἱῶς Ἀλκίμενης , "*sons of Alcmena*," daughter of Amphytrion, king of Mycenæ, and her mother was, according to Plutarch, Lysidice. She gave birth to twins, viz., Heranleo by Jupiter, and Iphicles by Amphytrion.—V. Pantheon and Her. ii., 43, and many others. Melos, lying between Candia and Peloponnesus, famed for minerals, iron, and wines, much written about by Thucydides, ii. Pliny iv., 12.

^d Also $\alpha\zeta\upsilon\rho$, "*and*," ι , also $\acute{\iota}$, $\acute{\iota}\eta\eta$.

^e Οἰτῆσις , also called *Delos*, a little south of the Archipelago, and north of Crete, or Candia. The latter was, at a very early date, inhabited by the Milesians, whence some of them migrated to a place a little to the south of Troy, where they built Milesus, of which place was Thales, the celebrated astronomer. There is another small island called Ortygia, in the bay of Syracuse, south-west of Sicily; there is a grove of that name near Ephesus. In the former, the fountain Arethusa sprung up.

Melos or Milos is an island north of Crete. Ephesus a city of Ionia, 50 miles south of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, celebrated for the temple of Diana, which was burned by Erostratus the night of the birth of Alexander the Great. Its architect was Ctesiphon. Its length, 425 feet; its breadth, 220; it had 127 columns, each the gift of a king, Pliny xxxiv. 14. This temple was rebuilt, and continued to be thronged with votaries until the days of Constantine, when all Pagan temples within his realms were overthrown.

How beautifully does the poet group the places according to regular geographical positions. Throughout the whole work can be seen a rich

XXVI.

Եօրի Տցլլա^a դա շ-տոյո շ-տաբշաճ,^b
 Եր Եարիբօրի Բաշարաճ, Բաօշլաճ;^c
 Ծօ Բի ադ Պարիսաճաճ* Յօ Բիյո^d տաեծ Լէյր,
 Ա ՅրսալՅ րՅաօլտե, ր ր ծ'ա լիլտեաճ.

XXVII.

Ծօ ճլաԿաԿար տալոյն ա Կ-Կալալճ^a Կ-Երբերիա,
 Եր ադրի ա Կ-ԲլօրՅալոյն, ծօ Յալլուեաճ ԵրԵր ծե,*
 Բսալլ Լե ՅալրՅե Կարի ադրի Պիլերիւր
 “Պիլե Եարբարիւնե,” ադրի ադ^b ՅաօլծելՅ.

XXVIII.

Յաօճ ր ադա ր Կարբալլ րբիլլե,
 Եսլլի Յօ ԲանԿա տալլալլ րօրի ՅաօճլիլԿ;
 Օ Կ-ԵլծլլրՅօլլ Կրօճա ր օ Լաեճալլե,^a
 Եր Օ Եօճալճ Բիյո' ծօ րիլլուեաճ ալ տեաԿալԿ.

vein of talent, and refined literary taste, evidencing the polished learning of our anointed clergy at the very time that hell and wicked men conspired to annihilate prelates, priests, education, and the Catholic religion. (How vain are the efforts of weak mortals?) We are, in all these respects, blessed be God, in a glorious position.—“*Deus nobis, quis contra.*”

STANZA XXVI.

^a Scylla—dangerous rocks on the coast of Italy. Charybdis, a whirlpool on the north-east coast of Sicily. Here the Trojans apprehended great dangers, against which Helenus, King of Epirus, warned them. Numberless pages of myths were written by ancient Greeks and Latins on this passage—Vid. Virgil's *Æneid*, b. iii. l. 420; Homer's *Odyssey*, b. xii. c. 15. *Mer*, րսլլր, *sea*, րսաճ, *red*, signifies, that the monster lady had golden tresses.

^b շ-տ, *pro. d.* written also շ-տաօրճաճ, *pumping, boiling*, in compound Irish words; the first vowel of the second part determines the quantity of the last vowel of the first to be either broad or slender. The same rule applies to words of more than one syllable, thus: րեար-սլլոյ-րիծե, “*mediator*,” րեարիւրալԿ, “*a spindle*,” in all other cases it is the last vowel of the first syllable that commands the following one, and so on to the end, thus: րեիլլու, “*a calendar*,” the first being slender, the other is so. In order

XXVI.

Between Scylla of the loud-resounding billows,
 And the menacing,³ perilous⁴ Charybdis.
 There was the mermaid melodious by his side (near him)
 Her hair loose and she adjusting it.

XXVII.

They made land at a bay of Hesperia,
 It was then in Spain, in Biscay he was called King,
 Got, for might, as name, Milesius.
 Spanish Milo in the Irish.

XXVIII.

Adverse winds, and a cloudy (*foggy*) sky,
 Wafted to Banba, in a time (*before*) the Gaodhalibh,
 Renowned² O'Driscoll and O'Leary,
 And tuneful³ O'Coffey, that played on the harp-strings.

to carry out the above rule one slender letter may be used for another, and a broad for a broad. But this commutation cannot take place when the letters are read radically; for instance, u cannot be substituted for a, being a radical part of that particle; so, also, ea, in ʒneaaη, could not be commuted for ia, for then it makes ʒniaη, the latter means "*sun*," the former "*jest*," the genitive of which is ʒniηη. The derivation of ʒniaη, ʒné, "*essence*," ceīne, "*fire*." ʒneaaη, the η being single, signifies to engrave.

^c *Terrific, boiling Charybdis.*

^d bīηη means a *pinnacle, hill, promontory*—figuratively, *pitch of the voice*. Its translation in the line is "*melodious*." bīriηoī means the same.

STANZA XXVII.

^a The copy has, in first line, ʒ-caēaii, *city*, this could not be the true reading, because strangers would not attempt a landing in it without first reconnoitering the place. Again, there is internal evidence in the history of Spain, at the time, that there was not a *city* in that part of it, wherein they made a landing.

^b ʒīη—the η sounds with the ʒ; as in French we sound *two* words as if but *one*, thus "*un animal*," pro. *oonanimal*.

XXIX.

Bilé,^a Պաճ Բրեօշայն,^{*} աղ Եղի՛ր և չաւտա,
 'Տ և իւրիօր մաճ ծօ իյ և լաօճալի,^b
 Դօ լիւղեաճար յօծուլիւ ծօ և ծէճիլ,
 'Տ ծօ չլաճ Ե՛ իւրիւղիւ իմաճարիւ Ե՛ւրիւր.

XXX.

Պաճ մալ՛ Բրեօշայն Ե՛,^a իր լօղծա,
 Օ Բիւաշայրլա^b շի՛ ծ՞ և ի-բէւճալի,
 Եւաճա ծօ Դաղան^d չաղ տալիւծ չաղ ծաղղաճտ
 Է ծօ իմարծաճար լի ի-աւսիծ,^e աղ լօղ-բօար.

STANZA XXVIII.

^a These chiefs must have been of the Nemedian tribe, and remained after the others in this country. Hence Ith (Ee) had a fair pretext to visit his kindred, for the Clan Nhuyvee were Scythians. Yet it is said that some of Ith's crew remained in Eire and became numerous—the idea is, before the full Milesian colony.

STANZA XXIX.

^a This verse alludes to the council of the Milesian chiefs, held in Brogan's tower, in Galicia, in the north-west of Spain. The place is generally called Briganzia. Herein, after mature consultation, it was decided, that the intrepid, learned, and accomplished Ith (Ee), son of Brogan, was to go to Eire, to reconnoitre the country, in order that he might be able to inform his friends how best to attain their object. We are told in history, that, before he left Galicia, a sacrifice was offered to Neptune for his safe voyage. The translator of Keating mentions, that Ith (Ee) sacrificed when he landed in Ireland. This matter is written of at much length in the Book of Invasions. The poet here states that it was the uncle of Ith (Ee) and his children that sacrificed. I cannot ascertain upon what authority. I would be inclined to interpret the stanza thus—"Bilé, and six other sons of Brogan, and their kindred," meaning *Milesius* (son of Bilé), his sons, &c., assisted at the sacrifice. Bilé was the eldest son of Brogan, pro. *Brōun*, the other sons were Broa, Fua, Meur-heivné, Cualne, Cuala, Blaa, Eivleo, Nar, Ith, pro. *Ee*.

^b լաօճալի, *Warriors*.—We have seen this word written լաօճա, also լաօճալի, to agree with the last syllable of ծէճիլ. This word means a large plain, hence, metaphorically, the sea.

STANZA XXX.

^a *The good and noble warlike son, Ith (Ee)*.—The reader can plainly

XXIX.

Bilé, son of Brogan, the hero, and his kindred,
 And his six sons, who were champions,
 He made a sacrifice to the Gods,
 And Ith took to the expansive plain of Thetis (*the sea*).

XXX.

Ith,⁴ the good² and noble⁶ son¹ of Bilé,³
 That came from Braganza to visit (*to explore*), [nity,
 The Tuatha De Danaans, without beauty, without huma-
 Him did murder with despatch, *him only* (*the only man*.)

perceive that *Ee*, here mentioned, could not be a son of Milé, or King Milesius, but his uncle, as he was the brother of Bilé, son of Brogan. The term "Milé" was used in Spain to denote the *Miles*, or warrior of the Latins. The Bourkes of Irish descent are fond of this name—there being rarely a family of distinction of that name that has not a "Milo." Other families have the name "Myles," a corruption of Milés.

^b The *h* after the *b* in this word is what is improperly termed the sign of aspiration, and causes the *h* to be sounded as the English *w*; but before *e*, or *i*, it is sounded as *v*—thus, *mō bhēul*, pro. *mō vayul*, my mouth. The author of this poem, as may be seen, generally uses a dot as the sign of aspiration, which would be with more propriety denominated a melody, if we could so speak. The *ɣ* before the *Δ* in the end of the word is inserted because the word after it has a slender vowel—carrying the rule, *caol ɣe caol 'ɣ leatāɣ ɣe leatāɣ*.

It may here be noted that *b* and *ɣ*, at the end of words are in Munster always pronounced as *v*, but in Connaught nearly as *w* together, thus—*laɣ*, according to the Momonians, pro. *lhav*; according to the Conacians, *lhawv*. There may be a few deviations.

^c *ō*=*ō* *Δ*—*ō* belongs to the verb after *Δ* (*them*), and is the sign of the infinitive mood in this passage; it is also the sign of other parts of a verb, as was already explained. The English of *Δ*, in this place, is *them*; it likewise signifies *her*, *him*, *its*, *who*, *which*, *that*, *to*, *in*; is also a prefix of the tenses of the indicative mood; is likewise a contraction for *Δ*5, *Δ*η.

^d A long note of this colony will be found amongst the historical comments in the end of this book. They were so called, meaning either *persons* descended from Danan, a lady of a direct line from Nemedius, or, according to some antiquaries, *cuatā*, *nobles*, *de*, or *deɣe*, *gods*, *δāɣ*, *song*.

XXXI.

Do nánni^a tárf a báir^b a žaoltá,
 Jr fuačínur fearfāc žlacaid na ržéalta;
 Thužadair^c mīle mionna,^d nār brēafāc,
 Žo b-fuifđír mofācēt, jr fuil an *ēirric.^e

XXXII.

Žlacaid an airm 'r a loingear žo žléarda,
 Seirrior^{*} mac macānta,^c meairda Bhlerrur
 Seirriora^a mac Bhile,^c nār b-furur a t-traeācāc,
 Jr^b clann mīc Jr,^c do cailleāc don cēac dul,

This colony, agreeable to the last explanation, was divided into three classes—Nobles, *tuata*, *gods* or *druids*, *dé*, *dée* (*dhaye*), or *deīte*, *gods of song*, and poets—*de dān*. They were a very learned race, and were, we might say, worshipped on account of their learning, especially in the necromantic art.

^e le *abuīō*, with *despatch*, or *quickly*—*an don-ēirri*, *rectius* *don-feair*, or *donb-feair*, pro. *ayunar*—this term, in this passage, signifies *the man*, that is, *the matchless hero*, or it means *Ith* alone was killed.

STANZA XXXI.

^a This word is comp. of *po*, *to*, *h-ānīc*, *came*.

^b *ā* *bāir* (*wawish*), of *his death*—*ā*, *his*, pro. as *a* in *ask*—fourth sound of *a*; this sound, even in English, is not carefully observed, it should be, as it were, *a ask*, the *a* to be articulated *twice* but *quickly*. *ā*, *hers*=*a* in *hāt*, or like it, very short—the *ī* in *bāir*, is the genitive sign, the nominative not having it.

^c *τ* or *τῑ* is the same sound as *h*, thus *τῑῑ*, *τῑῑ*, pro. *hig*, *came*. It should have been remarked before now, that *h*, placed before a word beginning with a vowel to prevent *hiatus* or *gaping of the mouth*, is exactly the same as the aspiration in Greek. Any one who has read a Greek grammar knows, that there is no such letter as *h* in the language; but that an inverted comma (‘) expresses aspiration, and the ordinary comma (,) is the *lenis* or *gentle* breathing, not causing any change in the vowel over which it is set. A philological question very naturally arises here. Would it not be consistent with strictness to make the same distinction in Irish as in Greek? We will not assume to determine, but we must observe, that as the Greek *ρ* is sometimes aspirated by having a dot (‘) over it, so is *ρ*, in Irish, in the end of some words, and the mark might

XXXI.

Report³ of his death³ ¹came² to his kinsmen,
 And they became angry, having got the news,
 They gave a thousand oaths, that were not falsified,
 That they would get a kingdom and blood as an Eric.

XXXII.

They mustered an army, and a well-equipped fleet,
 Milesius'⁵ six¹ amiable,³ stout⁴ sons,²
 Six sons of Bilé, who were not easily conquered,
 And the² sons² of Ir, who were lost on the first landing.

be the same. In the Greek poets the aspiration was for some time neglected; instead of it the digamma was used—*n* was likewise used, and is still. But experience proved, that from the disuse of the aspirations, melody was lost and disphony had set in; the beauty of Homer was in a manner injured, and it was dreaded, that innovation would have completely destroyed the grand work of the Prince of Poets. Hence the use of the aspirations was re-assumed. Wherefore it is also clear the use of all our marks in the Irish dialect is necessary to protect and preserve its purity. Wherever this was neglected, we know that we can find but the *heads* or *tails* of words in the *bastard* dialects of our sweet, vigorous language.

^d *μησηηα*. A stroke over *η* makes it *ηη*. *ιο*—neither accented—pro. as short *i* in *nit*—*ίο*, *eeñ*, as *ςίος*, *keeugh*, (*pap*.)

^e *έιης*.—This name means a compensation for an injury inflicted. The Brehon laws inflicted an *έιης* proportioned to the crime and rank of the culprit.

STANZA XXXII.

^a We think that the word *σεσηηοι* (*sheshur*), is an *interpolation* of some hand, who did not know the history of the sons of Milesius, or that the poet merely meant, that *only six* sons of Gollamh (Gollay) attended the council in Brogan's tower. For we find in Keating, that *eight* sons arrived on the coast of Eire; these are their names—Donn, Aireach Fabhruadhe (Fuvrooac), Heber Fionn, Amergin (Avereen), Ir, Colpa (the Swordsman,) Arranan, and Heremon.

^b This would be *μης* or *μες*, if the word after it had a slender vowel in the first syllable. Eugene Curry, Esq., the well-known Celtic antiquarian, has made a very nice remark relative to this word, and, as far as we can know, original. As it stands in the text, he says it signifies *youthful*. We don't recollect having ever heard it sounded unless

XXXIII.

Ἀ^a ρηρηοι^{*} υἱε, ᾤαν ἀμρur, Εἰθεαρ^{*},
 Εἰμεαῖον η̄ ρααη ρατ, η̄ Εανδα,
 Colpa^b buan η̄ Ἀμῆμζῖη τρεῖςτεαδ
 η̄ Donn^c do caillead a η-ιαρτari Βεαρμα.^d

XXXIV.

Ἀ c-contae^a Ḷαρμυδε^{*b} a η-ιαρτari Εἰμεαηη,
 Do ᾤlacadaη calaζ^{*} aῖς η̄ηβιοη Sḡeηne,^{*c}
 Τααῖς bun Capmāη^d ρor ᾤαν τpaocad;^e
 Ἀη cpaζlēp^f cailḷḡ ᾤo ρeacmḷllaḱ Eundā.^g

μαcαητα, which means *generous*, whereas μαcαητα is *youthful*. The latter interpretation in this passage conveys exactly the idea of the poet, who intended a compliment to the young princes; but assuredly the term *youthful* would be a frigid one to express eulogy, that word being applicable to even the most *criminal* or *ignoble*, and at best means only a lad of about sixteen years. Persons may be *youthful* and *bad*, but the whole scope of the author goes to compliment the Milesian race, and, this taken into account, μαcαητα might be a fair reading. Fear (far) μαcαητα is used by the country people to denote a *kind, generous man*. μαc μαcαητα μεapδα is a high eulogium on the sons of Milesius, "the *kind, courageous sons*;" *kind* yet *fearless*, *humane* yet *intrepid*, is a most graceful expression, not to be surpassed by any poet who has ever climbed Parnassus, or wooed the Muses.

^c The poet must have here written bḡle, instead of bḡeoζan, for the sake of metre, as I find by the authority already given that seven sons of *Brogan*, or *Broan*, not his grandsons by Bḡle, accompanied the expedition to have revenge for the death of their brother. Their names are Breagha, Cuala, Cualgne, Bladh (Blaw), Tuaid (Tooid), Murtheimbne (Murhevne), Eibhle (Evlay).

By this the author only means, that six sons of Bḡlé (Beelay) came to Ireland, *not that he had only six sons*.

The sons of Ir, who was lost just as he was about landing, ceud dul: in my own copy it was ceud cāt, *first battle*, which is plainly wrong, for he was drowned on the coast of Kerry, and not killed in battle. This correction I have been enabled to make through the kindness of my friend, Mr. Curry, who allowed me to see two copies of the poem in the Irish Academy, Dublin. The copies he showed me differ in some particular

XXXIII.

Another³ progenitor,² without doubt, Heber,
 Heremon, who found luck, and Edna,
 Colpa, the valorous, and Amergin,⁵ the virtuous,
 And Donn, that was lost in the bay of Bere.

XXXIV.

In the county of Kerry, in the west of Erin,
 They disembarked at the river Skeine,
 There is at the end of Cúrrawn, yet without decay,
 The rock, whereby was lost sillily Enna.

from the one we have. Each of them has errors requiring to be removed by the aid of history, geography, etymology, syntax, and prosody. The laws of Irish poetry are very simple and beautiful. A knowledge of the Greek poets is a help in reading the bards of ancient Ireland. Without such a knowledge a "mere reader" of the language would destroy poetry, as he would fancy errors where there are harmonious beauties. He would imagine, that *letters* and *syllables*, *inserted* or *omitted*, as the case may be, to suit the metre, would be a heinous offence against orthography, etymology, and syntax. His want of a knowledge of rhetoric would not allow him to recognise so *flagrant* a heresy as to use one case for another—one tense for another, &c. In fact, unless a man is naturally a good Irish poet, or that he is thoroughly acquainted with the laws of poetry generally, he is an unsafe guide in that respect, no matter how well he may talk, write, or read the language.

STANZA XXXIII.

^a Another ancestor doubtless was Eibhir (Eivir). This was Ir's son—and his only son, as far as his relation to Ireland. He must not be confounded with the son of Milesius. Hence, it is plain that the poet, in the thirty-sixth stanza, having used the word *clann* ἡ, did so for metre. Homer and Virgil use the like privilege—*plural* for *singular*. How often do we read the word *littora*, when *one particular coast* is only meant.

^b We used to hear old men of the Brennan family derive their origins from Colpa. We cannot trace the fact. We plead ignorance. Amergin was a poet.—See O'Reilly's "Irish Writers," 1st page.

^c Donn, another of the sons of Milesius. We have been unable to fix a rule for final consonants when they ought to be *single* or *double*. The only consonants we have found *double*, at the end of monosyllables, are *n*, *l*,

XXXV.

Φο^a βί τριμυ^b βαημιοζαν αλλι αν ταεδ-ρι^{*}
 Φ'ιαρρι ζαc bean διοb^c αλλι α^d* cείλε,
 Α η-αηηη φέηη αλλι φεαδ α μείμε,
 Φο^e* εαβαλλε μαρι αηηη αλλι Ιηηρ Είλζε.

and η, and these only after short vowels. The letter η we have found double in the middle of some words. That chiefly occurs wherein the latter syllable begins with an η, and in such like instances other letters are of course doubled. However, it strikes us, that whenever the final consonant has a heavy sound these three letters are generally written double, as ίαρρι, *ask*. Of this rule we are almost certain.—“*Experientia docebit*.”

^a An island north-west in Bantry Bay, on the coast of the County of Cork.

STANZA XXXIV.

^a c-κοηταε, pro. ζοηταε.—*Gunthay* (in Connaught).—*Goonthay*, in Munster.

^b Cιαρ-ρίζ—King Ciar. From him are descended the O'Connors and O'Brennans, of Kerry.

“Port,” Greek, κελτο, *to make port*; Hebrew, “Cala,” *rested*. Είμε for Είμεαση, by apocope. In the copy before us the word is cαριμυζ; we have made the change for these reasons: the word in the text suits the metre; again, we are of opinion that cαριμυζ is a massive rock, and may not be high or shelving, such as are the craggy barriers of our sea-girt isle—the imperishable ramparts placed by the hand of Providence along our shores, to beat back the fury of the angry element, and to serve as towers to an united people—if such we were—the more securely to resist from their cloud-capped tops the aggression of rapacious invaders.

^d Currawn is a lake one side of the rock, and at a small distance from the river Skeine. There is a small river, we understand, adjacent, called “Enny,” after Enna, one of the Milesian chiefs who was lost here.

^e Ζαν τριαοαδ (gunn thrayughoo), *without decay*; in another copy we have read lé φέαδμητ, *to be seen*.

^f Cαριμυζ, *a massive rock*, cριμυζ, *a shelving rock*—such as may be seen along the water's edge, near the Bailey light-house at Howth. The *Carraig* is seldom very lofty, though it may be vast, whereas the *craig*, or *crag*s, are often very elevated and precipitous. They are then designated *cliffs*. Lofty rocks or eminences, but not of wide dimensions, are sometimes called αλα-βηη, *rock-promontories*, as there are some promontories not of *rock*. Hence, Albany, as that country abounded in *rocky headlands*,

XXXV.

There were three queens in that^s quarter,⁷
 Each² woman³ of⁴ them⁴ asked¹ of⁵ her⁶ husband,⁷
 Her own name during his reign
 To give as an appellation to Inis Eilge.

or ΔΑ-ΒΑΝ, *white rocks*, as there used to be a perpetual snow on their tops before they were reclaimed. Thus ΑΙΛΚΛΥΘ, means *rocky angle*, or *corner*, an appropriate name for *Cnoc Herémon*, now *Fort St. Michel*, a most romantic rock, in form of an island, on the coast of Normandy, in France.

It could also be called ΑΙΛΚΛΥΘ, *rock-wall*, the natural rocks ascending from the base to the summit like *walls* or *brachia*, arms. This must be the ΑΙΛΚΛΥΘ to which St. Patrick alludes in his "Confessions," as it *could not be the Clyde*, in Scotland, which can be seen in our notice of the saint, farther on in this work

ΕΥΗΘΑ—sometimes written ΕΑΘΗΑ—the O'Haydens claim descent from this prince.

STANZA XXXV.

α δο βί—In these three words, the English of which is "He was," we have an example of the simplicity of the Irish, when compared with Greek, Latin, French, &c., the verb δο βί remains invariable; add μέ, the English will be, *I was*; add τύ, and you have *you were*; and so on by adding the pronouns—not so in the other languages mentioned, the verb and, of course, the pronouns are varied, that is, a different pronoun prefixed to a different form of the verb. This serves as an example for all the Irish in all the tenses, active and passive. Another instance of its comparative simplicity in the present tense active, βυαλ—add μέ, τύ (*thoo*), ρέ (pro. *shay*), ρην (pro. *shin*), ριβ (*shiv*), ριαδ (*sheeud*), and you have *I strike, thou strikest*, &c. The Latin runs thus—each person, both verb and pronoun, having a different form—*Ego cædo, tu cædis, ille cædit*, &c.—the English as above. The Greek—Εγὼ τυπτω, τυ τυπτεῖς, ο τυπτει, &c.—English the same as before. French—*Je frappe, tu frappes, nous frappons, vous frappez*, &c. Italian—*Io frappo, tu frappi, egli frappa-e (frappee) noi frappiamo, voi frappet-e, eglino or egli frappono*—the translation is already given. It is unnecessary to collate farther. Hence it is evident that the Irish, comparatively speaking, is easier than other languages; but the fact of its not being commonly in print, instead of manuscript, has made it appear difficult of attainment. Another circumstance has tended to make it seem difficult. Signs and contractions were much used in olden times, resembling in a manner our present system of shorthand. This was almost un-

XXXVI.

Foðla, * Baibla, a η-αἰνῃ, 11* Éinne^a
 A τ-τῆνι fear do túit aḡn éḡfedaḡt,
 2ḡac Cúill, mac Céact, 11 mac 3ḡéne,^c
 1 3-caḡ^d* Taḡteḡḡḡ^e a caḡlleaḡ 3o léḡi iḡaḡ.

avoidable, there being no printing, and all public and private documents works on literature, science, arts, poetry, &c., being of necessity to be preserved. No nation under the sun produced so many, such varied, learned, and important works without the aid of printing as did the Gael—though English Vandalism has left us only a mere remnant of them—the more valuable—like the best of the people, having been exiled or destroyed. But Providence has still preserved to us the materials for an Irish literature. The language, like the Catholic faith and people, could not be rooted out of their soil. They are indigenous. Had printing not been applied, when it was, to the Greek, we would be less acquainted with it than foreigners are with the 3aḡḡḡḡḡ.

De for do é, *of him*, d'e, *it*. We find it sounded with the accent when the o is omitted, as in the latter form, this word is the past tense, indicative faḡ, or faḡaḡl, *to find*; it must be carefully distinguished from fuar, *cold*. Some writers mark the u long, this we think is not necessary, as it is always long before a, and sounded oo; the letters *ius*, in this word are a corrupt extension of Milés, “warrior.” How it originated we cannot say, but use has now established it. *Spanish Miley*, or *Milé*, in the Irish aḡḡ aḡ 3aḡḡḡḡḡ, the η is prosthesis placed before the latter, a hyphen is placed between them by modern writers—this is wrong in such a place. The Greek poets prefix, affix, and infix, without scarcely any marks. The Irish bards did the same as melody demanded—they left the rest to the grammarian. At the same time I am bound to remark that some transcribers and writers of our vigorous, euphonious tongue commit grave errors in uniting words that should be written separately. This they do, because they are pronounced together. French words are commonly sounded as they were only one, yet who would jumble them into one—thus, “qu’ est ce que disent les journaux,” pro. *kesk diz lay journō*, “what is the news,” “qui est ce qui,” pro. *ki ay ski*, “who;” how ridiculous it would be to write the above phrases “questceque cequi;” “il est en haut,” pro. *eelay aino*, yet no one would write the phrase so. So it is in the Celtic. In fact, in almost every language some words are so spoken that in *sound* they seem as if but one, yet it has never been known that a scholar wrote or transcribed them as such. And though a licence may be

XXXVI.

Fodhla, Banba, and⁵ Eire⁶ were their³ names,⁴
 Their three husbands fell together,
 Mac Coll, Mac Ceacht, and Mac Greine,
 In the battle of Tailtean they⁸ were⁵ all⁷ lost.⁵

extended to poetry and to manuscript, yet in prose and in printing the less the licence the purer and better will be the language.

The following notes were intended for another place, but were overlooked, as well as the previous one :

Spain was called Hesperia. The Scythians called places west of themselves *Iar*, *Iber*, *Iberia*, "west." The Greeks called places westward, Hesperia—from *Hesperos*, "the end." In the copy which we saw were written both Ἑσπερία and Ἰβερία—the latter word we have kept and omitted the former. This we did, feeling that Dr. O'Connell had not used both words.

The passive may be formed by prefixing *do* to the active participle as *cearda*, *tormenting*, *do cearda*, *was tormented*. The consuetudinal present form, is formed by adding *tar* to the root—thus *lar*, *to light*, *pas. pres. lartar*, *I am in the habit of being lighted*; or by placing the past participle after *bíom*, as *bíom larda*.

Ora, also *ara* (*ara*), *tempest*, *error of sky*, alias, *deluding stars*—Gr. *Σφαῖρα*, Lat. *Sphæra*.

The *h* in this place is prefixed to prevent the hiatus—it is but an aspirate. In fact it is in every language. How common is the practice even amongst educated English persons to pronounce words without the aspirate "h."

Bilé, son of *Brogan*.—It was this Brogan who built the great tower in Galicia, north of Spain. In his tower council was taken to be revenged on the Danaans for the death of *Ith*, pro. *Eeh*.

Breoghan, or *ar*—the *r* is inserted as the sign of the genitive in words whose terminations are *ar*, *or*, *ur*, *ar*, *ur*, *ar*, &c.

'*Sa*=='*r* *a*, and his kindred.—*Bilé* was the father of *Golamh*, pro. *Gollhawv*; in Munster, *Gollav*. Miles or Milesius, in Latin.

Do na, from *dá*, the nom. *r do*=='*r do*.

Bíom larda, *I am used to be lighted—to be burned*. *léi⁵cear ar ar* *roirgeul dá don doinead*—The Gospel is usually read each Sunday.

Tar, or *taré cearda*, *I am just now tormented*, that is, *this very moment*. This *past present* form (to so speak) is formed by adding the past participle to the auxiliary verb. It corresponds, I might add, with

XXXVII.

O cúicad an domáin go maíodh an lae ríu^a*
 Trí míle bliadán fairsne cúig céud^b*
 Ní deacáid or zleo do cloínn Mhíleiríur,
 Alót Éireannon, clann Jí, ír Éibíu.^c*

the Latin perfect passive which is made up of the past participle and the auxiliary *Sum*—*Gallia est divisa*, “Gaul is divided.” However, this passive form of the verb is translated as the Latin present passive. There may be found some variation from this rule which the reader will himself be able to understand. The passive voice of Irish verbs is much easier than that of Greek or Latin. In both these languages each person of the present, imperfect, and future indicative both active and passive is different—not so in the Irish, the verb or participle (the latter also being varied in Greek and Latin to agree with the persons) continuing invariable in these tenses as well as the participle in compound tenses—the pronouns alone being placed after the verb, in simple tenses, and after the past participle in compound tenses.

Ḃol, *to praise*, the *o* having a middle sound between short *ö* and short *ũ*, as the same syllable in the name *Molloy*. Ḃolcar, mé, tu, é, ínn or rínn, íb, íb or íob, *I am praised, you are praised, &c.* Hence it is evident how easy is the Irish passive verb. Perfect rules cannot be expected in mere notes. Space and order prevent it. When *o* is not marked long, it is to be sounded short, or, as above stated, it is to be sounded long in eoí, as in ceoí, in which it is very short, *ō* long and *i*, as *i* in *hit*—aoí, as *ee*—ao, as *ayu*—thus, aoí or aeí (*one*), pro. *ayun*—aoí is written aoí or aeí, when the first vowel in the following word is a slender one, as aoí mífnead, *one fineness*.

This word is the Latin *rex*, “king,” the Celtic term is ríí—rí, sometimes rííí or rííí, if a broad vowel follow it.

^b See note on the Tuatha de Danaans and the landing of the Milesians, where this stanza was explained *in extenso*, also note on first stanza.

^c Dóíob, *of them*, dóíb, *to them*.

^d A, (*his, their*), pro. as a in “hat;” when A denotes *her*, or (*their*) the latter possessive pronoun referring to females, the letter is very much compressed, nearly to *i* in “hit.”

^e do, A, le, cum are used as signs of the infinitive mood, the two former are sometimes treated as relative pronouns as well as possessives. This has been noted already; however, in didactical instruction repetition is often useful.

XXXVII.

From the creation of the world to the morning of that day,
 Three thousand years, besides five hundred ;
 There did not go from the fight of the children of Milesius
 But Heremon, and Heber, *and* the sons of Ir.

STANZA XXXVI.

^a The history, here alluded to, was given in a previous note.

^b Cuill, Ceac̃r, 3pepe, genitive cases, with the slight attenuation of 3,

^c *Tailtean*, near Kells, in Meath. These old names of places, rivers, lakes, and persons are imperishable, actual monuments—facts, which are internal evidences of the Scythic colonization, and of Ireland's great antiquity.

STANZA XXXVII.

^a The variation of time between the author of my poem we have already alluded to, and said that it was not to be wondered at, that authors would differ in their chronological accounts, whereas it is not agreed upon, how long our Redeemer was on earth.

O'Flaherty makes the time from the Creation to Milesius' sons expedition 2934, being 206 years later than Keating. Burns' "Remembrancer" agrees within a few years of Keating. By O'Flaherty's calculation, therefore, the plantation of the Milesians is 200 years later. Mac Curtin, O'Halloran, and Keating almost agree.

Calvagh O'Moora or Moore, a nobleman of great landed property, and a great antiquarian, makes the landing of the Milesians to be 2934, A.M., from the Deluge, 1277, including twenty-one years of Abraham. There intervened, as O'Flaherty asserts, according to the Annals of Donegal, 980 years between Partholan and the arrival of the children of Gollamh (*Gullav*), and 968, according to the Book of Cluanmacnois, and 965, according to himself. The computation given in the poem must be the interpolation of an ignorant person, as it cannot be sustained by any writer, respectable or otherwise, that I have seen on the subject. Mac Curtin, in his "Vindication of the Antiquity of Ireland," agrees with the computation of 2738 given by Keating. As I am satisfied, that the two last-named authors were best acquainted with the native tongue, and were, consequently, better able to explore (and proved they explored) the critical walks of Irish Chronology as contained in our native writers, I am convinced that more reliance is to be placed on their account than on that of others, who know not the Gaelic, and who, therefore, theorize on what they hear from others that can—if they so please—deceive them. Some

XXXVIII.

Na Mhuinnigh^a uile do Zeineas^b o Eiblin,^c
 O Eirneamhoir, clann Néill me céile,
 O íliot^c Ju, buð mōr zéille,^d
 Clanna Ruðmaide nīaiaç, éizre.

mercenary writers affect a great love for a knowledge of our antiquities, yet they will not devote themselves to study the vehicle on which they can ride up to the source. They look for knowledge in this way, in order that they may find wherewith to draw their lamb-black brush over the bright character and fame of our illustrious ancestors. But when they will have looked through the telescope into the vista of past ages, and if they will not allow prejudice to dim their mental vision, they must confess that England, even in Christian days, and all parts of Europe, will present to their view a bloodier picture of internal discord and family murders than can be found in the history of Ireland, when yet she sat in the darkness of infidelity. In our worst pagan days we had no *infant* princes murdered in a tower to place a debauched and deformed uncle on a giddy throne; nor had we in such days a father married to his own daughter. These are unnatural acts, perpetrated but by brutes, and from which even their instinct has been known to recoil.—*See Preface.*

Ireland had, indeed, in pagan times, witnessed bloody deeds of domestic strife, but her ignorance of the true God, who was then known only to the Hebrews, goes to extenuate the atrocity of the acts. However, we are to write, that the moral law of nature has given to man principles that condemn murder and robbery, and other criminal deeds. I shall let Justin, a very old and respectable Latin historian, whose words are supported by Herodotus, in his fifth book, speak for the Scythic race:—

“Hominibus inter se nulli fines; neque enim agrum exercent: nec domus illis ulla, aut tectum aut sedes est, armenta, et pecora semper pascentibus, et per incultas solitudines errare solitis. Uxores liberòsque secum in plaustis vehunt, quibus coriis imbrum hyemisque causâ tectis, pro domibus utuntur. Justitia, gentis ingeniis culta, non legibus. Nullum scelus apud eos furto gravius: quippe sine tecti munimento pecora et armenta habentibus, quid saluum esset, si furari liceret? Aurum et argentum non perinde ac reliqui mortales appetunt. Lacte et melle vescuntur. Lanæ iis usus omnino ignotus: et quanquam continuis frigoribus urantur,⁷ pellibus tamen ferinis tantum utuntur. Hæc⁸ continentia illis morum quoque justitiam edidit, nihil alienum concupiscentibus, Quippe ibidem divitiarum cupido est, ubi, et usus.⁶ Atque utinam reliquis mortalibus similis

XXXVIII.

The Momonians all are descended from Heber,
 From Heremon, the O'Neills, and all their kindred—
 From the race of Ir, who was of great glory,
 Clan Rory, hospitable,* learned.

* Because they entertained the bards.

moderatio, et abstinencia alieni foret! profecto non tantum bellorum per omnia sæcula terris omnibus continuaretur; neque plus hominum ferrum et arma, quam naturalis fatorum conditio raperet. Prorsus ut admirable videatur; hoc illis naturam dâre, quod Graci longâ sapientium doctrinâ, præceptisque philosophorum consequi nequeunt; cultosque mores incultæ barbaræ collatione superari. Tanto plus in illis proficit vitiorum ignoratio, quam in his cognitio virtutis.

CAP. III.—Imperium Asiæ ter quæsiuere, ipsi perpetuo ab alieno imperio aut intacti, aut invicit mansere. ² Darium, regem Persarum, turpi ab Scythia summovent fuga: Cyrum cum omni exercitu trucidaverunt: Alexandri Magni ducem Zopyrionem pari ratione cum copiis universis delevêrunt: Romanorum audire, non sensere arma. Parthicum et Bactrianum Imperium ipsi condiderunt. Gens et laboribus et bellis aspera: vires corporum immensæ." What a noble character, even in its primitive state.

STANZA XXXVIII.

^a Ἡ δὲ Μημονίης ὑπε.—The author here says, that all the original Momonian clans were descended from Heber—the son of Milesius; that of Heremon came the clans of O'Neill and the illustrious families of Ulster, as the O'Donels, the O'Canes, O'Dohertys, the royal Mac Guires, &c., and that from noble Ir, who was drowned at Scelig Michel, off the coast of Kerry, sprang the magnanimous chiefs of Emain in the north, the bravest and most renowned of whom were the O'Rorys or O'Rogers. Heber was his only surviving son, to whom were given the territory, now called Down and Antrim, and all his posterity got Desmond—the present Cork and Kerry.

Οἱ Ῥοὶ κληθεῖσιν, φιλόξενοι καὶ μαθηταί.

The O'Rory clans, *hospitable, learned*.

Only about twenty-five of this tribe swayed the sceptre of Ireland, but their renown in learning and arms was unequalled. They had a continental fame.

^b ὅτι κληθεῖσιν.—Sometimes this word suffers *apocope*, and is written ὅτι κληθεῖσιν. In almost every respect we have found the structure of the Irish and Greek to be nearly the same—and no wonder, as Gael, son of Gomer, the Professor of Greek, digested the Celtic. When we say Gael *digested*,

XXXIX.

Ար յօղած^a ի՛շ թեճժար, թօժեաճ,
 Ելջարնա շիւ, իր ծաօյն ղաւիճ,
 Բա՛շ իր բլա՛շ^b իր բլե բօծբաճ,
 Եղայլ՝ ալ չաճ շօծ ծոյ մե՛ծ իր.

XL.

Ար աճա ի՛յօլա՛ծ Բարնա՛յն Էլլեան,^a
 Բյօնն մաճ Ըննալլ^b մի՛ զլլե մի՛ Ելլե,^c
 Ոյարմայծ ծօ ղյօծ լաճ իր լեյմնեաճ,
 Ար^d իրնիրն մի՛ զլլն^e օ Փնն Էճսն.*

we mean only, that he gave languages an *educational* shape, not that he made them, being aware that God himself instituted them. Hence, the dignity that has ever been accorded to the knowledge of languages. Every other science, or species of knowledge, except revealed religion, has been devised, produced, and acquired by man's industry, but the *primitive* tongues were *directly* given by The Omniscient to mankind. How sublime and noble must not, then, be the science of speech. What the stuccoed fresco is to the noble mansion, such is lingual education to the man. It refines the manners, it cultivates the taste, it purifies the motives, it engenders self-respect, which ensures a just regard for others, it elevates the thoughts, it ennobles high aspirations, it creates energy, it removes sordidness; it superinduces self-reliance, it creates an innate love of virtue, it keeps alive an undying patriotism, it checks vice, teaches man his own nothingness compared with the Creator, and finally it sublimates all the ideas.

^c This word is given by St. Fiech.

^d *Of many hostages*, and figuratively, *of great power*, also *of great generosity*. Ելլա, the genitive case of which, as well as nominative plural, շէլլե is a *hostage*, a *human being*, շեալլ, a *pledge*, as *clothes*, *cattle*, *lands*, gen. *sin*, and nom. plu. յլլ. The posterity of Ir have been the most eminent of the Milesians.

STANZA XXXIX.

^a Ար յօղած, pro. *oss ummoo*.—ար, another form of իր, *it is*. Or իր—

*Iss umoo ree rochtwur rōinnugh,
 Theeurna theere, iss dheenee nheefee,
 Foy, iss floyee iss feele fweevrugh,
 Hanig er gagh theev dhun rayid shinn.*

XXXIX.

Many a king, lawgiving, brave,
 Chief of territory, and people holy,
 Prophet, and prince, and poet, satirical,¹
 Were descended on every side from *that* line.²

XL.

It is, from them have come the Fenii of Erin,
 Fion Mac Cooil, Mac Art, Mac Traon,
 Dermot¹ that made pleasure and merriment,
 And the ancestor of Mac Allen from Dun Eadin,

^b $\text{F}\Delta\text{I}\text{J}$, Ir $\text{F}\Delta\text{I}\text{C}$, Ir $\text{F}\text{I}\text{le}$, *prophet, prince, and poet*.—This stanza would seem descriptive of the Irian clans, who continued formidable until the *avitum malum*, division weakened them, when some of them migrated to Conmacne, which comprised Tuam and the adjacent lands in Galway, in Connaught; some to Leix, Queen's County, others to Desmond, South Munster—they were called Clanna Ruad-rig (Rooree), the *red king*.

^c *Cutting* or rather *sharp*, is the natural import of $\text{F}\Delta\text{O}\text{B}\text{I}\Delta\text{C}$.

^d That line, viz., from Ir—*From him was Ollav Fhõlla, as great a law-giver as was in days of yore*.—See Preface.

STANZA XL.

^a $\text{F}\Delta\text{A}\text{H}\text{H}\Delta\text{I}\text{B}$, *by paragoge*, for $\text{F}\Delta\text{A}\text{H}\text{H}\Delta$, being the dative plu. for the nom., the same occurs frequently in Homer, as metre required. $\text{U}\Delta\text{C}\Delta$, *pro. ooha, from them*; $\text{F}\Delta\text{A}\text{H}\text{H}\Delta\text{I}\text{B}$, the dative case for the nominative $\text{F}\Delta\text{A}\text{H}\text{H}\Delta$ or $\text{F}\acute{\epsilon}\text{I}\text{H}\epsilon$. Virgil uses *urbem* for *urbs* to suit the metre: "*Urbem quam statuo, vestra est.*" Homer abounds in instances of poetic licence in giving one case for another, $\acute{\epsilon}\text{I}\text{H}\epsilon\Delta\text{H}\text{H}$ sometimes written $\text{C}\text{I}\text{H}\text{I}\text{O}\text{H}\text{H}$. Some persons, unacquainted with our annals, look on the Irish Fiana as fancied beings. Never was there a more erroneous impression. They were the national militia to guard our shores against invasions; they were not to interfere in the strifes of the native princes and chieftains. No nation on earth could boast of a more courageous army than they were. Keating gives a full and interesting account of them. Lovers of romance and dealers in legendary writings, did much harm in having attributed to some of them impossible deeds; so much so, that many doubted that there was such a body at all, though no human fact is better sustained by history and tradition. The reader will be amply recompensed by referring to some of our annalists for their history, which, we regret, it is not possible for us to insert here at any length. Keating is the most accurate.

XLI.

Toll^a mac Shóirna do nġoð éppleac,
 Caoilte,* Orzari, 1r Oirġh éac̃taç,
 3lar Donn mac Aonċearċa Béaria,*^b
 1r Conán Shol fear millte na Féine.

^b *Fionn Mac Cumhaill* (Cooill) was the son of Muirne Munchaomh (Fair neck), her father was Teige or Timothy, the druid of a princely family of Bregia, a district of Meath, extending to the County of Dublin. His father, Cumhall, was, according to our author, the son of Art, the son of Trein Mor (Treynor). But, according to others, Cumhall was son of Baoisgne (*smooth-palm*), from Clanna Baoisgne, or Leinster Militia. However, our own opinion, founded on fact, is, that Baoisgne was only the ancestor, not the father. Fionn was the sixth in descent from Nuaghadh Neaght (Nooa Neaght):—Nuaghadh, 1; Baoisgne, 2; Trèin, 3; Art, 4; Cumhall, 5; Fionn, 6. The curious must have recourse to Mac Firbis' grand antiquarian researches for the exact pedigrees of the Fenian chiefs, whose existence is as clearly established by unquestionable authorities as any historian requires to be. However, if modern Pyrrhonists take pleasure in doubting, or, we should have said, seeking a pretext to make others doubt, clear facts, let them indulge that morbid taste. Forsooth, because feats stupendous or ridiculous have been attributed to the heroes of old Eire, there never existed such men. These *quidnuncs*—these *know-every-things*—these *doubt-all-things*, might as reasonably argue thus:—Ridiculous things have been recorded by Livy of Romulus and of Rome, by Virgil of Æneas and Dido and Troy and Carthage, by Homer of Menelaus and Helen of Sparta, &c., therefore, these persons and these places existed only in the brains of a silly historian or wild bardic novelist. Now, who would not laugh at such drivelling sceptics.

As to Nuagadh Neacht, he was so called from the fairness of his body. Neacht means snow—hence the term implies that, he was fair as snow. He succeeded O'Edersgoill, or Driscoll, as monarch of Ireland, A.M. 3970, or about thirty-four years before our Redemption. He gained a victory over O'Driscoll in the Battle of Almhain, or Allen, in Kildare. His rule was only of six months' duration. He was descended of Breanain Teffia (Teabhadha), of the line of Heremon. He fell by the sword of Conaire the Great, son of O'Driscoll, his predecessor. From this *Conaire*, were the Dalriadas, in Scotland. It may be as well here to explain the term—*Riada*—Conaire II., who reigned after “Conn of the Hundred Battles,” whose predecessor was *Cathoir* (Caheer) *Mor*, was married to Conn's

XLI.

Goll Mac Morna, who made havoc,
 Kielty, Osgur, and Usheen (*Ossin*) the wonderful,
 Glas Dunn, Mac-an-Chearda Beara,
 And Conan, the bald, *the unlucky man of the Fenii*—

daughter, the princess Sarah, by whom he had the three Cairbres, or Carberrys: their names are Cairbre Roighfada, the eldest, Cairbre Bascoin, and Cairbre Muisg. Bascoin and Musg had, the former, territories in Clare, and the latter, the country to the east of him. The Collas—the sons of Eochaidh Dubhlein (Eagha Duvlayn), by Oilean (Illhayn), daughter of the king of Albania—and the posterity of Cairbre Roighfada (Riada) Longamanus, fled from Ireland, for refuge to the court of their grandfather, A.D. about 315.

The father of these warlike, ambitious (the word Colla may signify either *ambitious* or *carnal*) youths alluded to, was brother to the reigning Irish monarch, and took the crown which the bravest of them, *Colla Uais* (noble), placed on his own head, though he did not wear it long until himself and brothers were expelled the kingdom. Their relative, Muireadhach Tireach (Mureeugh Theerugh), or Murty, regained and ascended the throne of his father. It was from this monarch descended the *Clanna Neill* (or O'Neills), and those of the same tribe in Connaught. They were all of the Heremonians. Such is the learned Keating's account of them. It may be interesting to the reader to learn the derivation of *Dailriada*—*Roig* (Ree), the part of the arm between the wrist and the elbow, *fada*, long. Hence the contracted form, *Riada*.

There was another *Dail* (tribe called Araida) *Arraee*, called after Fiaghra (*Feeughra*), Aradia. These occupied the eastern parts of Down and Antrim, and never left Ireland, whereas the former *clan* inhabited the western parts of the same counties. In A.M. 3099, the river *Fheact abayl* (now Newry) sprang up between the two counties. The Collas, after three years' stay in the land of the Picts, returned to Ireland, and, instead of punishment, received generous forgiveness, and the greatest marks of friendship from the monarch "Tierach." He gave them men and arms, to enable them to make conquests for themselves and their children. They invaded Ulster, and destroyed the splendid palace of Eamhain (Evan), which was built 350 years before the Christian era. This is the time assigned.

* The student will have observed the introduction of the slender vowel in the words after *mac*, as the sign of the gen. case.

XLII.

Deir na mōzāct do cūp ari aoncōir,
 Ir Tuata de Danann do leazad 'r do tmaeāad,
 Nī, fariaor! do leaη do Zhaoidealuib,
 D'eiriyz impear eatarra, ir cead olc.^a

XLIII.

Eidri Eōzuiη Zhōri ir Chonh,^a tuz cēad cāt.
 An uair do mhuadair da leiz d'Eirre,
 D'eiriyz gleo nār b-furur a mēteac,
 Ir aη do cāllead, zan aipoc, na ceuda.

^a Rr for aḡur, ocaḡ, acur, dif. from ar, *it is*, in the first line. rrrri (shinshir), ancestor of Mac Allen of Duneden, or Edinburgh, in Scotland. This agrees with Hector Boetius, Keating, Charles O'Connor, O'Flaherty's "Ogygia," and other antiquarians, of whom Rev. Dr. Keating is the most venerable and most learned—though O'Flaherty is the most critical and accurate.

^e See Historical Notes.

STANZA XLI.

^a Goll, son of Morni, the word *Mac*, frequently a descendant. He and O'Fionn had their forces drawn out in battle array; when Fergus, the Fenian poet, by his persuasive eloquence reconciled them. Goll, son of Morna, king of Connaught, killed Eugene Mór, and thus Conn became sole monarch.

^b bēara—a promontory of Cork, now Berehaven.

STANZA XLII.

^a Céad olc.—This has reference to the quarrel generated between Heremon and Heber, through the ambition of Heber's Queen, and of Tea, the Queen of Heremon, daughter of Luidhaidh (*Lhooa*) "*a qua*" Louth. She gave name to Teamar, or Tara, *Tea-mur*, "the palace of Tea." An ancient poet has stated, that the two young Milesians ruled the nation in peace and happiness for twelve months, the Boyne and part of the Shannon, at rīz Clíona, in the west of Clare, forming the boundary of their respective territories. But this division is not agreed upon by other antiquaries, who assert, that the bipartite division did not take place for many years after the reign of these princes. Of that hereafter. The cause of dispute was this:—Heber Fionn had two grand rich valleys—at that time when the country was covered with woods, water, or bogs—these were of great

XLII.

After the nation they put in order—

And the Tuatha De Danaans they weakened and subdued,
There arose a dispute and a first⁵ evil⁶ amongst³ them³

(*fourth line*)

A thing, alas! that has attended the Gaeliv (*third line in the Irish.*)

XLIII.

Between Owen Mor and Con of the Hundred Battles

When they made two parts of Eire

There arose a dispute which was not easy to arrange ;

It is, in it were lost, without revival, the hundreds.

value; they were beautiful and extensive. But as Heremon had one in his kingdom, Heber's wife, prompted by excessive vanity, resolved to become mistress of that one with her own, that thus she would be in possession of the three finest and richest valleys in Eire. On the other hand, Tea, wife of Heremond, boldly told him she would reject him as a husband, if he did not uphold his dignity. The consequence was, the two brothers, with their armies, met in the plain of Geishel, in King's County, in dread array, wherein Heber and three of his principal officers were slain. This was, alas! the first fatal division amongst the Gael in Ireland. Heremon was then sole monarch, A.M. 2738. Between that period and the birth of Christ, we calculate 1283, that number being the difference between Heremon's accession, as sole monarch, and 4021, the earth's age, when man's redemption was announced by the birth of our Saviour.

STANZA XLIII.

^a Conn, who took.—This ellipsis of the *relative* is in frequent and elegant use, at least in Connaught. Labairt mé eiríur b'ídeir r Eogan b'í ann, (*thowir may idhir breid s Owen vee on*) "I spoke between Bridget and John, (*who*) were there." The relative often refers to the latter noun only. Attention to this peculiarity of it will render the understanding of some clauses very easy. Between Eogan (*Owen Mór*), and Conn, *who* gained a hundred battles. The manner of connecting the sense of the verse is this:—There were many bloody battles between these most valorous and illustrious princes—in most of them Owen or Moḃha—Mogha—was victorious, until Owen became master of one-half the island. It was then that the bipartite division—known as Leath (Lhagh) Chuinn—

XLIV.

B̄iōð ʒo ʁabadar lan do ðaom̄aēt,
 Coran̄taē cabar̄taē tabar̄taē t̄r̄ēj̄ʒ̄teāē,^a
 N̄i ʁaʒ̄b ʁoj̄l̄r̄i aḡ ēreʒ̄d̄iḡ i n̄-ēl̄l̄yḡ,^b
 ʒ̄lēt ð̄maoʒ̄deāēt iʁ ðeaiḡḡaʒ̄eāēt iʁ ʁall̄ʁaēt deēte.

XLV.

Do ʒ̄ab Jupiter iomað ʒ̄ēlle,
 ʒ̄ḡar̄ ð̄ja ʁ̄laʒ̄ēl̄r̄ iʁ talaʒ̄iḡ aḡḡ-ēḡʁ̄ēar̄;
 Neptune na ð̄ja ar̄ aḡ m̄ȳl̄l̄i b̄maoḡaʒ̄,
 Pluto^b aḡ iʁ̄l̄oḡḡ, iʁ ḡ' aḡ aoḡ'ar̄.^c

XLVI.

D'ad̄mað c̄ȳð ð̄jōb ð̄ja na ʒ̄r̄ēne,^a
 C̄ȳð eʒ̄le aca R̄ae aʒ̄ur̄ R̄ael̄ta;
 ʒ̄ḡar̄, Baccur̄, C̄ūʁ̄ð iʁ P̄heb̄ur̄
 ʒ̄pollo ʒ̄l̄c̄ maʁ̄ ð̄ja na c̄ēlle.

and Leath Mhodka, took place—Conn's half and *Modha's half*. For Eogan was also called Modha, besides two other names. From Dublin to Galway was the line of demarcation—the northern part being Conn's, and the southern Owen's. I should have said that the mother of the latter was Beara, daughter of Heber Mor, son of Mioidhna (Minna), king of Castile in Spain, and that his father was Modha Neid; Conn, of the Heremonian line, and Owen of Heberian. Conn was designated as of "The Hundred Battles," because he triumphed over the provincialists in many a hard-fought battle. He made *Cruachan*, in Roscommon, his grand provincial palace, but, as *monarch of all Ireland*, he visited Tara, where he fell by the hand of an assassin, prince of Ulster, whose name is Tivbraidhi Tireach (Thivreei Theeragh). Fifty ruffians, disguised as women, hired for that purpose, attacked him, when he was taking a solitary walk, unattended by his guards or courtiers. But it must be here remarked that success forsook him, since he himself caused the death of his rival, Owen, as some chroniclers have it, on the very morning that they were to fight a pitched battle in Magh Leana. His brother-in-law fell by the hands of the invincible Goll, son of Morna, a Connaught Fenian chief. They flourished in the 145th year of the Christian era. O'Halloran denies, that Owen fell by the sword of Conn, and says, that Goll slew both Owen and his Spanish ally and brother-in-law in open fight, just as the day

XLIV.

Though they were full of generosity
 Valorous, beneficent, munificent, virtuous,
 There was not the light of the faith in Erin,
 But druidism, diablery, necromancy or sorcery.

XLV.

Jupiter³ ¹had² many⁴ votaries⁵
 As God in heaven, and earth together.
 Neptune, the God of the expansive⁶ sea,⁵
 Pluto of hell and of wealth, *and he but one man.*

XLVI.

Some² of them³ adored¹ as God⁴ the⁵ sun⁶
 Another² part¹ of them,³ the moon and stars,
 Mars, Bacchus, Cupid and Phebus,
 Sage² Apollo¹ as God of Wisdom.

appeared. The fame of the glory of two such champions and of their posterity, reached far and wide and was the fertile theme for bard, poet, and other writers, from their time down to this day. And I grieve to have to say, that some of the leaven of division, fomented so many centuries hence, still is visible in this unhappy land. Whereas men ought to reflect, that each province has had its good men, and its bad men. It is *training* and *nature* that form the character, not the *soil*. Oh, may heaven grant my countrymen the spirit of mutual toleration and an oblivion of unchristian feelings and jealousies. Irishmen of every province and of every creed can only prosper and be happy by union and by love. In unity consist the welfare and security of society. How expressive these words of the poet:—

Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
 And men that they are brethren? Why delight
 In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
 Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
 In one soft bond of amity and love.

STANZA XLIV.

* Homer does not contain a more beautiful or sweeter passage than this stanza. The alliteration and rapidity of the second line is hardly to be

XLVII.

Vulcan⁴ of the blackmouth⁵ as God¹ of Smiths²
 Pan as Deity of Shepherds,
 Juno, Pallas, Venus, Thetis,
 The Sybil, the prophetess of *the hoary rock*.

XLVIII.

After Christ came in a human⁷ body⁶
 Two years, thirty and four hundred (432)
 When¹ Micho Milcho *was* king of Dalriada³
*He*² came from Rome across *the sea* them to save.

XLIX.

Celestinus, the holy⁴ Pope,³
 Sent Patrick and⁴ his⁵ clergy⁶ to us,³
 It was he who taught the Incarnation (*the Gospel*),
Jesus Christ to the people of Ireland.

the great man. It also signifies sometimes, as we find in the poem, *marriageable*, or *masculine*, when referred to a young woman.

STANZA XLVI.

^a The ancient Irish worshipped whatever was thought to be *fire*, as the *sun*, *moon*, *stars*. They thought the sun gave life, vegetation, &c. We cannot find history as to the assertion here made, that they worshipped Bacchus; they were a temperate people, though they used generous wine.

STANZA XLVII.

^a Some copies have *ἰοῦβῖοι καὶ κῆρυξ ἐλέγῃ*. "*Craglia*."

STANZA XLVIII.

^a See Historical Notes.

^b Micho Milcho is mentioned by St. Patrick in his "Confessions" only as *a man*. It may be, that he was a chief or a prince of the country, called Dalariada, comprising part of Down and Antrim, &c.; but we cannot find that fact in any ancient record.

^c That is, St. Patrick. The star refers to Historical Notes at end of this book.

STANZA XLIX.

^a Patrick was consecrated in presence of Celestine, came to Ireland in the next year—the first of Sixtus.

L.

Փո ծիբիւ ծրաօյճեաճտ, իր^a ծառիայն իր ծելժե,
 Փո ծալրծ ա լելմն իր ա ղ-ծաօյնե աբծա;
 Փո լաօյծ աղ իլճ, չիծ չար ծաճալի ա ծառիայն,
 Պիս լելրճե, Ուլլ Ուօյճլալլալճ, Լաճալիե.^b

LI.

Չր շիւսծ աղ շիւսիսծ աղ ա իւլժիօծար,
 Փիւնե օ փիւնե փօ շիւս աղի լիւրիճ;^a
 Փիս լաօյն աղ լիճե լարսծ աղի աւիլիսծ
 'Տ ա լէ դս ծօլժիլծե ծ' ա Փիս^b չիլլեած.

LII.

Փ'աշլա չարս փօ ծելժ 'դս շ-փիւս լաճալճ,
 Շաղիւսալիս^a իւլիւր իւ դս լիւր;
 Փօլիւսծ աղ ծրաօլ, 'ր ղիօլ ծարճ աղի Յիւնի,^b
 իր աղի-իւս փօ լիւսծ իւլիւր լաօլիս ղաւիւս.

LIII.

Փօ իլ 'ր աղ^a Պիւսիայն իօլիս Է, չօ լաւիւսծ,
 Շաւիւս ծ'արփօշալիս ծաղիւսիլժե, դաւիւս,
 Պիլիս^b իմլե իր Փիսլան Փիւրե,
 իւսար իւսալ իր Շիւսիս Շիւրիս.^c

STANZA L.

^a Observe the frequent use of իր instead of աշար, (*and*), by our poet; but a *slender* vowel mostly follows. In fact, the melody of our sweet language demands it, and the curt colloquial style of our peasantry enforces it.

^b Laoghair (Leary) was rather inclined for Christianity, but was never a true Christian. The poet hints as much in the third line; history tells us so.

STANZA LI.

^a This fact is mentioned in some of the lives of our saints. Greater miracles were wrought in his favour. The simultaneous conversion of the island was itself a stupendous miracle.

^b This is exactly the accusative case of *θεος*.

STANZA LII.

^a An English word.

L.

He banished druidism, necromancy, and idolatry,
 He baptized children and adult⁷ persons;⁶
 The³ king⁴ 'submitted² tho'⁵ that⁶ was⁷ hard⁷ to⁸ effect,⁹
 O'Leary,⁵ the slothful² son¹ of O'Neill³ of the nine⁴ hostages.

LI.

Hard was the test on which they settled:
 A person from a (*each*) person to put into one house,
 Both ends of the house burning over them together,
 And he who would not be burned, to his God *they were*
 to worship.

LII.

Lest charms were in their clothes
 They exchanged dress with each other,
 Burned *was* the druid, and it lighted not over Benignus,
 And then was given a judgment righteous, holy.

LIII.

There were in Munster before him, with (*of*) diligence,
 Four bishops, blessed, holy,
 Ailbe¹ of Imley, and Declan Deisey,
 The humble Ivar, and apostolic Kiaran (*Kieran*).

^b Benignus was a pupil of St. Patrick, and his successor in the See of Armagh. He wrote many Irish poems still extant. He was author of the "Book of Rights."—See notes on Patrick.

STANZA LIII.

^a Or ἀηηη ἀη—as before noted, the article is set before names of countries.

^b Ailbe or Ailve, bishop of Emly, in the time of King Ængus, when St. Patrick visited that province, which was then not composed of the same counties as now. Deighlan or Deicolus (Ceilé Dé), the pious, was bishop in the country of the Desies or O'Deisies, county Waterford. Ivar and Ciaran, of Saigar. He is called *the learned*, because he was eighteen years in Rome, and taught theology therein.—See notes on St. Patrick.

^c This was an epithet of pre-eminence for learned ecclesiastics, though in its literal acceptation it signifies a scholar, and it denotes a clergyman.

LIV.

Փո* լաճար յորա béul արի béul լայր,^a
 Թուշ ծօ լաճար յր Բաճալլ մար չիբլե,
 Թուշ ծօ ա Բելժ Կա Բրելժօմ ար Շհաօճլայն,^{*}
 Բարրար ար Տիօն Լուսն ան լէլլրչլլր.

LV.

Թուշ ծօ Եաճար Ժ'անմանայն Շաօճլայն,
 Փօ Բրելժ շօ Բլալժօր Շաճ Տաճարն րաբլ լայր;
 ՓարԲաճ Ելին^a ծօ Բի Կաբլժա,
 Շլր րիլ Եաճար^b ծօ շուշ Պաճ Փե ծօ.

LVI.

Փ'աշլա Ելար, յր Բարլ յր Բաօշալ,^a
 Պրելլիլլ ծօ Լայշ ար Շհաօճլայն,^b
 Փօ շեալլ ան ծիլե ա շլր ար Ելլրե,^{*}
 Տաճժ մ-ԲլաճԿա յօլմ Լաբաճ Կա րրելլրե.^c

LVII.

Փօ շեալլ ան ծան ծօ յլլլրե' ան Կաօմրա,
 Պ Բ-րլլլ ան Բար Շաճ ծլլլրե^a ա ծեարբաճ,
 Ոճ (ծա մ-Բլաճ ա Ե-Եար) Կա րիլ յօլմ ծելժլոնաճ,
 Պն Ե-անամ ծօ Բրելժ^b ծօ յրլլլոն րաբլ լայր.

LVIII.

Կ-լմլն Փհաճլայն ա Կ-ալմլն ա Կ-Շաօճելլ,
 Փօ յլլրե' Տաճնալլ* մաճ Փարբարա,
 Պա րի աշլմ ծ' մեաճար յե շելլե,
 Եր *ժօլմծեօլլն^a ա Բելժ աշ րաբլայն Ելլրեան.

STANZA LIV.

^a See notes on Seachnall's and Fiech's hymn, p. 98, 116. As Moses shall sit on the last day as judge over the tribes of Israel, so shall Patrick over the Irish.

^b See also page 129, 84, 49.

STANZA LV.

^a See Colgan and St. Evin's life of St. Patrick; also the life of Deighlan.—See note on stanza liii.

LIV.

Jesus³ did speak face to face with him,
 Gave him a *book* and crozier as a *precious* jewel,
 Gave him to be judge over the Gaeliv,
 Watching on Calvary the moon of the Last Desolation.

LV.

Granted to him four Irish⁵ souls⁴
 To bring to heaven each Saturday free with him ;
 Evin, that was blessed, asserts,
 That¹ the son⁶ of God⁷ did give ²twelve³ to him.⁸

LVI.

Lest the cunning wiles or danger
 Of Antichrist would rest on the Irish,
 He promised a flood to send on Eire
 Seven years before the burning of the sphere.

LVII.

The³ poem⁴ the⁷ saint⁸ ⁵composed,⁶ he ¹promised²
That, at the point of death, each person who would say,
 Or, if he were in danger, the three last⁹ verses,⁸
 His soul to bring from purgatory free with him.

LVIII.

Patrick's¹ hymn, its name in Irish
 Seaghnall³ ¹wrote² *it*—the son of Darerca,
 I have it ⁵all⁶ to memory,
 And I direct the ⁵men⁶ of Ireland⁷ to³ have⁴ *it*.

^b “ *Three fours* did give.”—The author writes *three* fours rather than *twelve* to suit the metre.

STANZA LVI.

^a The reader's attention is called to the melody of this beautiful line.

^b See St. Ciaran's (of Saigar) prayers in behalf of Ireland, in Historical Notes, stanza liii.

^c The fulfilment of this promise is not opposed to the promise, that

LIX.

Փհա շօած տի բիժի Եարթօջ չան շօլե;^a
 Ընչ ինչ րաչար ծիածա ծօրւեալ;
 Տօժտ շօած Եաչլար ծօ րիւն՝ ան իստիւր,
 Ենչ բիժի Ելածան ծօ իստիւր ը 1 Ե-Ելիւրի.^b

LX.

Ար յօած իստիւր Երիւրիւր ծօրւեալ,
 Ծօ չլա ըօլ ը 1 ծօ րիւն՝ շօլեան;
 Պօչարալ, շօրալ, ծօրւեալ,
 Ծօ րիւն՝ ան րօր ծօ իստ ծօ ծօլեան.^b

LXI.

Ան իստալտ րի ծօ ծօլեալ ծօ իստալտ,
 Ել Եաչլա չալ ը 1 չիւր Պօ ըա;
 Ան րօր ծօ իստիւր ան ծօր, չան շօրալ,
 “Օլեան իստիւր,” ծօ Ե-Ելիւր ը 1 Ելիւրի.

LXII.

Տի իստ ծօլեան րօր չօ իստիւր,
 Ո չիւր ծօլեան Պօլար ծօ Ե իստալտ,^a
 Ա լօրչար լարիւ ը 1 լալալ,^b
 Ծօ Եաչլա շօլալ 1 շօլեան իստ Ե-Ելիւրի.

there would not be an *universal* deluge—nor to the decree of an universal fire. The Father of nature has made exceptions, and can make exceptions from a general rule.

STANZA LVII.

^a We think this word ought to have two *η* as the accent falls on that letter; but no dictionary spells it so.

^b How like the Latin *fert* is this word, having the same signification.

STANZA LVIII.

^a This word proves, that the writer was a bishop. I *direct* or *order*—the language of a man invested with spiritual authority. No layman would use such a term. A layman may *advise* but not *order* in spirituals. See this hymn and notes on it, at page 116.

LIX.

Two hundred *and* sixty bishops without wives,
 Three thousand priests, holy, poor,
 Six hundred churches this⁶ saint⁷ established,⁴
 Sixty years he lived in Ireland.

LX.

It is many a virgin, fair, graceful,
 That took the veil and made abstinence,
 Deacons, canons *and* clerics,
 The³ man⁴ *who* was⁵ born⁶ with⁷ happy⁸ lot,⁹ ordained.

LXI.

The kingdom all did rush to sanctity,
 'There was fear, each day, and love of God in them,
 As long as lived the warmth of faith without decay,
 "Island of Saints" was the name of Eire,

LXII.

In that manner they spent a space *of time* happily
 Until they met the Danes to cloud *it*.
 In¹ strong³ ships² full of warriors
 They gained *for* a time a head in Ireland.

STANZA LIX.

^a 3an céile was in the copy; at the suggestion of a friend, a change was intended, but reflection made us see that the author's words are those of the text, showing the celibacy of the clergy.

^b We have made the number of years thirty-three, on the authority of Lanigan.

STANZA LX.

^a The most eminent was St. Bridget of Kildare, who wrote an Irish poem in honour of Patrick. She was aunt of Cogitosus.—See Ware.

^b A man may be a cleric, though not a priest; those in *minor orders* may be called clerics.

STANZA LXI.

^a By this word it is implied, that some had relapsed into idolatry. Hence it would seem, that there were many Christians in Ireland before St. Patrick, though Palladius did not succeed—"Returned to righteousness," intimates that many had fallen away. Filleas was in our copy.

LXIII.

Do řaor Břian Bopopne Banba o řaoribřuř,
 J c-cař Chluanařapib Aopne an ceurřa;
 Jř anñ do mřapib, řiř caillead e řēñ leřř,
 Laoćřař Loćlann uřle le ĥ-aon ćař.^a

LXIV.

Dēřř na řuōřaćř ařřř do řaerpad,
 Jř buannar Loćlann řtopad le ĥ-aen-ćař.
 Thuz clann na c-cařad ĥ-ařne ř' a ćēřle,
 Ař dořad 'ř a cřeaćad na m-bařte 'ř ř' a řaebad.

LXV.

Nōř ar meara, 'ř ar mallarře ř'a m-řēřřř.
 Do beřć ař talairi, bř řealad ař řaodaluřb;
 Ařna da malairřřuřad tarř a ćēřle,
 'S a mřa pōřda řēñ do ćřēřřean.^a

LXVI.

Ařa^a Ařurćada* Larřean,^{b*} řř mup řřñ ř'ēřřřř,
 Beañ Thřřeanřam Uř Ruarřc řřř na Břēřřne;
 Chuřř řřñ řearř ařř Ařřřřřřř Ēřřeanñ,
 Do bař a beaća 'ř a ćalairi ř'e a ĥ-ēřřřc.^c

STANZA LXII.

^a *Hugh, the Fist-Sucker*, succeeded to the throne of Ireland, A.D. 813. In his reign the Danes first invaded Ireland, though some writers state, that after they were beaten out of England at the close of the eighth century, they came to Rathlin, an island off the coast of Antrim, and laid it waste.

^b *Laećarř*, also *laoćřa*.

After Ireland had groaned for a long duration under the demon oppression of the Danes, until endurance was longer impossible, the Irish chieftains, once in their lives combined, and expelled the invaders. Would to God, that we had now that union of purpose. However, it is to be feared, that nothing but terrible persecution can effect so desirable an end. Yet come it will—and sooner than is imagined.

As in a sketch, such as a note, we could not do anything like justice to the glorious Brian of Clontarf, and King O'Connor of Connaught, who

LXIII.

Bryan³ Boiroime⁴ did¹ free² Banba from⁶ thaldrom⁷
 In the battle of Clontarf *the* Friday of Easter
 It¹ was² in² it² *he* killed,⁴ though⁵ ⁶himself⁷ was⁶ lost⁶
 The host of Loghlin, *nearly* all by one fight. [thereby,⁹

LXIV.

After the kingdom again he freed
 And the triumph of Denmark he staid in a single battle,
 Sons² of³ friends⁴ took¹ jealousy⁵ of each⁶ other⁶
 A burning, destroying, and dismantling towns.

LXV.

Habits the worst, and most wicked that are possible
 To be on earth, were for a time amongst the Gaedaliv
 Women exchanging from each other,
 And⁴ their own married² wives forsaking.

LXVI.

Mac Murphy, *King* of Leinster, in that way seduced
 The wife of Tiernan O'Rourke, Lord of Breffney;
 That² gave¹ anger to the *paramount King* of Eire,
 He took his property and his land from him as a penalty.

supported him at that famous battle, we must refer the reader to Keating, or some other *Irish Nationalist historian*.

STANZA LXIII.

^a *Vid.* Keating, "History of Ireland."

STANZA LXV.

^a This verse is explained in the next. *Woman* and *wine* subjected our lovely isle to seven centuries of persecution, not equalled in the history of the world. The rape of Helen was not the source of such woes to Troy as was O'Rourke's Dervorgilla to Erin.

STANZA LXVI.

^a See Historical Notes.

^b Leinster Murrough.

^c Roderick O'Connor of Connaught.—The stars (*) refer to notes at end of the book.

LXVII.

Do c̃uap̃s m̃^a Laj̃ean ʒo h-uaj̃breac̃, leuñmar
 A c-c̃ionñ^b m̃j̃z Sacran, ʒ d' a^c c̃uiri ē f̃eiri airi;
 D'iariri airi cab̃airi a n-aʒ̃ap̃s a ʒael̃ta,
 'S do ʒeall dō Bañba m̃uri luac̃ raot̃airi.

LXVIII.

Ah daria h̃enri do b' airm̃ d' on necr̃ r̃ih,
 Do f̃uairi ō b-Papa bulla^a le h-ē̃f̃eact̃,
 Ceap̃it ir̃ c̃reid̃ioiñ do f̃ear̃aiñ i n-El̃ir̃ioñ,
 Ir̃ ar̃d̃c̃ior̃ Phead̃airi do d'iol̃ ʒac̃ f̃eile.

LXIX.

M̃ac M̃haol na m-bo tap̃i air̃ doñ tael̃bra,
 Thuz̃ leir̃ f̃iri Shacrañ fo ar̃m̃uib̃ ʒl̃ear̃da
 Jar̃la Str̃añʒbo leo m̃uri l̃eader̃i
 C̃rioc̃ ah̃ r̃ʒ̃el̃, do ʒab̃adar̃ El̃ire.

STANZA LXVII.

^a Mac Murrough having landed at Bristol, went in the first instance to the Bishop of St. David's, in Wales. This prelate introduced him to the Welsh king, father of Nesta, the concubine of Henry I. She was the mother of Robert and Meyler Fitzhenry, by King Henry. She was after that married to Gerald of Windsor, by whom she had issue, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, and David, the bishop alluded to above, also William, father of Raymond le Gros. The aforesaid concubine's second husband was Stephen of Cardigan. The offspring of this *nominal* marriage was Fitz-Stephen. William de Barri, the son-in-law of the above *chaste* woman, had four sons, Robert, Philip, Walter, and Gerald. The latter, through worldly and ambitious motives, became a clergyman. The Church was the only hopes he had, all his illegitimate and sinful connexions being needy adventurers. His name will be for ever held in detestation by every lover of honour and truth. Himself was so much ashamed of his hellish calumnies, wickedly uttered before Archbishop Cummin, at a Synod in Christ's Church, and nobly refuted by Alban O'Mulloy, Abbot of Kells, on the spot, that he fled from Ireland, and never again dared visit its shores. But he vented his spleen by using his diabolical pen in seeking to blacken Ireland's character. Some writers say he was son of Henry by Nesta, and not her grandson. Such were the desperados that polluted our shores in the

LXVII.

*The King*³ of Leinster⁴ ¹went² proud and wrathful
 On that account to the Saxon⁴ King³ and put himself on
 Asked of him aid against his kindred [him,
 And promised him Banba as the price of his service.

LXVIII.

The second Henry was the name of that⁸ king⁷
 He got from *the Pope* a ⁶wonderful⁷ Bull⁵
 Right and faith to establish in Ireland [Patrick.
 And *the* supreme rent of Peter to pay each festival of

LXIX.

The son of the Bald, of the kine, returning from that
 quarter
 Brought with² him² Saxon⁴ men³ with⁵ finished⁷ armour;⁶
 Earl Strongbow with them as leader,
 It is the *finale* of the history—they took Eire.

days of Pope Adrian; we remove the veil only to make Irishmen learn even now the infamous parties that came not to do (what their sinful blood forbade), to edify, but to plunder our rich island.—See Wright's "Ireland," at A.D. 1169.

^b Straight-a-head, *direct*.

^c It may seem strange to have two particles before the infinitive mood; the same occurs in other languages, thus, in French: "*pour dire*," to say, and this, though the very form implies "to," which is not the case in Irish—at least, not so generally.

STANZA LXVIII.

^a It is said the Bull was a forgery. One thing is certain, it should be held as *void*, our crown was our own natural, inalienable property. The Pope had no power, by virtue of his spiritual supremacy, over our temporal affairs. Hence his bull should be treated in that *matter* as *waste* parchment. What is true of one person must be true of any number of persons, or of a nation; now no man, capable of managing his own affairs, it is agreed on by all, can, by any law, be deprived of his property. But the Irish sceptre belonged of right to the nation; therefore, the transfer was contrary to right and nature, and wherefore an unwarrantable act and a robbery. Though some say the Bull was forged, yet we believe the con-

LXX.

Պիլե ո՛ւտ ե-բլ՛ւտ եկածսոյ յր ճոյն ո-ճը՛ն
 Ծո ե' ասր ծո Շիւօրժ, ասորոյ չոյն երեւո՛յն;
 Ծո եյօճար^a ասոյն բլեյալա, տրեյճեա՛ն,
 Բսժ մայր ա ո-ճիճեաժ, յ շ-շրեյժոյն 'ր ա մ-եւարա.

LXXI.

Ճա՛ն ասոյն ծ'սոյնս ծո եյ ա շոյն բեյն լայր,
 Ծո եյօճար ասորա^b մար ասոյն շեյրե;
 Ծո բլոյն ա ե-բլլ տրեյն ու շեյրե,
 Ծո եյ աս Ճոյնեալ Ճոյնա, 'ր ա Ճոյն Ճոյնալ.

LXXII.

Չ շ-շրեյժոյն 'ր ա ո-ճիճե քո ճեյրեաժ շոյն շոյնեյն,
 Շոյնեյն շոյնալ յր լոյն ասորա;
 Չոյն ծո ճեյն ա շ-շրեյժոյն ասոյն մեյնեյն,
 'Տ ա ո-ճեաժ ու ե-եւոյնս յոյն յոյնեւարա.

LXXIII.

Քոյնեւարա Ճոյնալ շոյն ճեյրեաժ ասոյն յոյնեյն,
 Չոյն շոյնեաժ յոյնալ յր Շոյնեալ,
 Բլ ու Բեւարա, յր Չոյն Շոյնեւար,
 լոյն ասորալ, յ ա ո-եւոյնս յոյնալ.

trary, as we find by history that Pope John, a long time afterwards, in the reign of Edward, alludes to the Bull of Adrian as a "*licit document*," and upbraids the king in strong language for the robbing, persecuting conduct of England in Ireland. We refer the reader to the letter contained in the "*Annals of the Four Masters*," p. 723, by Owen Connellan, Esq.

STANZA LXX.

^a For a contradiction of the kindness and goodness of the English here mentioned, we refer to Brennan's "*Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*." A few of the invaders were good. If space permitted we could adduce an unbroken chain of unheard-of crimes, perpetrated on us by even Catholic England. England, Catholic or Protestant, she should have Ireland *in chains*. Yet our cup was not brimful until Cromwell's days. We would be inclined to write that these last six lines seem an interpolation, as evidently our poet was to the heart's core a nationalist, or he praised the

LXX.

A thousand, eight twenties, and one ten years⁴
 Was the age of Christ at that *time* without mistake.
 They were kind, civil, virtuous,
 Good² were¹ her laws, faith, and morals.

LXXI.

Each person that submitted, to¹⁰ him ⁵was⁶ *left* his⁷ own⁹
 They were gentle as head *of the* clergy [property.⁸
 They mixed their blood without distinction
 The³ Gael⁴ ¹were² Gall and the Gall were Gael.

LXXII.

Until the faith and the laws at last they slighted⁸
 Carnal² Calvin,¹ and lecherous⁵ Luther,⁴
 After he reneged his faith for *a* harlot
 And against the Church *he* wrote unjustly.

LXXIII.

Bad Saxon monarchs—the end⁴ of that story⁶ —
 The eighth Henry and Elizabeth,
 King of * Britain and Scotch James
 Luther followed and the Church denied.

English as they were in West and South Munster. We refer also to Pope John's letter, in the "Annals of the Four Masters," to prove that the English Government were robbers of sacred and temporal affairs.

STANZA LXXI.

^a This is contrary to historical evidence.

^b This is not true except of the Geraldines, of whom it was said, "More Irish than the Irish themselves." The illustrious Brownes, of Tork and Abbeyfeile, might also be excepted, and some other good families; they were only the *exception*, not the rule.

STANZA LXXIII.

^a These were the three monarchs who scourged the Irish with a rod of iron. All the old families were disinherited, except those wretches who renounced their God and betrayed nationality.

LXXIV.

Փո րիյիւսձ Ծո'ն յիՅ ւանն յա լէյրիւ,
 Փո տօշԲաԾ ա շ-տալաի ր ա մ-Բաճա աղիւրիւսձ,
 Փո հ-յոմքօշաԾ աղ ԲիօԲԼա^a օ Լալծիղ լւմ ԲէարԼա,
 'Տ յիԾ աշ Յաղ ալիւրիղն Ծ'իւրԵաԾ.

LXXV.

Քսալլ յա Տաշրաղ, յի ՅարիւսԵ ՅաօլծլւիԾ,
 Աղ ւրիւծիղն լօ ՅԼաԿաԾ 'ր ա շ-ալիւրիղն լիւիՅիԾ;
 Ար յաԾ լօ ւոմարիւալՅ Երիւսձ աղ շ-լաւՅալ,
 Փ'իօրՅալ^a աղ Յաշա լւմ քաԿաԾ Ծօ Ծէաղաղ.^b

LXXVI.

ՏաԾ օ'ն ալիւրիղն ՓօղնաԾ Յիւրիւս,^a
 Բաղ աշաԾ ր աղաԾ ա 'ն-աւիւրիւս,
 յոմաԾ յիղնա աշար մօղաղ լիւիՅ,
 ՅօլԾ յի ԲիղլԾ յի Բիւրիւ լիւ հ-ԼիՅիղ.^b

LXXVII.

Աղիւս Քալիւ, լիւղ յի լիւրա,
 Ալիլ յա յ-Ալիւրալ Յաղ լիւրՅաղ աղ լաղ լւմ,
 յի Ծաղիւ 'ր ա լււԾ Ծօ ՅԼաԿաԾ յար միւլիւ,
 Աղաղ Եօղնա Բիղար յի ԿալԵօԾ.

LXXVIII.

Շիաօր յի միւրՅա ա յ-յողաԾ աղ լիւրՅաղաղ,
 'Տօ լւՅաԾ, “լւԾ օղ,” Ծիա Ծօ Ծ' լիւրաԾ;
 Բաղիւս յար աղԲիւ, ԵաղալՅ Ծօ ԲէաԾօր,
 Աղիւրաշ ւանն լաղ լւանն յա լէյրիւ.

STANZA LXXIV.

^a Although the text has *Biobla*, he clearly means the *Mass*.

STANZA LXXV.

^a Cobbett said that the Reformation threw open the “flood-gate of vice.” How inconsistent he was to have continued a member of its Church. To his work, relative to the sinful lives of the early “Reformers,” the reader is referred.

LXXIV.

They made¹ of (*the*) king-head of the clergy,
 They seized their⁴ lands and property also,
 They¹ translated the Mass from Latin into English—
 Thus they did but without Mass a-hearing.

LXXV.

The Saxon people and their Irish adherents⁴
 This³ faith received and the Mass forsook ;
 These are the signs of the end of the world
 That opened the gates sins to commit.

LXXVI.

They remained from Mass on a sunny⁵ Sunday,⁴
 A woman in and out to the same man,
There were many oaths and many lies,
 Theft,¹ and robbery, and taking with violence.

LXXVII.

On Good Friday meat and feasting,
 Vigils of the Apostles without fasting on one meal,
 And a person in the hundred a-taking as *a* meal
 Barley-bread,¹ cresses, and small beer (slender drink).

LXXVIII.

Gluttony and drunkenness instead of fasting (*prevailed*),
 And “here is to you”—God¹ righting⁷ you,⁶
 Dancing, *and* as amber polishing the hat,
 Hard² cash¹ for the heads of priests.

^b The body all vice.

STANZA LXXVI.

^a These verses refer to the great change the new religion made in the morals of the nation.

^b ʙɾɛɪʃ ɾé éɪʃɿ, *taking by violence*—literally, *with difficulty*.—Here its obvious translation is what we have given, ʙɾɛɪʃ means *judgment*, *carrying, giving birth to*; it is sometimes a contraction for ʙɾɛɪʃéaɿ

LXXIX.

Բալ^a չաղ ըսր ծ'ա ծօրած 'ր ծ'ա տօրչած.
 Բոլժտ ծ'ա c-քեաճած 7 cealla ծ'ա քաեբած,
 Աղ Բաղտքեբաճ Բոժտ և Կաղտքեաճ և շէլե,
 'Տ և Ծլլեաճտ ր աղ տ-ւիշ և Բէլւիշ.

LXXX.

Ար քրսայծ դա ծլճժե ծօ քղտքեաճ ծ'աղ ո-շքարչայղ.
 Տէրքլնղ, ըսրքեթծ, ր տէարտնղճ ծաղա;
 Բհարծրթ կիքե, ր ըսրք Եքրէքսղ,
 Շյօր շօկայրծ ր ողտղէ քօղա.

LXXXI.

Շքեղ-Բաք, Կարթար, Բրտ, քըկէլին,
 Բաղալճե, ծյօտալ, քյօնալ, շիշքարտ;
 ԲրօԲօրտ, քսքքեթծ, քօրտքէա, մէարա,
 Տարքղաղ, մարարքալ, քըղրքալ շաղա.

LXXXII.

Ճլճժե Բեաշ^a քլե ծօ քղտքեաճ ծօ Շհաօճլսլծ,
 Տսրքըղքըր աղղ և c-քարտ ծօ ծէաղաղ,
 Ճօ ըսր քղ Լեաժ Կսրղ^b շրծ դա շէլե,
 Շլաքայծ և դարղղ, ճլծ Կալլեաճ յաճ քէղղ Լըր.

Բրէլէաղղաղ. In the barony of Costelloe, in Mayo, there are many respectable families of that name, some of them are now called "Judge." The first of them that took the latter appellation was an eloquent Latin teacher, Mr. Roderick Judge, with whom we first began classics. He is still living.

STANZA LXXVII.

^a This was the fasting fare in Ireland in those times.

STANZA LXXVIII.

^a This verse represents the licentious habits of the followers of the so-called Reformers. Ծյա ծօ ծ քէլքաճ, *God righting you*—the usual saying is Ծյա ծ և քէլքաճ. Whenever persons are in trouble or danger, the above is the common expression. The author, in this place, makes the carousers use it by way of recklessness—as much as to say, "we shall settle with God on the last day, let us put our crimes on the long finger."

LXXIX.

Blood, without cause, spilling and pouring,
 The poor a-stripping, and churches a-dismantling,
 The desolate³ widow² lamenting her husband,
 And the orphan at home a-crying.

LXXX.

And hard were the laws made for our oppression
 Assizes, sessions, and terms severe,
 Livery,² wardships,¹ and Exchequer⁵ court,⁴
 College² rents¹ and penal⁵ dues,⁴

LXXXI.

Greenwax, capias, writ, replevin,
 Bail-bonds, bills, fines, wrongs,
 Provosts, tipstaffs, portrieves, manors,
 Sheriffs, jailers, seneschals partial—

LXXXII.

Another³ *small*² law¹ was made for the Irish,
 Surrender of their right to make,
 This put Leih Cuin into disorder, [thereby.
 They took up arms, though *they were* ⁶themselves⁷ lost

STANZA LXXIX.

^a With the unheard of persecutions exercised on the Irish, for their undying adhesion to Catholicity, our readers are already acquainted. The Catholic Archbishop Browne, of Dublin, who was one of the first that reneagued the old faith, was a great persecutor. His official communication to the English government, on the vices of his followers, is a precious document.

STANZA LXXXII.

^a He calls it small, with an irony, meaning that it was a hellish law. This refers to the Court of Claims of James I.

^b The part of Ireland north of the Shannon, once the kingdom of Conn of the Hundred Battles ; James' (the First) Confiscation of Ulster and Connaught Catholics is meant. Then the O'Brennans of Roscommon forfeited.

LXXXIII.

Ան շ-Եսլա ՕՆէլլ^a բալլի բալլի բէլե,
 'Տ ա շ-Եսլա ՕՓօնիսլլ^b Բա մօր շէլլե,
 Օ Ըաճալ^{*} Դա Դ-Եաճ Դ-Բան ր Դա Դ-ԷլԵաճ,^c
 Եր ՕՐուսլլիւ սարալ, շլճարԿա Բրէլլիւ.^{*}

LXXXIV.

Պաշտօնի Յալլա^{*} ր Պաշտօնի Յաճլաճ,
 ՕՇալլալլ,^{*} ՕՅսլլլ,^{*} ր ՕՐալլլլլլ,^{*}
 Յալլիւ Պաշտաճճալլա,^{*} աշար Պաշ Պաշարա,^{*}
 Ոյալլ Յարիւ ր աղ տօր ր Պաշ Պաշարա.^{*}

LXXXV.

Պաշ Փօնչաճ^a աղ Շիւսլալլ ր Դա Շէլլե,
 'Տ ա յալի օ ըլլ ալլ Բաճ Յօ Դ-Էլլիւ;
 Օ Փսլա^b Դա Ը-Ըալլեալլ ալա,
 Պաշ Տօնալլիւ^c Բիլլե Ըլա Յար Բաօրաճ.

STANZA LXXXIII.

^a *The O'Neill*; we find from a learned work of the "Dublin Celtic Society," and for which work Ireland is mainly indebted to the labours of John O'Donovan, LL.D., Professor Curry, and the late generous and enlightened W. H. Hudson, Esq., that in the reign of Henry III., the head of King Bryan O'Neill was cut off, and sent to England. Besides him, many of the chieftains of Connaught, and fifteen chiefs of the O'Canes were murdered in Down, A.D., 1260, because they refused to join Espey the Long, bastard son of Henry II., by the notorious Rosamond the Fair (rather the Foul), in an expedition against their kindred and blood in Scotland. From the first landing of the English up to this, our history, in all ages, presents, one unbroken chain of murders, plunder, and sacrilege. Were a pillar, as lofty as the Tower of Babel, erected, and were the bloody atrocities perpetrated on us detailed on parchment, and placed along such pillar, what an ensanguined roll would not the eye behold? But though God is long patient, yet this system must have an end, and terrible and heavy will fall heaven's weighty judgment on the murderers of our clergy, kings, chiefs, and people. Had England acted towards us as Normandy acted towards her, the two nations had long since been blended and united; they would defy the world. Had justice been exercised in our regard, we might be reconciled to English power, whereas we know and

LXXXIII.

Lord O'Neill famed for generosity
 And Lord O'Donnell of great renown,
 O'Cane of the white steeds and the fine attire,
 And noble³ O'Rourke,² Lord of Breifney.

LXXXIV.

English² Maguire¹ and Irish⁵ Maguire,⁴
 O'Kelly, O'Boyle, and O'Reilly,
 Noble² Mac¹ Mahon, and Mac Guinness,
 Niall² Garv¹ in the tower and Mac Manus.

LXXXV.

Mac Donough of Corran and Keash,
 And all from that to Lough Eirne,
 O'Dowda of the lofty⁴ castles,³
 Mac Sowerly the yellow—tho' he was saved.

feel that many of their tribes migrated originally from this country, and that from time to time the families of both islands have been incorporated by marriage. Had they the wisdom of Æneas, to give us equal rights and laws, it might be a matter of indifference who ruled us, whether an Irish or an English monarch, or whether we had monarchy or a republic. But one thing is beyond all dispute, that the Milesian blood has ever clung to monarchical government, and never dreamed of anything else, so did the Scythians; for our own part we say either would be scriptural and good, if impartially administered. It is not to be wondered at, if the O'Neills had an undying hatred of Saxon power; there scarce passed a century without witnessing the murder of some of that illustrious royal family.

^b We wish space would permit us to give an abstract of an authentic account of the trial and base execution of Irish Maguire—Lord Bryan Maguire of Fermanagh, general under O'Neill. The document we have.

^c *Of the white steeds and rich dress.* He was remarkable for the gorgeousness of his cloak and other garments.—See Historical Notes.

STANZA LXXXV.

^a *The Mac Donaghs*, of Corran and Ceash, County Sligo, are descended, I think, from the M'Dermotts, of Moylurg, County Roscommon, their dun or fort was "Ballymote Castle." A story prevails that an O'Donnell,

LXXXVI.

Sjól* c-Concubair^a fuaill clú le daonnaét,
 'S na t^rí Mheic Suibne* nár ob r^réir^ril^rl^rh;*
 Na t^rí* Mhurcáide* bá, leabair, zēa^za,
 Mhurcáδ* na t-tuaét, na ruad^z, 'r na méi^t n^rair.

LXXXVII.

Ua^ríthe* do cúir an ror air r^réidead
 O Íair^rair L^rá^rí^rean air fad zo h-É^rl^rl^rl^rne;
 B^ran^rá^rí^rz^a beoda, i^r C^rao^rm^rh^rá^rí^rz^b c^rao^rm^ra,
 R^rí^rí^rl^rl^rl^rne^c an Shleanna 'r a R^rí^rí^rl^rl^rl^rne d^rl^ré^rí^rzeal.

King of Tyrconnell, at one time married a daughter of Mac Donagh, on condition that the latter would always give him a body-guard consisting of twelve Mac Donaghs. What Mac Donough and O'Donnell these were is not now certain; it may be that this old tie was the reason why O'Donnell, in 1600, took up quarters in Ballymote Castle—six miles to the south-east of O'Connor Sligo's, at Collooney.

"*The O'Donnell's Pass*" (in its central part called Dunaveeragh), extends through a part of four parishes, viz., Ballymote, Keash, Boyle, and Ballinacfad; in the last place is Dunaveeragh. The part of this historic, romantic defile known as the "Yellow Pass" is in the parish of Boyle.

The O'Dowda's Castle (or castles), was in Tireragh, to the north-west of the Mac Donaghs. They are a very ancient and illustrious sept in Connaught, some of that hospitable family are still in Tireragh and hold an estate, and are much respected. Mac Donough, of Keash, was one of the most glorious and valiant of Ireland's sons. The last man of note of the sept was a counsellor, who saved 700 acres of land for O'Connor of Belanagar, from the cupidity of French, of Frenchpark, in Anne's time.

The black Mac Donnell, in our historical notes we set down the family alluded to in this verse as of Antrim, whereas we ought to have recollected that our own countryman, Joseph Myles Mac Donnell Esq. (late M.P. for Mayo), of Doo Castle is the representative of the glorious Mac Donnells of the North of Mayo. They fought many a hard fight for native land and Catholicity. But it is a known fact that so kind were the Connaught chiefs to Protestants, that poor men of the latter kept lands in trust for the former, until the tempest had ceased to howl, and then restored them. The word Mac Sorely had deceived us, but when we recollected that we ourselves knew many friends of our own in Mayo of black complexions, we hastened to correct the

LXXXVI.

O'Connor's² race¹ who found fame for hospitality,
 And the three Mac Sweenys *who* had no equals,
 The three Murphys of oxen, books, and groves,
 Murtagh of the men, the chase, and the fatted kine.

LXXXVII.

Owney that put the wisp on blowing (*that spread fire*)
 From the end of Leinster to Lough Erne;
 Courageous² Walshes,¹ and mild⁵ O'Cavanaghs,⁴
*The Knight of Glen and the White⁶ knight.*⁵

mistake by this short note:—The Hon. F. A. Cavendish, of Castlebar, married into an ancient sept of the Mac Donnell's of Cahir House in the south-east of Mayo. Edward Mac Donnell, Esq., is the present worthy representative of that old Catholic family. The hospitality of Cahir House was proverbial. It is worthy of remark that the names Joseph and Alexander were very general in the family. It is so with the Antrim sept the present Earl of Antrim is a Mac Donnell, not by blood but by patent Just as if a *piece of parchment* could make *black, white*. Mac Donnell's and O'Dowdas had their territory adjoining each other, and contiguous to those of O'Connor-Sligo, M'Donough, O'Rourke, Reynolds, O'Reilly, Mac Dermott, O'Connor Roscommon. The O'Garas formerly held all Sligo.

^b He was killed at the battle of Sligo.

^c *Mac Sorely Mac Donnell*—The Yellow Earl of Antrim, also styled Marquis, by Carte. The word *Sorihante* (Sorely), signifies *grave*. The Mac Donnell's of Antrim and their posterity, all over Ireland, were of a swarthy colour. They were, as the name shows, of Clan Donnell. We have known several of them:—the Mac Donnell's of Cahir, Barony of Costello, Mayo; Joseph Myles Mac Donnell, Esq., J. P., of Doocastle, Mayo. The late Sir Francis Mac Donnell, of Enfield, County of Meath, came from Antrim. They were all proscribed in the time of Cromwell. However, by industry they afterwards acquired estates and renown. This, in itself, is an evidence of the recuperative power of the old Irish families.

STANZA LXXXVII.

^a The Walshes (followers of Strongbow), of the "Walsh Mountains," in Kilkenny, also of Wexford, and other places, were stripped of their estates in the time of William, as were the brave O'Cavanaghs of Kildare. The latter are Milesians, and of royal lineage. They fought for Catholicity and Ireland in the revolution of 1688.

^b See Fitzgeralds—next stanza.

LXXXVIII.

Jaṛla^a ḡa Sṡonḡade, Callaṡḡne, ṡr ḡḡḡne ;
 ṡr Jaṛla^b ḡḡḡa Buḡḡe ḡa c-caelḡaṡc,
 O ḡoḡaṡṡaṡ^c aḡ t-Oṡṡḡḡ, ḡḡṡṡ ḡa ḡḡḡne,
 ḡo ḡoḡ coḡaḡ, ḡaṡ ḡoṡḡaṡḡ aṡṡ ḡaḡḡoṡ.

LXXXIX.

'Sṡḡ ḡuṡṡ ḡṡḡḡḡ aḡ ḡoḡaṡ aṡṡ ḡṡṡe,
 Bḡoḡ ḡaṡ ṡḡḡḡḡ aḡ tḡḡaṡṡṡ le ḡḡṡle,
 No ḡuṡṡ ḡṡḡṡṡaṡḡ aḡ coḡaḡ ṡo ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ,*
 ṡr ḡuṡṡ ḡaṡḡ a ḡḡaḡḡ 'ṡ ḡḡaḡḡ ṡḡ ḡeaṡṡṡ.^a

XC.

ḡṡ^{*} ṡḡ ṡo aḡ coḡaḡ^a ḡo ḡṡḡḡḡaṡḡ ḡṡṡe,
 S ḡo ḡuṡṡ ḡa ḡḡṡṡe aṡḡ ḡaṡṡaṡḡ ḡḡṡṡe ;
 ḡḡ-ḡaṡṡ ḡo ḡḡḡṡe aḡ Nḡṡṡṡṡ ḡaḡḡṡa,
 ḡo ṡḡḡ ṡḡaṡḡ ṡṡ ḡoṡṡa oṡṡa aḡḡṡṡe aḡṡ

XCI.

Tḡḡḡaṡḡ^{*} ṡṡḡḡ' Rḡoṡṡaṡḡ Bḡḡṡṡḡḡ,^a
 Naḡ ḡḡ ḡaḡṡṡe, bḡaḡ ḡo ḡaḡaṡḡ,
 Nḡ ḡeaṡṡ ḡaḡḡaḡ ḡo ḡaṡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡṡṡe,
 ḡḡṡ ḡaḡ ṡḡḡḡ ḡo ḡaṡḡ aṡṡ a ḡḡṡle.

STANZA LXXXVIII.

^a *The Earl of Desmond*—Shanat was their great fortress in Limerick, and near Shany Golden. Hence *Shanat-aboo*, Hurra for Shanat Castle, or for the Geraldines, "*Hiberniores ipsis Hibernis*."

^b *The Fitzgeralds*—First, the Knights of Glin and Kerry, and the White Knight of Maine, County of Cork ; all of whom, however, made cunning terms for themselves with the usurper ; and, secondly, the Fitzgeralds of Castleisland, called the island of Kerry, from the fact of the river Mang forming a kind of circle round its numerous castles. These branches of the Geraldines were descended from natural sons of John of Callan, ancestor of all the Fitzgeralds, and whose legitimate posterity were the Earls of Desmond, and Kildarc. The White Knight became a notorious "Priest-catcher ;" so much for worldly considerations ! We stood on his grave in Kilmallock churchyard. Awful stories are told of him. The

LXXXVIII.

The Earl of Shanat, Callan, and Mang,
 And *the* yellow⁴ bold³ Earl² of the narrow boat,
 O'Dogherty the *Ossin*, the pride of the Fenii,
 Brought war that I don't defend on any plea.

LXXXIX.

It was thus went mischief on Eire,
 Though there came not black ruin altogether
 Until Phelim⁷ began³ this⁶ rising,⁵
 And until Charles⁸ lost³ his⁴ power⁵ and head.

XC.

It was this insurrection that finished Ireland.
 And that put the thousands to seek alms;
 When they banished the holy Nuncio,
 There ran plague and famine upon them together.

XCI.

I take the testimony of Richard Beeling,
That it was not¹ want² of men,³ food,⁴ or clothing,⁶
 Not the power of the enemy, that took from them Ireland,
 But themselves that lost it on each other.

reader will have to keep in view that there were respective successive earls of all the distinguished families alluded to above. No sooner did England murder one than up sprung another Scævola.

O'Sullivan Beare, who gave his castle to the Spaniards in 1601.—
 "Annals of the Four Masters."

^c *The O'Dogherty*, Lord of Inishowen, in Donegal, to the north, in the peninsula formed by the Swilly and Foyle.

STANZA LXXXIX.

^a Charles I. was beheaded by the Cromwellians, on Tuesday, January the 30th, 1649. He was a bad man.

STANZA XC.

^a The insurrection of 1641, commenced by Sir P. O'Neill. Discord amongst the Irish chieftains and in the Confederation of Kilkenny gave England her bloody triumph. The division in the Confederation was supported by Richard Beling, the Bishop of Ossory, the Bishop of Meath, Lord Mountgarrett, and Preston, all Catholics.

XCII.

Յերեսայլ^a Յալձա իր արմայլ Յհօյժեալա՛հ,
 Արմայլ Յալձա իր Յերեսայլ Յաօժլա՛հ,
 Տեր իր շաք իր բի՛ր յերէմբէար,
 Ծօ չոյժ յօձայլ չաօ՛ չան ձօնա.

XCIII.

Ծօ* եյ շալ ամբար, ան ե-բարլ երեւոյ՛ն ան?
 Յօ յալե Ծոնճա՛հ,^a Պարճա՛հ, իր Տէամար,
 Եր Ալլիօք ծե Բարձ արլ շլ ձաօրա,
 Արլ մաճ ան Տաղարլո՛ւ* աճ յարլիտ յա հ-Ելլիօն.

XCIV.

Ծօ ըջլոն Եատրա ա շօնայճ ըբլլիօտ
 Ծօ յաճ ալ^a Բար ը ա չարլ ա յ-Երբեա՛հ;
 Օլիբեր Երօմարլ^b Եարա՛հ յա Բլլոն,
 'Տ ա մա՛հ Երարլ Յօ Երօձա շա՛հ Եարլ.

STANZA XCI.

^a Richard Beling was a distinguished writer, at the close of the seventeenth century. He held a situation in the Castle of Dublin, in 1684, as a reward of his treachery towards Cardinal Rinuccini and nationality. Roderick O'Flaherty, author of the "Ogygia," referred his erudite work to his inspection, in the year mentioned. Dr. O'Connell must have written his "Dirge of Ireland" after that time, as he appeals to Beling (of course to his writings), in support of his lordship's statement—*that division was the ruin of Ireland*. How dexterously does our author quote from Beling *against* Beling, he being mainly the fomenter of the division. Beling's son, Sir Henry, was secretary to the queen of Charles II. Well did the bishop sing that Ormond, Muskerry, Clanricarde, &c., *gambled* away our country.—See Rinuccini's letter, in the Historical Notes, p. 173.

STANZA XCII.

James, Marquis of Ormond—an Irishman; the Earl of Castlehaven—an Englishman and a Catholic. Other leaders were O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin, the "Church-burner," so-called from his sacrileges—a wretch who changed sides as often as he saw the political tide ebbing. Preston, the Catholic commander for Leinster; General Barry for Munster; Burke for Connaught; and, noblest and bravest of all, Owen Roe O'Neill, for Ulster; Lord Muskerry; and the Burkes of Mayo. Niall Garv O'Donnell

XCII.

A foreign² general¹ and an Irish⁵ army⁴
 A foreign² army¹ and³ an Irish⁵ general;⁴
 Impost, and tax, and receiver fees,⁵
 They robbed without an ace.

XCIII.

There was a report of deceptive⁵ doubt,⁴ was it a lie?
 That *there* were Donagh, Murrough, and James,
 And Ulick Burke, on the guilty⁷ rere⁶
 On the plain of Stancard, at the gambling of Ireland.

XCIV.

There ran between them the ace of spades,
 That won *three fives* and the *whole game* together,
 Oliver Cromwell, hero of the army,
 And his son Henry, hardily at his side.

was reduced for a time, to command under the plunderers. In the "Annals of the Four Masters" are furnished many instances of Irish chieftains being at the head of the armies for England. The allusion here is to Phelim's insurrection.

STANZA XCIII.

^a Donough O'Brien, Murrough O'Brien, Ormond, and Clanricarde betraying Ireland at the battle of Stankard, in Carlow.—See farther on.

STANZA XCIV.

^a See last page of "Dirge."

^b For the cold-blooded, barbarous, and superlatively demoniacal atrocities of the Lords Justices of Ireland, who assumed to represent royalty, the slaughtering-house scenes, the revolting, disgusting, atrocious, and hellish theatres of gunicide, senicide, and infanticide—too abominable to be here recorded—the reader is referred to the work of the Rev. Dr. Warner (a Protestant clergyman, T.C.D.), pp. 182, 135, 176, 177, 178, *sic passim*, also "Journal of House of Commons."

Oliver Cromwell, that incarnate devil—the hideous monster, himself—thus writes to the Speaker of the House of Commons—

"Sir—It has pleased God to bless our endeavours at Drogheda, After battering we stormed it. The enemy were about 3000 strong in the town, *I believe we put to the sword the whole number* of the inhabitants. I do not think that thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives, and

xcv.

Fleetwood, Ludlo, Uallep, yr Épton,
 Sluaḡ teann na n-eac n-ḡarb 'r na n-éidead;
 A cloidíom 'r a píortol aḡ ḡac aon díob,
 Carbine clírbé yr fíneloc ḡleapda.

those that did are in *safe* custody for Barbadoes. *This hath been a Marvellous Great Mercy.* There were about 3000 horse and foot (in the garrison) under their best officers. I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one lieutenant. *I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs !!!*

"Plant Ireland with Puritans, and *root out the Papists*, and then secure it."—Book entitled the "Cromwellians," p. 55.

No savage nation under the sun, at any time, not even New Zealand, perpetrated such diabolical deeds. Had the villain cut a canal through Ireland, and had he brought all his victims, young and old, men, women, and babes to its banks, and let their innocent blood flow into such canal he might have floated his infernal troops in their ships along its surface.

The House of Commons approved his infernal acts, and proclaimed A THANKSGIVING DAY throughout the nation.—Parl. His., vol. iii. p. 1334.

All our readers are aware of the 300 women butchered by Cromwell about the Cross of Wexford. With regard to the massacre of 3000 men, women, and children—Catholics—all innocent, not being concerned in the wars—the reader is referred to the work "Collection of Irish Massacres;" also to Leland, book v. c. 3. Reference to the former work is made relative to the depredations, burnings, and slaughter of O'Sullivan Beare's country, in Bantry, wherein they butchered man, woman, and child, and turned many into their houses to be burned therein, and that, though the great O'Sullivan was a most humane man, and foolishly protected the very wretches that afterwards aided in his ruin and that of his people. The same writer says, "that seventeen children were taken by the legs by the soldiers, who knocked out their brains against the walls."

"Inchiquin, in the Church of Cashel, put 3000 to the sword, *taking the priests even from under the altar.*"—Ludlow's "Memoirs," vol. i. p. 106. That ruffian was the ancestor of the Marquis of Thomond. For similar inhuman, guilty acts, see vol. xi. p. 7 (Introduction), of Rev. Dr. Nelson, a Protestant. These are the wholesale assassins with whom the renegade Beling and the corrupt Friar Walsh would have the holy prelate, Rinuccini, make terms. Terms with such men of blood! Terms with such sacrilegious blasphemers! The idea of a peace with such black spirits

Fleetwood, Ludlow, Waller, and Ireton ;
 Bold² forces¹ *with* strong horses⁴ and accoutrements,
 His sword and pistol with each of them,
The ready² carbine,¹ and polished⁵ firelock,⁴

shocks every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour, every principle of religion. A truce with Satan would not be more abominable in the eyes of the God of Mercy ! The glorious Nuncio immortalized himself, enshrined his memory in every honest heart, as having shrunk from the abomination of recognizing Inchiquin, and his furious myrmidons, ever gorging, always devouring, and mangling unoffending Christians. Oh God ! it is no wonder that the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connell exclaimed, in the first stanza, that when he called to mind the cruel deeds—

“My heart within my breast is torn,”

“b'íon mo c'roíóire a' mo éiríab ó a neubad.”

These are words for which the English language does not afford a sufficiently strong translation.

Leland and Warner state, “a gentlewoman big with child was hanged, with others, by order of Sir Charles Coote.” For other more sanguinary perpetrations, see Carte's “Ormond,” vol. iii. p. 51. We feel our flesh creep at the mere narration of the following fact, from the above work: “Sir William St. Leger, ordered, among others, *a woman great with child to be ripped up, from whose womb three babes were taken out, through every part of whose little bodies his soldiers thrust their weapons.*” History has no parallel for the above. It needs no comment—“*ex uno disce omnes.*” Nero was harmless, compared to St. Leger and the Cromwellian furies. Yet to some of such fiends Lord Ormond gave relief and supplies, as we already showed from Carte's “Ormond.” He offered to extirpate the *Papists* if the Lords Justices would only empower him. What a man he was in whom Catholics were called upon by Bishop Dease, of Meath, Secretary Beling, and Father Walsh to place confidence. The result proved that no reliance should be reposed either in any of the faithless Stuart family, nor in Ormond.—See Carte's “Ormond,” vol. ii. p. 301, wherein it is expressly written, that they who had murdered Charles I., had the greatest share in the plunder of the property and lands of the Irish nobles who supported royalty. The rapacious Ormond was deeply concerned in the plunder. He was a comparative beggar, worth about £7000, annually, upon his appointment to the viceroyalty, and when peace was restored he could count £80,000 a-year. The regicides were confirmed in their

XCVI.

Jr íad^a ro do ríinne' concuert Éiríeann,
 Do žab a m-baile r a n-dairígean me céile;
 O Inir Bo-Íinne zo Binn Eadairí,
 'S ó Cloic an Stacáin zo Baol Béarra.

XCVII.

Ní nac mearfaiš dōib do dēanaim,
 Jr íad do dībirí rean žaill^a réime;
 Búrcailž, Buicléarailž ir Déiríže,
 Jr tīžearíua na Źhīde buš mōir fēile.

ill-gotten plunder, and insane Irish loyal slaves were treated as they deserved; as the immortal O'Connell, in his "Memoirs," said of the garrison of Drogheda. In all the eloquent remarks of that illustrious champion of Ireland he speaks with pity, if not with contempt of the mistaken loyalty of Irish Catholics in those eventful days. Throughout his work we could plainly see that, had he lived in Inchiquin's time, he would think himself contaminated by any connexion with that apostate Catholic.

In these days, in which we write, we hear misguided persons led away with the notion, that if England be not supported in her present difficulty—we might add, in her dangerous position—our country will be overrun by the Russians. Our own opinion is, that bad as the late Emperor of Russia was, our condition could not be within a hundred-fold as bad as it was in the days of the Charleys, Elizabeth, and Cromwell, not excepting Mary. Even Satan on the throne, matters could not be more terrible, nor could his black majesty have enacted bloodier laws than did England to establish her domination in this country.—See Curry's "Review of the Civil Wars," p. 392, *et passim*.

In 1652, the 27th of Elizabeth was ordered to be most strictly put into execution in Ireland. *Every Romish priest was deemed guilty of rebellion, and sentenced to be hanged until he was half-dead, then to have his head taken off, and his body cut in quarters, his bowels to be drawn and burned, and his head fixed upon a pole in some public place.*—See above work and page. The same penalty against any one who harboured a priest (see as before). Curry, in pp. 393-4, states that five pounds were set on the head of a Romish priest as on that of a wolf, and this was the act of the Commissioners, who were the law and the Parliament. Thousands of thousands who were seduced to surrender, under pretext of protection being

XCVI.

It was these who made a conquest of Erin,
 They seized their towns and forts entirely,
 From Inisboffin to the Hill of Howth,
 And from the Giants' Causeway to Berehaven.

XCVII.

A thing that would not be thought of them to do,
 It was they *who* banished the gentle old stock,
 The Burkes, Butlers, Deasys,
 And the Lord of Meath that was of great generosity.

afforded them, were massacred whilst under protection. Such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!!!

Morrison, in p. 14, "Threnodia," says—"Neither Israelites were more cruelly persecuted by Pharaoh, nor the innocent infants by Herod, nor the Christians by Nero, or any other of the Pagan tyrants than were the Roman Catholics of Ireland at that fatal juncture of these savage Commissioners." The few emaciated beings that outlived the carnage were ordered into Clare, Galway and Mayo, and any of them found out of that might be shot by the first person who saw the straggler.—"Clarendon's Life," vol. xi. p. 106. We regret we cannot give the passage at length. Broudin says—"that not less than 100,000 were transported from their native land, several thousands of whom were sent to Jamaica, and the other West India Islands—many sold as slaves."

In 1652, the Earl of Clanricarde left Ireland, as did Murtough O'Brien, the last of the Irish commanders. "Twenty-seven thousand men had been sent away by Cromwell.—Dalrymple's "Memoirs of Great Britain," vol i. part 2, p. 267. Several of the Protestant writers above cited, assert that, after a few years not more than twenty families of all those who were sold into Jamaica survived—that thousands perished on their voyage.—See note, page 91.

STANZA XCVI.

a We have seen another copy of this poem that has convinced us, that this stanza xcv. alludes to William's times, when red ruin blazed—

"From Inisboffin to the Hill of Howth,
 From the Giants' Causeway to Cape Clear."

These were rallying words of the great O'Connell, the fifth in descent after our bard. This evidently proves, that the poem was written at the

XCVIII.

Barriuj̃ ḡa 1r Barriaj̃ aerda,
 'S an Róirteac̃ flaiṡeariuj̃ naḡ ḡ-tuḡ éiṡeac̃
 Searialtaij̃^a laij̃ean 1r Searialtaij̃ ʒhéine,^b
 Urdariaj̃ Pluiṡceadaij̃ 1r Paoriaj̃.

close of the seventeenth century, perhaps about 1690. The reader will have observed the Bard does not say a word about James II. He dared not do so in the state of affairs, much less could he do it in the time of Anne, even if the poem were then penned, but we are certain it was not. Moreover, he thought Ireland had enough of the faithless Stuart dynasty. So said the Liberator himself, in his "Memoir of English Atrocities." The Bishop alludes, in this last verse, chiefly to the forfeitures in Munster and part of Leinster. He left to other poets to record the losses of their localities.

STANZA XCVII.

^a *The old English of a peaceful disposition.* The poet expresses his surprise, that at least these unoffending parties, who took no part in the wars, were not saved from the general ruin. The poet calls them rean ḡall, *old foreigners*, that is of long standing, as having been in Ireland since the close of the twelfth century. The Irish people called every stranger, no matter from what country, ḡall. In the second century of the Christian era the continental auxiliaries of Eugene the Great, including the Spanish prince, brother of Beire, who was married to Eugene, that landed in the west of Connaught to make war on Conn of the Hundred Battles, were the first who were called ḡall, *Galli*, "Gauls," to distinguish them from the "Gael," *Irish*. The poet thought the unoffending old English families, who were certainly kind, good, charitable, and devout, would be left unmolested by their countrymen. All the families mentioned in these two following stanzas were of that class, and, as being Catholics, they were proscribed, and most of them left the country.

A small book, written in Italian, which once fell into our hands, gives an account of ten thousand men, a corps composed chiefly of Irish, in the Austrian service, and commanded by the Irish Colonel, O'Deasy, having defeated thirty thousand Tartars in full march upon Vienna, in or about 1685. In attestation of the bravery of the Irish and their chief, the writer remarks—"These were men who needed the rein more than the spur." They routed the Tartars with immense slaughter. For other distinguished names see J. C. O'Callaghan's splendid work on the "Irish Brigade."

XCVIII.

*The Barrys young, and Barrys old,
And the plentiful³ Roches,² that did not wrong,
The Fitzgeralds of Leinster and Fitzgeralds of Munster,
The Eustaces, Plunketts, and Powers.*

STANZA XCVIII.

^a *The Plunketts of Meath.*—The family of Plunkett can, in common with other distinguished Irish families, point to a long and distinguished ancestral line, who have been true to the interests of Ireland. Their ancient possessions were principally situated in the County of Meath, at Clonabraney, which embraced large tracts of the rich lands adjoining. By intermarriage they came also to be possessed of the estate and fertile lands of Loughcrew, which for centuries before had been in the possession of another family of the same name, and other estates in the County of Cavan. The antiquity of this family is clearly proven from the tombstone which covers the family place of sepulture, on which we find the name of Oliver Plunkett engraven. This burying-place was erected by the family in 1132, and is still in their possession. The great grandfather of this Oliver Plunkett of Clonabraney, the first of the family referred to in existing family papers.

Thomas Plunkett, who was the grandson of Oliver, was the last inheritor of Clonabraney. He married the only daughter of Dominick Plunkett, who had inherited the mansion-house and estates of Loughcrew, and had four sons and two daughters. The three younger of the sons emigrated after the civil wars, in which they had taken an active part, but being unsuccessful, lost all their property. Two entered the Austrian service, where they soon distinguished themselves by their military skill and valour, and were soon entrusted with some of the most responsible military positions. The third brother entered the Spanish service. They all died without issue. James, the eldest and sole heir, remained at home, in the hope of being able to recover the family estates of Clonabraney and Loughcrew, in the County of Meath, and Castlecor in Cavan. Antecedent to this Cromwell had confiscated the property and dispossessed Dominick Plunkett of Loughcrew, who was then in possession. Thus, by injustice and robbery, this property passed from the hands of its lawful owners.

Dominick Plunkett, the last inheritor, was married to Mary O'Neil of the house of Tyrone. Her only daughter, Elizabeth, was the mother of James Plunkett, who had issue six sons and three daughters, of whom there is now surviving Patrick Plunkett of Taneymagaraugh, about

XCIX.

Ան Բօժօրձեաճ մօր եօրնաճ ծէարեաճ,
 Կանլոնայձ, Տանտնայձ, Բայձալլայձ,
 Բիրիձ, Երեանտայձ, Պնրայձ, Պեաճայձ,
 Յալլայձ, Յուլայձ, Կարթայձ, Կրաւեւիձ.

c.

Բրոնաճ Եսրիւ^a իր Բրնաճ Դէրլե,
 Եր Կստնաճ^b նա Շոյճեւ լեյճե,
 Քարթալայձ, Տարթալայձ, Լարիձ,
 Տարթալայձ, Կարթալայձ, Կարթալայձ.

three miles north-west of Oldcastle, County Meath, a venerable hale old man of eighty-eight years of age, who has issue three sons and one daughter.

We may here relate an incident not unfrequent in those starling and disastrous times. Thomas Plunkett of Clonabraney, who fought with King James at the Boyne, and afterwards at Aughrim, and kept his estates during all this time, was robbed of them the harvest after the battle of Aughrim.

Having, on the evening of finishing his harvest, as was then usual, ordered his steward to bring all his workmen up to the Castle at six o'clock till he would give them some drink, the men were very much delighted at the invitation—put their harvest utensils, rakes, pitchforks, &c., on their shoulders and walked four men deep to the Castle-gate.

In a few days afterwards an old pensioner then living in Crossakiel, went and swore that Mr. Plunkett was recruiting men for King James. This information, and his being a Catholic, at once disqualified him from holding possession of his estates any longer, and, consequently, he was obliged to surrender his property, or renounce his faith and religion; the latter he would not consent to do.

This family we presume is, and can be traced as far back as any other family in Ireland. Few families indeed sacrificed more for their religion and their country. The following anecdote is an instance:

John Plunkett lived in Rathmore. He was married to Mary Cruise. He had twelve sons and one daughter; Cromwell appeared to be alarmed at hearing of this John and his twelve sons. He sent for him, and stated he would be most anxious to be acquainted with his sons, and invited the said John and them to come to see him. So the innocent man and his twelve sons, all fine men, none of them under six feet high, came, with

XCIX.

The Bagot of large fine⁵ barley⁴ -fields,
 Cantwells, Stauntons, Raleighs,
 Rices, Trants, Moores, and Mees, ✓
 Galways, Cooleys, Courseys, and Creaghs.

C.

Brown of Turc and Brown of the Feale,
 And Condon of Cloughlea (*Greystone*),
 The Purcells, Supples, Laceys,
 Sherlocks, Cusacks, and Keatings.

their father, riding on twelve grey horses; but how did Cromwell receive them? He had matters so arranged that the moment they appeared within a certain distance of him he had a cannon planted before them and shot the twelve on the spot. When the poor broken-hearted father reproached Cromwell for this murderous act, his answer was that they appeared too formidable to be allowed to live. They and their father are buried in the church-yard of Newtown, Trim, in the County Meath. There is a tombstone erected over the father's grave. He was a branch of the Clonabraney family; and the Archbishop of Armagh, who was hanged and beheaded in 1681, belonged to a branch of the Loughcrew family.

The Earl of Fingall, though he struggled with the Liberator for Emancipation, yet in that it would appear he was selfish. For since he got leave to take his place in England's Senate, he has not aided Ireland in her struggles for redress. Of his branch of the Plunketts much cannot be said in praise. He could, if he would, give effective aid from his position and great influence in England. As an Irishman of ancient lineage, his Lordship ought to be with his countrymen. For in the day of trial he may want them, if such would ever return, and it may.

^b *The Roches* and the other families would gladly be granted a niche in our gallery could that, by possibility, be done. Dr. O'Connell, our author, confers a marked compliment on the illustrious Roaches by saying, "they never acted wrong," and that "they were most generous."

^c The Earl of Kildare, ancestor of the present Duke of Leinster, and the Gerald of Croome, County Limerick.—See note on verse lxxxviii.

^d *The Powers*.—We would, if space permitted, feel pleasure in placing before our readers interesting facts relative to such members of this ancient sept as remained true to creed and the old land. For this adhesion

CI.

ʒɹ ɾʲad do dʲbʲɪɾ ɾɾʲom ɾʲul ɐɾɾɪɾ,^a
 Sʲol Bɾʲan^b ɾeandʲa na ɾ-eac lɐɾmɾeac,
 ʒʲac ʒomɾa ʒɾeatalaʲʒ ʒlɐʲʒeal,
 ʒɾɐɾɾɪʲʒe ʒomɾa-Baɾʲʒɪɾe ɾɾ ʒlaɾeac.

CII.

'Sʲad do dʲbʲɪɾ (ʲɾ ɐ do ʒeɾ me),
 ʒeɾeac doʲɾ dʲʲoʒ-ɾʲɪɾ, ɾɾɾeɾɾ ɐɾɾomɾ;
 ɾɾomɾa na ɾ-ʒaʲʒeal, (mo ʒɾʲac ɾaeʒalta,)
 ʒʲaʒ ʒaɾɾa ʒʲom^a ɾ a ɾʲʲoʒt aɾɐɾeacɾ.^b

to Catholicity most of them forfeited, but some of them in course of time had acquired honour and rank by toil and industry, the most "honourable path to glory." Of these we deem it our duty to refer to that veteran patriot Sir John Power, of Roebuck and Leeson-street, Dublin. Industry has invested him with what injustice had taken from his ancestors. His country and Catholicity has never in vain sought his aid, nor that of his worthy son James Power, Esq., D.L. May penal laws never again rob them nor their offspring. These families claim descent from Donough O'Brien.

STANZA C.

^a These were the ancestors of the Earl of Kenmare, one of whom married the heiress of their relative Browne, of Hospital, county Limerick, whose great estate was thus added to their own—all forming a princely territory. Volumes were insufficient to convey an adequate idea of the excellent deeds of this noble family in private life. To them many Milesian families of Kerry are indebted for their preservation in the penal and persecuting times now past. M'Carthys, O'Connors, O'Sullivans, O'Mahons were enabled to uphold station and respectability, by receiving large farms at low or nominal rents from the Brownes, whose tenants some of them continue down to the present day.

^b Great barony of Condon.

^c See Historical Notes on end of this verse.

STANZA CI.

^a St. Fiech spells this word in the same way.

^b The O'Briens, who continued Catholics, the Mac Namaras of Cratloe, &c., and the Mac Mahons of Corco-Basgine, West Clare; some of the latter lived on the south of the Shannon.

The annexed, taken from a copy of "The Dirge," made by Philip Fitz-

CI.

It was they who banished the first (*best*) blood of Heber,
The seed of grand³ O'Brien of leaping horses (*Limerick*),
 Mac Namaras, of fair Cratloe,
 Lords of Corca-Basginé and Cliona.

CII.

It was they who banished—it is it that tortures me (*alas!*)
The remains of the primitive⁴ piety³ of Ireland
 (*And*) *The* prime of the Gael,—my worldly woe (*alas!*)
 Mac Carthy Mór and his offspring together.

gibbon, a classical teacher of Kilkenny, in 1780, we here insert. This is thought to be one of the oldest (if not the oldest) of the copies. It is important, as its mention of King William shows, that the poem was not completed until after the battle of the Boyne, and that was just after the date alluded to, when referring to Bishop Mollony's letter in our Preface we stated the diocese of Ardfert and Aghadoe was vacant. This must have been the period of Dr. O'Connell's appointment to Ardfert as bishop, and of Dr. O'Levy's, as Vicar-apostolic to Aghadoe, Dr. Moriarty being Bishop O'Connell's successor. The terrible state of affairs threw everything into confusion as regarded Catholic interests. What was the final fate of Bishop O'Connell has not been ascertained, whether he was murdered, like his holy grand-uncle, or that he died. His composition is, at least, an evidence that he could not be considered what Whigs and Whig Catholics call *an intemperate prelate*. That he was a bishop, in 1704, is established by the Liberator's testimony, given in the Preface.

Ետէր բաժ քաջադաշտ ձր ինչ Տէադ,
 Իր ինչ Ալլիամ Ծ' քաջալ շէանդ Երեան
 Տըն ադ Եան Ծօ շաճօ Ե շաճօն զըր,
 Տըլն Ե ո-Եալե Ի Ե Ե-քադադըն լէ շըլ.

"After the victory of the Saxons over King James,
 And King William having got sway in Ireland,
 That was the time they seized, in firm grasp,
 Possession of the towns and lands alike."

STANZA CII.

^a This was the *Mac Carthy More*.

^b The Mac Carthy More, rightful King of Desmond, was confined in London Tower 1601 as was the Earl of Desmond, the latter died in 1601 and was buried in its chapel. We mean "rightful," comparatively with England.

CIII.

Զիս Գոննած^a քորտա նա լեյրի,
 'Տ նա^b լիյ մեյս իյոջ ծո իյ քառի իյոյ,
 Շիջարիս^a Զիւրալի Զիւրարիս մեյլե,
 Եր Զիս Գարիւս Զիսած օ Ըլ Չիլիս.

CIV.

ՕՏիլլեաբարի Բեալի Բեյմե,^a
 Եր Գոննալ ՕՏիլլեաբարի Բարիս;
 Զիս Բիւլիյ օ սէտ ադ Էիւլի,
 Բիւլի^b րեաբա նա իսալ իր Բիլիլի.

CV.

Շիջարիս Ծոյր Զիւրիս^a նա մեյլեբեա,
 Եր Գոննալ Զիս Գարիս օ Ըլլ Էլիս,
 Եր նա ի-Շիլլիւլիս օճա շ-լալմա ծո մալ իյոյ,
 Եր նա շ-լալմա ալմ ալ ա ծ-լալմա լալմա.

CVI.

Գոննալ Գիւն^a ա յիլլ 'ր ա Նառալի,
 Տ ա իս'ն ա շ-լալմա օ Ծալիլ յո Ըլլիս;
 Տիլլ^b Պոլ Բիլիլիս նա մօր լիլլիս,
 Օ իսալ Լարիս յո լոլ Բիլիլիս.^c

STANZA CIII.

^a They were the M'Donaghs of Duhallow, County Cork, of the race of Mac Carthy More and distinct from the M'Donaghs of Connaught, alluded to elsewhere.

^b The three sub-chiefs of M'Donagh were M'Auliffe of Newmarket, County Cork, of whom was the celebrated chieftain and prophet, Malachy Oge M'Auliffe, contemporary with Charles I., the O'Callaghans and O'Keeffe. M'Donagh, Lord of Kanturk and Duhallow, fell while gallantly leading a charge of cavalry against the Cromwellians, at the battle of Knochnaclashy, in July, 1652. Shortly after this Ross Castle was surrendered.

STANZA CIV.

^a *Bealagh Beimé*.—This place was the mountain-pass of Sullivan More; here he rallied his men to bear down upon the plundering English. He

CIII.

Mac Donogh—the prop of the clergy,
 And the three sons of the king who were under him,
 Lord Murray, Muskerry of state,
 And Mac Carthy Reagh from Coolmine.

CIV.

O'Sullivan of the Bealagh Beimé,
 And Daniel O'Sullivan Béara (Bere)
 Mac Finan from the bosom *of* Eingil,
 O'Finan—the falcon³ hunter⁴—and *Felim*.

CV.

The Lord of Cosh Mange of the fat trout,
 And Daniel Mac Carthy from Kileague,
 And the attendants, young, brave, of the militia,
 And of the tall reeks on which berries grew.

CVI.

Daniel O'Brien, his attendants⁴ and his people,
 And those, who were in authority from Cashel to Clare,
 The race of Hugh O'Bennan of many virtuous qualities,
 From the border of Limerick to Brenan's hill.

possessed Dunkerrin. O'Sullivan Beare, Lord of Bere-haven; his territory was the barony of Bere. We regret space will not allow us to attempt a due notice of these glorious names.

^b Both are the same person, the “hawk” was on the tribe banner.

STANZA CV.

^a The Tiernagh or Lord of Cosmang was a M'Carthy, whose estates were on the river Maine or Mang, not far from Castleisland. The M'Finnan was another distinguished chief of the M'Carthys, whose patrimony was at Ardtully near Kenmare. The Rev. Daniel M'Carthy, Professor of Sacred Scriptures at the Royal Catholic College of Maynooth, whose eldest brother, Eugene M'Carthy, of Tully, is still styled *the M'Finnan*, is the lineal descendant of those chiefs. *M'Finnan Duff* was a junior branch of *O'Sullivan Beare*. Stanza 104 :—

“Nor may I here forget Hugh Bennan's race.”

CVII.

Clann Domhnaill* Fhinn^a ó n Uíor c-craebac,
 Muinntir Chonuill,^b clann Ċmíom̃tũuñ^c r a n-ḡaelta;
 Cnead naċ c-caoiñfínn raot̃ na f̃eile,
 Píarpiar Fíuiter^d ba m̃óir t̃r̃eĩḡe.^e

CVIII.

Concobar^a Ṭadḡ r a t-Ċarpoḡ Baoḡalaċ,*
 Do crioċad a c-cioiċ i^b c-cnocán na c-caorac;^c
 Ceann Uí^d Chonċobair aḡi an r̃f̃eice;
 Tíarḡplañt t̃íarḡpoit̃ ḡo Jameica.^e

STANZA CVI.

* This was Donal O'Brien of Ara, in Tipperary; the O'Briens of Limerick made good terms for themselves. Both sides of them were plundered, but like old Tytirus, they were safe.

^b Hugh or Aodh Beanan, was ancestor of the O'Connors-Kerry, the O'Moriartys, and O'Brennans of O'Brennan, a parochial district between Tralee and Castleisland. Aaodh Beanan died King of Iar Mumhan, or West Munster, now Kerry, in the year of our Lord, 619. Of him a poet, quoted by the Four Masters, sings:

"When his broad shield he shook, his foes would yield;
 E'en on his back it was West Munster's shield."

See Keating's "Pedigree of O'Connor-Kerry, where this king is found in his right place; although his name has been interpolated into the M'Carthy genealogy, for the purpose of making the Moriartys a collateral branch of the Mac Carthys. The learned Dr. John O'Donovan has exposed a similar attempt to identify with this Heberian family, the renowned bardic tribe of the O'Dalys, whom he proves to be Heremonian. Other writers translate the text "Hugh Brennan."

* The tribe of the O'Brennans of Kerry is almost extinct—there is still *one rose* remaining—the Killarney family. The famous St. Brendan, or Brennan, of Ardfert, patron of the Diocess, sailing from Brandon Bay, in Kerry, was the first discoverer of America, after Brennan of Clonfert; as a manuscript, lately found in the Bodleian library, and another in Brussels assert.—See "Lives of Saints," revised by Rev. Dr. Meagher, Rathmines.

STANZA CVII.

^a Or Daniel the "Fair haired."

^b This slight allusion which Bishop O'Connell makes to his own relations is extremely affecting. His sole mention of them is in the simple words—"The O'Connell Family." His grand-uncle, one of his predecessors in the

CVII.

The sons of Daniel O'Fynn of Liscreevey (*Branch fort*),
 The O'Connell family, the sons of O'Crevin and kindred ;
 Who would not mourn the soul of generosity,
 Pierce Ferriter of much erudition.

CVIII.

Teige O'Connor and Bishop Mac Egan [hill.
 Were hanged from a gallows on *the hill of sheep* (*Sheep-*
The head of O'Connor was on a spike ;
Others they transplanted and transported to Jamaica.

see of Kerry, suffered martyrdom about the year 1651. This eminent ecclesiastic, the Right Rev. Dr. Richard O'Connell, whose brother, "John of Ashtown," near Dublin, law agent to the Marquis of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and brother, also, of Maurice of Ballinahaw, chieftain of the O'Connells, made submission to Henry Cromwell in 1656. The result was the "Lord Protector's" decree, whereby one portion (now extinct) of the family was transplanted to Clare, and another, from whom the extant O'Connells derive, were allowed to remain in Iveragh, where, however, they forfeited, under Orange William.—Records, Rolls Court, Dublin. This note is given by a connexion of the family.

^c The "sons of Crevin" are the M'Crohons.

^d Pierce Ferriter, a gallant soldier, was of an ancient Danish family, settled to the West of Dingle long ages before the Anglo-Norman invasion. He was a nobleman of great generosity to poets, a good poet himself, especially in the dirgie-heroic kind; in the composition of which, great rivalry existed amongst the Kerry bards of the seventeenth century. Of Dr. O'Connell, even when young, held the first place, and Ferriter these second.—(See manuscript, R. I. A). The latter was termed *ραοί ηα ρέπλε*, *nobleman of generosity*. We have seen copies with *χροίρε ηα ρέπλε*, *the soul of generosity*; either is good.

STANZA CVIII.

^a Teig O'Connor, an equally distinguished hero of the O'Connor-Kerry family, was son to Thomas M'Teig O'Connor, fifth Lord of Tarbert, who forfeited Aghalahama and other estates, in Iraght-i-Connor, shortly after the martyrdom of his only son. To their grand-father's care Teig left his infant children, David and Connor O'Connor, both afterwards of Fieries; from the former of whom the author of our "Metrical Version" is fifth in direct descent. Boetius M'Egan was Bishop of Kerry, and immediate

CIX.

2)ac̃ Ðonncúda^a an Rora a djbne an-ejn-ŕeačd,
 Jr O'Donncúda an Shleanna da zhtead plajrrur;
 Dún-žjđ, Ðun-đaž, jr Dún-aonajr,^b
 Žan řjon, Žan čeol, Žan đan đ'a êrteačt.

CX.

Ðejr ar cuŕnead tar Sjonajr^{*} řa đaořbřojđ,^a
 'S a mjeđ a řuajr Phljř Žan řillead ře řžeala,
 Chužajr řa mjonha do cumad čum ľejrržřř,
 2ta Žan mjořal, ačt řomajřařđ êřče.

CXI.

Ča^a ř-žeađam řearđa? řo čad do đeanam?
 Nj đjon đųjř čuřč, čojll, řo řľejbte,
 Nj b-řuřl ar ľejžjor až ľajž j ř-Ěřřřř,^b
 2čt Đja do žuřđe 'ř řa řaoř an-Ějn-ŕeačt.

successor of Richard O'Connell, to whom he had probably been coadjutor. It would seem that, with Ferriter and O'Connor, he was taken prisoner after the battle of Knocnaclashy; and all three were hanged by the Protestants, at the Fair Hill, Killarney, in 1652. He is to be distinguished from Boetius Egan, of Ross, hanged two years previously by Broghill, at Carrigadrohid, near Mallow, as well as from Boetius M'Egan, of Elphin; and yet the coincidence is very striking, that there should have been at the same time three bishops of the same Christian and surnames.

^b Some modern writers would write *an* for *in* in all places; melody and the *ear* condemn such an innovation.

^c The *second* c is silent—the *first* is sounded as ž.

^d Anglice *son*=*via* in Greek; *ua* and *uj* have the same signification, though some make the latter the genitive of the former.

^e Several thousands of the best blood of Ireland were transported to Jamaica, in Cromwell's rule of terror; but few of them survived the voyage. They were stowed up like *herrings*, in bad ships. Of one shipment, consisting of 20,000, not more than twenty persons were alive two years after they landed.—See note on Cromwell, p. 76, 77.

STANZA CIX.

^a O'Donoghue of Ross, or of the Lakes, was ancestor of the distinguished families of this name in Spain and in Mexico. Geoffrey O'Donoghue, here

CIX.

The son of O'Donoghoe of Ross was banished also,
 And O'Donoghoe of the Glin, who practiced mirth,
 Dungid, Dunday, and Dunenar,
 Without wine, without music, without poems a hearing.

CX.

After all they sent across the Shannon in slavery.
 And all that Philip found without returning with *their* story,
Others took oaths, framed for their oppression,
 They are without wealth but with much lies.

CXI.

Whither shall we go in future? or what shall we do?
 No shelter for us, hills, woods, mountains.
 There is not our remedy with a physician in Ireland,
 But God to pray, and the saints together.

alluded to, was the O'Donoghue Glin, or of the Glens, a celebrated poet, whose direct descendant is the present O'Donoghue, a maternal grand-nephew of the Liberator's.

^b *Hermitage Castle*.—These were castles of the O'Donoghues.

¹ STANZA CX.

^a *Beyond the Shannon*.—The proscribed of Munster, Leinster, and Ulster were driven *beyond the Shannon*, that is, into Connaught (Ciare was then in the province), or "hell." We supposed it was denominated *hell*, because Catholicity was so deeply inrooted in it, that all the power of Satan could not *outroot* it; also because most of it consisted of bogs, woods, and marshes. Into this place the aborigines were cooped up to perish or live how best they could. There was not a noble stock in Ireland, a shoot of which is not to be found in the province of the illustrious Archbishop Mac Hale—the fearless champion of his country and her old faith. Others of the outlawed fled to Philip of Spain. Some took the oath of allegiance to England, and the *new, easy* creed, to their own disgrace. These, our bard says, got *Paddy's share of the carrot* (the tail); that is, a *patch of lands*, but are *without wealth*, though *with perjury on their souls*. Those who would read a history at length of the frightful and unnumbered per-

CXII.

Ա Փիւս ծօ ծաւնայծ յաւ աշար յաւելա,
 Ծօ ըստ տաւան, բլայշիօր յր րբէլլե;
 Ծօ իյ աշար տա, յր իյար չան տրաւճած,
 Ձօն յ-ծիւս ամիւսն տս, յր յի տիյ ծելլե.^a

CXIII.

Ձն^a ի-բսլ տս Բօծար յօ շա ի-բսլ տս բճճարն?
 Նաճ տս ծօ լաշ յա հաճաշ լեծ րմելլեւած?
 Շա Բաշ ծար բաճ ա տա աշ ըրտեւճ?^b
 Ծիմելլի աւ Է-Էրեւիօն, յի իմարիօնն աճ րբիւ ծ'ե^c

CXIV.

Ձն է րօ ծօ չեալար ծօ Քիւսար յաւելա,
 Ձիւ ինօճ^a Երիմօն^b աշ տեւճ չօ Է-Էրիօն?
 Նօ արի ան Է-Էրաւ^b տարի ըր ա ինելլեւար?
 Նօ ան տ-արիշիօլ Բիւտօր ան տան ծօ բելլ լար?

CXV.

Օ յի Է-ամիւս, յի ի-բսլ տս Բիւսաշ;
 Նի մօլլե շ'աօր ար ինելլի ծօ ծ' իւշալիւս,
 Նի'լ քոլլ ա ծ' րտօ, շօ մօր ծօ ծաօնաճ,^a
 Տիւն բելլ ծօ իւլլ չաճ յիճ տա ծօնաւա.

secutions, exercised in Cromwell's and Stuarts' times on Irish Catholics, are referred to Matthew O'Connor's "History of the Catholics." It is much to be deplored, that, for some reason, he did not produce his promised second volume. Some assert, that he was commanded by the government not to do so; others say, that he lacked energy.—See Historical Notes.

STANZA CXI.

^a Never was formed a more pathetic nor more sublime stanza than this. Herein is exhibited the poet's inmost soul's sympathy for the wrongs of his country. It is a spiritual hypotoposis.

^b յ is only euphonic, not a con. for 'ան *the*, though Էրիօն has the article sometimes prefixed. The text was printed before we thought of the improvement that the յ should go with ի, but be sounded with Erin as happens in Greek and French, as "un ami," pro. *oonnamee*.

CXII.

O God, that brighten'st the moon and stars,
That formedst the earth, heaven, and the sphere,
That wast, and that art, and that wilt be without decay,
One God alone thou art and not three Gods.

CXIII.

Art thou deaf, or whither art thou looking,
Was it not you who overthrew the monsters with thy nod,
What little to you the time that you are patient? (*listening*)
Our faith is gone; there is living but a spark of it.

CXIV.

Is this your promise to Saint Patrick
On Mount Hermon upon his coming to Erin?
Or on the Reek after his fasting?
Or of the Angel Victor the time he agreed with him?

CXV.

Oh! it is not so! You are not false (*lying*)
No one knows the time thou has spent of thy existence,
There is not a hole in thy store, though great thy bounty,
It is ourselves deserved everything that is done.

STANZA CXII.

^a How pathetic—how sublime is this passage. As a true Pastor he assails heaven by prayer for his own Ireland.

STANZA CXIII.

^a Who but a holy cleric would thus, in prayer, as if assail heaven, and, by the violence of entreaties, implore the fulfilment of its promise to St. Patrick, as he came to Ireland. It is evidently the language of a minister of God, whose kingdom is to be gained only *by violence*, as the Scripture has it.

^b *Are you not long forbearing.*

^c D'e=do é.

STANZA CXIV.

^a See note, p. 84, 97.

^b Patrick's Reek at Morisk, in Mayo, midway between Westport and

CXVI.

Ca b-ful ʒuſſe bſaſſiððgeal bæaſač,
 ʒaſſðdean ʒlan iſ mačaſſi eſn-iſiç?
 Eoſn do bæiſð, iſ Eoſn ba ʒaol dſ,
 ʒiſðſiſaſ, Peadaſ, Pól iſ Séumſ?

CXVII.

ʒiçhel ʒiſð-aſiſſiðl na h-Eſſeann,
 Paſſuſſ ʒiſ n-ʒiſð-aſſiðdal naomča;
 ʒaſſi aſ Bſeacſač, o Bſneſa,*
 Orrſ a iſačaſſi a bſ do ʒhaodaluſb?

CXVIII.

Coluſſ^a iſač Cſſiſiſſaſſiſ iſ Coluſſ mač ʒhēſðlſſ,*
 ʒiſſe ʒiſſe, iſ ʒiſačlan ʒēſſe,
 ʒoſoſ uſiſal iſ Cſaſaſ clēſſe,
 'S a tē do bheannaſſi aſ ʒiſuſſſ, Eſna?'

CXIX.

Eſſiſ, ʒiſſe, aſuſ ʒiſač Slēſſe,^a
 ʒiſ ʒiſſiſſaſ ʒiſſe Cača na pēſſe;
 Conall iſ Conðan, ʒaolan lēſſiſſſſ,
 ʒiſ ʒuſſeac ʒiſačdeo na ʒſſeſſe?

Louisburgh, where the blessed Patrick fasted forty days, as is said, without human food, preparatory to the celebration of the great festival of Our Lord's Resurrection, which was the first Christian feast he celebrated in Ireland. Our glorious patron, in thus abstaining from earthly sustenance, imitated Elias, and Moses before he approached his Creator to receive the tables of the law. As to Cnoc Heremond, which is the present St. Michel, in Normandy, and the angel Victor, we have written at some length, when treating of St. Patrick, to which the reader is referred.

STANZA CXVIII.

^a *Columbcille and the St. Columbas*, are alluded to in after notes, as are the other saints; also St. Enna, that blessed the holy isle of Arran, in Galway Bay. We have seen a disgraceful translation of this line in a place where it ought not to be. We shall say no more.

CXVI.

Where is Mary, fair necked, spotless (*virtuous*)
 Virgin pure, and mother of thy only son,
 John that baptized, and John that was related to her,
 Andrew, Peter, Paul and James.

CXVII.

Michael, Archangel of Ireland,
 Patrick, our Archbishop, holy,
 Saint David the Welchman *from Binarra*,
 As his mother was of the Gaadelig (*Ghaylig*).

CXVIII.

Columb, son of Crevin, and Columb, son of Phelim,
 Ailbe of Emly, and Deicolus of the Desies,
 The humble Ivar, and Kieran the *learned*
 And he that blessed Arran, St. Enna.

CXIX.

Evan, Anne, and Fiagh of the mountains (*Sletty*),
 Senanus of Iniscaha of the serpents,
 Conall and Cowen, Felim of Leighlin (*grey river*),
 And Muineach of Aghado of the sun (*the sunny Aghadoe*),

Columbkil.—See history of Patrick at end. There were several Columbs, of whom the former was the greater, the friend of St. Brennan of Birr.

STANZA CXIX.

^a Stéip̃ce.—The mutable consonant of plu. genitives, not aspirated, when the article is not used, as here; these mountains, wherein was St. Fiech's See, were in Queen's County, Carlow, Kilkenny, as we think, also a part of Wicklow; and all Wexford.—See notes on Fiech and St. Patrick at end of the work.

^b St. Senan of Inis Catha (Scattery), on the Shannon, a few miles west of Limerick. The island is called "of the serpent" or beast. We recollect when young, that there was a notion, that some lakes, rivers, and deep, large wells were infested with a *water serpent*, or *paoist*—*na péip̃ce*, of the serpent—this is genitive feminine singular, and, therefore, the *p* is not aspirated, though the same case in the plural suffers eclipsis, thus *na m-bo*, pro. *na m-o*, of the cows. As all these saints have been noticed in

CXX.

Բարթ^a մաժ Բլոնտայն միժ Յիլզէրե,
 Բրեանսլոյն Արմթարտա Բա մծր յաօրիճաճ,
 Բրեանսլոյն* Բլորմա յր Կոլման Ելե,^b
 Դօ Բլ րեաճ մ-Բլլաճոյա ալ յարմար ծէրքե.

CXXI.

Շեանմարա^a յա Ե-Եւան քաար Բաւ թէլե,
 Բրաճար Յիւարե Դօ Բլ աղ աօղար;^b
 Պօճոճա, Պօլաճա, Լաճոյն, Բէրլոյն,
 Բրլլոյն Պիլճե աշար ՅօԵրեւա.

CXXII.

Բլոնայ^a Եւանա Եօրարմ ՚ր Դ լէլլե,
 Բլնան Բալլոյն ար աղ Լէրլոճ;
 Բլնան Լօճա Լաօլ մօ յաօրմա,
 Դօ լսշ օ թլալճ ԵօԲրաճաճ րաօր Լէլլ,

our remarks on the Apostle of Ireland farther on, we can only direct attention to them here.

^c One and a-quarter miles from Carlow, in Queen's County. He was prelate over the principal parts of Leinster, appointed by Patrick.—See his poem and notes at end of this work.

STANZA CXX.

^a At present so piously ruled by the patriotic, zealous, and uncompromising Bishop Blake—the prop of Catholicity, and the bold asserter of Ireland's rights.

^b The name of the O'Carroll's territory, in Queen's County; he was son of Ængus, King of Munster, out of whose palace himself and his mother were turned, when young, took refuge in Queen's County, and was baptized by St. Colman, above stated. Or he may be, rather, Colman of *Aileagh*, spelled *Eile*, *E* for *A*, which is not unusual, even the Latin writers use the *slender* for the *broad*, and *vice versa*—thus, *maxume* for *maxime*, and Virgil *olli* for *illi*, in Æneid, book i., then by *apocope* of *ach*, we have *Eile*. This place was on either side of the present river Lagan, in the ancient country of the Dalriada, in the Diocess of Dromore. His feast is kept on the 6th of June. This was the greatest of the Colmans. This is treated of by us more closely elsewhere.—See Lanigan, who writes of Colman.

CXX.

Fursa, the son of Finton, son of Gilgeash,
 O'Brenan of Ardfert, of great sanctity,
 Colman Ely, and O'Brenan of Birra,
 That was seven years on a pilgrimage.

CXXI.

Conmara of the bay who surpassed in generosity,
 Friar O'Gara, that was a hermit,
 Mochua, Molua, Lactan, Benignus (*or Benin*),
 Bridget of Meath, and Gobeneta

CXXII.

Finan of Clonard and his clergy,
 Finan Felion (*whose grot was*) in Lough Lene,
 Finan of the Lakes, my *patron* saint,
 That brought from plague Iveragh safe with him.

Still as the name is coupled with Brennan of Birr, we think it might refer to a St. Colman of Eile, in Tipperary, as we find that the mountain, now called the *Devil's bit*, was formerly so denominated; and it was near that hill St. Brennan of Clonfert met Aodh of Munster to reconcile him and Aodh (Hugh) of Connaught. From the latter is the illustrious tribe name of *Keogh*. Let the general reader be here informed, that there were Pagan nuns in Ireland. Their residence at Tara was called *Cluan-fearta*, or *Corner of Graves*, as they were dead to the world. They were vestal virgins.

According to Mac Curtin, O'Brennan of Clonfert was descended from Fergus Mac Roigh, of the posterity of Ir. This may be; as elsewhere we showed that tribes of that name, of the lines of Heber, Heremon, and Ir, were, at a very early period, located in Connaught. According to the same authority, the above saint built the Church of Clonfert, A.D. 530. Wherever there are many of the same concerned in public matters, there will necessarily be a difficulty in distinguishing one man from another; especially if the residences of the persons be also of the same name. But in Ireland there were many *Clonferts* and *Ardferts* in Pagan and Christian times, and many Saints Brennan. The term *feart* implies either "miracle," "wonder," or "grave," and, consequently, Clonfert and Ardfert were common names before St. Patrick.—See *Historical Notes*.

CXXIII.

Հարիւր^a ր շարմրի Փա յա յ-ճէ՛ժե,
 Ան շ-Աճալի, ա՛յ Պա՛հ, 'ր ա Տիօրած Նաօմե՛ա,
 Ար b-բաճալծ ուլե ծօ մարտօմ առ-էրբե՛աճտ,
 Ա c-ժբիժօմ 'ր ա c-ժարտ ծ'ալրիօ՛հ ար Շաօճւիծ^b.

CXXIV.

Pater noster, cui er in coelis,
 Sic nomen tuum sanctificetur;
 Debita nostra peccata nā h-էլի՛ձ,
 Sed libra nos o tuile բէրե.

CXXV.

Ա՛նժ Պարա, շարիա բլե՛ն,
 Benedicita tū, Domihur tecum,
 Օրա բրօ_նօյր, ա ճարա յա h-էլի՛ձ,
 Nunc et semper 'ր ծօ չեճալմ էրբե՛աճտ.

STANZA CXXI.

^a See "Lives of the Saints," approved of by Very Rev. Dr. Meagher, P.P., Rathmines, for all the above names.

^b *The hermit*—an eminent saint. The O'Garas of Connaught are nearly extinct.

^c St. Bridget was of Meath by *birth*, hence he calls her միծե.

STANZA CXXII.

^a St. Finghin, Finian, or Florence, here mentioned, was the founder of the abbeys in Kerry; as of Derrynane (Derry Finan), Finan's ivied oak, of Ballinaskellig, of Church island Tarman's lake, and of Innisfallen. It is related, that through his intercession Iveragh was delivered from a plague. His memory is held in great veneration in that country. Every district and almost every distinguished family in Ireland had its household saint, whose protection was invoked in times of all emergencies. These are

CXXIII.

Let them pray, and I pray the God of gods,
 The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,
 All our sins to forgive together, [Gaodaliv.
 The faith and their right to pay back (*restore*) to the

CXXIV.

Our Father who art in heaven,
 Thus let thy name be blessed,
 Our debts in future don't demand,
 But deliver us from all pain.

CXXV.

Hail Mary, full of grace,
 Blessed art thou, the Lord is with thee,
 Pray for us, O faithful! (*O friend*) don't forsake us,
 Now and for ever, that I may obtain from you a hearing.

some of the saints enumerated here by our bard. The poet here calls Fineen "his saint," as being the Patron whose patronage the O'Connells invoked. Not long since Mr. Curry, in an interesting lecture, said much of St. Fineen.

STANZA CXXIII.

^a *Pray ye, and let me pray*—Here is the language of an ecclesiastic, exhorting, in the pathetic language of a pastor, his countrymen to place their only—all their hopes in heaven. In fact, we have never read more touching or sublime language than from stanza cix. to the end. With a holy violence he assails heaven, in the words of a prelate, who thought that, *de congruo*, he had a right to obtain relief for Ireland from her oppression.

^b *Gyeeshe is gyeeimshe dheea na nheke,
 On thahir, on mock, s a spirid neefa,
 Ur backa illay dho mogha on aynught,
 A gyreedoo s a gyart dyaseeuck er gyayliv.*

STANZA LIX.

The annexed stanza, which was not in our copy, we found in one in the Royal Irish Academy, and in another lent us by Mr. O'Daly, Anglesea-st. We cannot understand how it was omitted, but we are to presume, that the copyist not being inclined to believe the fact enunciated in it, thought he was justified in expunging it. Such a practice is highly unbecoming and most injurious to history. No transcriber should make verbal alterations, much less leave out entire passages. Can anything be more improper than such tampering with authors. Forsooth, because a scrivener finds a word or passage different from his own view, he has the impudence to erase what the author thought, and what was perhaps really a beauty. Public opinion must condemn such conduct.

* Ծա քլէ՛նք յիւ ծել՛ք ծաղիք շարձա,
 Ծ'ալէ՛նքօ՞ն օ 'ղ ե՛սր շւմ եւձէ՛ս քաօ՞նալա;
 Ծօ շօլքի՛ն քաօլ ե-քլիւ ծէձ՛ն աղղ զիղբեձէ՛տ,*
 Օ եկաձան յօ եկաձան ծաղիք 'ր ցալք ցաօնաւ.

"Forty and ten persons after death (50),
 He re-animated from death to this life!
 He raised nineteen men together,
 From year to year a person and five fifties (251)."

*Dhaw ighid er dhegh dhinne thar aysh ayga,
 Dhaghvye owen wawsh chum vaha seeultha,
 Dho ho-ig-shap nhee vir dhayug on ayun aeight,
 O vlyeeun gō vlyeeun dhinne s cooig ckaygoth.*

* This line means that he raised nine men who died at the same moment.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

IRELAND.

IRELAND had many names. The first was *Ἰνιρ νᾱ β-ῑοδ βοῑδε* (*veevee-e*), "*an island of the wilderness of wood.*" It received this name, about the year 2086, B.C., from a subject of Ninus, son of Belus, son of Nimrod. Ninus, as history tells, was ambitious of conquests and possessions. Hence his messengers were sent into all parts in search of such. When he explored this island he found it all covered with wood, except what is now called *Clontarf* (*ox field*), then *Maghnalta* (*plain of birds*), from the fact of its being the sunny resort of all sorts of birds to amuse themselves before the sun.

2nd. It was called "*Ἐνιοχ νᾱ βήρηνεαδᾱχα*" (*pro. creeugh na veenugha*), "*the end of nations,*" or of the world, it being the most western isle in the world.

3rd. A third name is "*Inis alga*" (*noble island*), which it had in the time of the Firbolg, or *Bagmen*, so called from carrying bags of clay in Greece, by way of oppression, to make them leave that country. A tribe in North America is termed "*Algonkin*" (*noble people*), *alga*, noble, *kiné*, tribe. Hence, we trace the common stock from the affinity in names. In fact, a large affinity exists between the original dialects of North America and the Celtic—see "*Voyage of Baron La Hontan to North America.*" It will be here noticed, the identity of the *αλῶα* and the Greek *αἰγλη*, *beautiful*.

4th name of our land is "*Eire.*" It was so called from Eire, a queen of the Tuatha de Danaans, or necromancers,

or little gods. She was the wife of Mac Grene, who was king of this island when the Milesians landed in it. Another author asserts that it was so called from "*Æria*," an old name of the island of Crete, now Candia. This appellation was given to Crete by the Gadelians, when they arrived in it from *Ægypt*, which they likewise called *Æria*.

5th name of Ireland is "*Fodhla*," from another queen of the Danaans; her husband was Mac Ceacht.

6th name of Ireland, "*Banba*," wife of Mac Coill, another king of the little gods. These queens were sisters, and were married, as above stated, to the aforesaid kings, who were likewise brothers. They ruled, in turn, for a year, and it was agreed that the island should be called after the name of the reigning monarch's queen during his year of supremacy. The reason why Ireland is oftener called Eire than Banba or Fodhla is this—Mac Greney, Eire's husband, ruled on the arrival of the Milesians.

7th. "*Inis fail*," or *island of destiny*, from the *Lia fail*, or *Saxum fatale*, as Boetius, in his "*History of Scotland*," calls it—the *fatal stone*. The Danaans brought it here from Denmark, from the city "*Falias*," called after it. It was said that this stone, whenever a monarch of Ireland was crowned on it, emitted a great noise and stirred, also that in whatever country it was kept there would certainly reign a monarch of the Milesian race. Hector Boetius writes—

"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum

Invement lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

"Unless the fixed decrees of fate give way,

The Scots shall govern, and the sceptre sway,

Where'er this stone they find, and its dread sound obey."

This stone was sent to Scotland that Feargus More might be crowned on it. There it remained until it was

translated to London, and placed under the coronation chair in Westminster abbey, in the reign of Edward I., who carried it away forcibly. Shortly after, one of the Stuart family succeeded to the throne of England, and thus was verified the saying of Boetius. Even the present Queen has some of the Stuart's blood in her veins. Time only can reveal if she be as faithless as most of that family proved themselves.

The assertion, that the Lia fail is still on Tara hill, was made for a purpose. What sincere historian believes it? Likely, indeed, that such a monument, possessing or not the wonderful enchantment attributed to it, would be allowed to remain either in Scotland or Ireland.

We should have observed, that the Danaans were of the race of Nemedius; they were for some time in Bœotia, in Greece, thence they went to Denmark and Norway, thence to the north of Scotland, thence to Ireland.

8th name of this country was *Ἰνιρ*, from *muc*, *pig*, *Ἰνιρ*, *island*, so called because the De Danaans, or gods of verses, as is related, agreed with the Milesians, that if they put to sea again and landed in spite of them they should yield to them, and the latter, having retired from the palace of Teamair, where the sons of Cearmada (Carmody) kept their court, went to their ships in Kerry, put to sea, whereupon the island assumed, through the aid of the necromantic art of the Danaans, the appearance of a hog's back. In the effort to struggle against the storm raised by diablerie, and to reach the land again, all the sons of Milesius, except Heber Fionn, Heremon, and Amergin, were drowned.*

* Lord Ross says, that the superstition of the people made them attribute to a supernatural agency what was natural. Hence he takes occasion to say, that of all nations the Irish were the most harmless in their worship.

The whole island was divided between Heremon, Heber Fionn, and Heber or Eimhir, the son of Ir. Heremon had Leinster and Connacht, Heber Fionn had Munster, and Heber had Ulster.

9th. The Milesians gave the island the appellation of Scotia, after their mother Scota, who was killed in battle, and buried in Glean Scoithin, or the Vale of Scota, on the north side of Sliabh Mis* (*fog mountain*).

10th. Another name of Ireland is Hibernia,† the Latin of *Heber inis*, or *island of Heber*. Heber Fionn, urged on by his ambitious wife, sought to be possessed of the greatest and best parts of the island. He fell a victim in a battle between himself and his brother in Gesial, near the Shannon, not far from the present Banagher. It might have derived this name from *Jnbhear nŋr*,‡ because of its beautiful estuaries or rivers—*Inbhear*, a *river's mouth*, and *inis*.

As to the names Juernia, Iuernia, Ierna, and Verna, they are only corruptions of Hibernia. Erin is but an extension of Eire, which was explained above. The term "Irin," given by Diodorus Siculus, is the same as Erin.

11th. The term "Ireland"§ may be thus accounted for—*Fonh Ju—fonh*, *land*, of Ir, as Ir was the first of the Milesians buried in it when his vessel was wrecked off the coast of Kerry.—(See "Book of Armagh," wherein the island is called "the grave of Ir.")

12th. It got the name "Ogygia" from Plutarch. It is

* We understand that human bones were lately found in a place called Glean Scoithin in Kerry. There is another Mis in Ulster.

† This is disputed, as Heber never ruled paramount, whereas Heremon did.—[See farther on.]

‡ "Invir innish."

§ Or *Ir*, *lan*—*lawn*. *Irlan*, the "d" is only euphonic, and "e" by epinthesis.

a Greek word, and means *Old land*, or *Ocean land*, the radices being $\Omega\gamma\eta\nu$, *ocean*, and $\gamma\eta$, *land*. Either signification is appropriate, as our island was peopled, comparatively speaking, soon after the flood, and most accurate accounts of it, from the earliest periods, have been preserved by antiquarians, chiefly in poetry, to prevent tampering with facts, it being nearly impossible to introduce or substitute other facts than those first recorded. Interpolation can easily be effected in prose, not in poetry. Again, "Ocean land" is peculiarly suited to this island, it being at the end of the world, in the ocean.

PATRIARCHS.

Noah was son of Lamech, Methusaleh was father of Lamech, Henoch begat Methusaleh, Jared was father of Henoch, Mahalaleel begat Jared, Cainan was father of Mahalaleel, Cainan was son of Enos, who was son of Seth, the son of Adam. All Cain's descendants were drowned; all who escaped the deluge were Seth's offspring. The space of time from Adam to the Flood was 1656, which an ancient poet thus testifies in this distich—

"Six hundred and a thousand years I count,
And fifty-six, I add, from Adam to the Deluge."

The age of each patriarch is as follows: Adam lived 930 years; Seth lived 912 years; Enos, 905 years; Cainan, 910 years; Mahalaleel, 895 years; Jared, 962 years; Enoch, 369 years; Methusaleh, 969 years; Lamech, 777 years; Noah, 950 years. Let me here call the attention of the reader to an interesting fact, that, in primitive languages, words were not made simply to be conventional signs of ideas, but were applied as a brief mystic history of the sense to be conveyed, and, as it were, a method of

artificial memory, when the use of letters was unknown. This is no theory: it is grounded on common sense, and consonant with our notion of divine benevolence. We have manifest evidence of it in the patriarchal names in the Hebrew, thus: Adam, *man*; Seth, *set*, or *placed*; Enos, *in misery*; Cainan, *lamentable*; Mahalaleel, *blessed God*; Jared, *shall come down*; Henoch, *teaching*; Methusaleh, *that his death will send*; Lamech, *to humble smitten man*; Noah, *consolation*. Clearly these words are not imposed arbitrarily, but as brief histories. The very same remark holds good as regards the Celtic; whole tribes and nations of it could be adduced in sustainment of the fact. To close this note: the descendants of Seth were strictly forbidden to marry into the offspring of the murderous Cain. Their not having long obeyed the divine command has left us an unmistakeable proof of God's anger against those who disobey him, and of his Almighty power to chastise evil-doers. He sent the Deluge which drowned all mankind, except Noah (who obeyed him); his wife, Cobha (Cowa); his sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet; their wives, Olla, Olivia, Ollivania. After the Flood had subsided, the three parts of the world were divided amongst Noah's sons, according to a poet of antiquity—

“ In Asia, Shem the sceptre swayed;
 In Africa, Ham and his descendants;
 The illustrious Japhet and his sons
 Of Europe took possession.”

Noah, having got drunk from the juice of the grape, was laughed at by Ham, who, when the father awoke, was cursed by him. Children, hence, are warned against, on any pretext, despising parents; and parents to guard against being the occasion of sin and its consequences to children; but Noah was excusable, as he knew not that the juice of the grape would intoxicate him.

STANZA III.

ԲԻՈՆՏԱՅԻՆ ԲԱԺ.—*Fiontan, the prophet.* It was told by some antiquaries, that, when the ark was being built, Bith, the father of Cæsar, applied for a room for the use of his daughter, Cæsar, and himself, and that being refused, he and Fiontan, his son-in-law, made a ship, and put to sea by the advice of an oracle to escape the divine wrath, that they came to Ireland, landed in it; that Fiontan alone survived. Here an argument presents itself to our mind against the theory of a *partial* or a mere *Armenian* deluge. If the deluge was not universal, God's aim would have been frustrated, as wickedness could get out of danger; because several could have done what fable attributes to the fabled Bith (Bee) and Fiontan: they could have emigrated from Armenia to distant lands, and thus have escaped the *partial* flood.

As to the legend about Fiontan, my author alludes to it simply as a link in his story of Irish matters, but of course looked on it as a mere popular fiction. He introduced it in the same manner as did the Psalter of Cashel. Poets and historians refer to incidents connected with their subjects, not that they believe or even respect them, but lest it might be thought they were ignorant of their existence. But it is a source of pain to a candid thinker to find, that the enemies of truth and the calumniators of our creed and country take an undue advantage of what has been used by our writers, as a mere link, to make it a ground of charging us with superstition and ignorance. As regards the fabled Fiontan, the lying Giraldus Cambrensis, or Gerald Barry, an illegitimate son of Henry I., has given the grossest fictions, to bring into disrepute the calendar of Irish saints. Barry exerted his foul pen to make it appear that Fiontan was the same as Tuam, the son of Carrill,

or according to some old writers, Caoilte—Kielty—Mac Ronain, who was three hundred years old when St. Patrick came to Ireland, and who gave much information to the Great Apostle of the Irish, and became a convert. But no book of Irish antiquities or old manuscript ever mentioned Fiontan under either name. Hence it is clear that Cambrensis, the malignant traducer of our old land, confused the names to serve his work of falsehood. That there was such a man as Tuam there are tenable grounds for asserting. Doctor Hanmer also has vented his virulent spirit in attempting to blacken our character, in connexion with Fiontan. It is pitiable to be obliged to be vindicating our nation from the vile aspersions of persons who make a living by cobbling together facts and fictions to compose what they call a history, and as they know, that the deadlier the venom they spew upon Irish affairs, the more numerous and richer will be their supporters, so they will be sure not to spare the brush. Hanmer would make the world believe that the Gadelians had a great veneration for Fiontan, whom he calls Roanus, who preserved himself during the deluge; lived 2000 years after it; met St. Patrick, told him the transactions of many ages, was baptised, and in a year after died. No doubt, the legendary writers spoke of Fiontan as a great prophet, but no respectable historian mentions him in any other light than as a proof that they knew the fable about him. They recorded the fact as we do, not crediting it. Now of all this stuff of Hanmer's there is not a word in any antiquary or manuscript of authority. It is a known characteristic of English writers to seek to raise the character of their own by blackening the antiquities of the Irish nation. In the attempt they too often expose their own ignorance, which has allowed them to give several

names to the same man, as in the case of Fiontan. The reader who would know more of the romance alluded to must consult Doctor Keating's "History of Ireland," who has plainly shown, that the whole tale with regard to the Antediluvian is opposed to the Word of God, not supported by any respectable authority, and invented at first only to please the superstitious, vulgar and low-minded.

STANZA VII.

(De). The giants were descended of Cham, or Ham, whose son was Chus, father of Nimrod, who spent forty years erecting a tower to defy the power of God. What evils, by the apparently trifling sin of laughing at a father, did not the foolish Ham entail on his posterity and himself. All that came of him were wicked, and propagated wickedness. What terrible instances of the divine displeasure at vice have we not in the criminal cities of Babylon, Ashur, Ninive, Sidon, Sodom, and Gomorrha—founded by the Hamites. From Adam to the building of Babel there was but one tongue. This universal language Irish scholars call "Gortiyern." It is called "Lingua humana" by Latin writers. Greek scholars call it *ὁμογλωσσα*, *anglice* "homoglot." After Nimrod had laid the foundations deep into the bosom of the earth, had built the tower high, and even above the clouds, as it is written, God caused a confusion of languages. This confusion of tongues is thus recorded, Gen. xi. 7, 8: "Come ye, therefore, let us go down, and there confound their tongue, that they may not understand one another's speech." And so the Lord scattered them from that place into all lands, and they ceased to build the city. The site of the building was Shenar, and according to Bellarmine took place 242 years after the flood. The above-named has in

his chronicle stated, that it was in the year of the world, 1856, Ninus, son of Belus, began his reign. This is according to the Hebrew computation, which Bellarmine follows, 1656 from the beginning of the world to the deluge; to this we must add forty-two years of Ninus' reign, that being the number spent before Feniusa Farsa began his school on the plains of Shenar. Here he continued for twenty years until he had the college thoroughly organized and until its fame had spread far and wide. He then went to Scythia and established schools, and appointed Gadel, son of Eathor, as their President. After that he commanded the President to adjust and digest the Irish language into five dialects, viz., the Poetic, Historic, Fenian, Theban (or Physicians' language), and Common. Hence it is clear that it is called Gaelig from Gael, who digested it. Others derive the name Gaodilig from "גאד," *wanderers*, *Ell*, *folk*, and *גאד*, *voice*, it being the language of the *Gadelians*, or migratory people. Niul, the son of Feniusa, called his son by Scotsa, daughter of Pharaoh Cingeris, Gael or Gaeyal, out of affection and respect for the great linguist, who taught him the Irish language. We should have said before this, that the Hebrew language was retained by Heber, son of Sale, the fourth in descent from Shem, and from him it was called *Hebrew*. Heber was permitted to preserve the original language, because he was opposed to building the temple, and sought to dissuade his wicked brethren from doing so.

STANZA XVI.

From this passage one would be led to infer that it was Niul founded the university in Magh Shenaar, but when the poem was written the author of it was young, perhaps

35 years, and as being of the Heremonian line, the ancient O'Connells, he puts forward a grand ancestral name instead of that of Fenius. Besides, when Fenius was president over the schools for twenty years, he returned north-eastward to his native Scythia, and left the supremacy of them to Niul, and constituted Gadel, or Gael, the president, who was the practical one all along. Bellarmine, in his chronicle, states that Ninus, grandson of Nimrod, was sole monarch of the universe when Farsaidh* came to Shenar to learn the Hebrew language from Heber, the fourth in descent from Shem. It was whilst he was establishing the seat of learning in this south-western plain that Niul was born. Before he left Scythia he sent seventy-two scholars, with others to take their places in case of death, to learn all the languages of the world, with strict orders not to return until they understood them thoroughly. This he did, evidently for the purpose of establishing the nursery of learning in his native country; but it would seem as if Providence intended otherwise—that enlightenment might proceed from the very quarter whence crime overspread the land. The fact of Niul's birth in the plain, added to the royal father's love of the Hebrew tongue, caused Fenius to build the schools where he was, that not only himself, but his young son, might be perfected in a knowledge of it. What an anxiety did not this primitive king exhibit to educate his son! How highly he appreciated learning and the moral training of the young prince! He absented himself for twenty years from his throne and kingdom, which he entrusted to the care of his elder son, Nenuall. He preferred knowledge and the careful education of his son to the blandishments of the court, and

* *Farsee*.—Fear, *man*, saidh (see), *knowledge*—so that the name denotes “learned man.”

the mere bauble—a crown. Here parents have a grand lesson as regards the duty they owe to their children, especially whilst young, until habits are formed and virtues matured. In this passage we also can appreciate the innate love of learning in Clan na Gael. The same love of languages and sciences has floated down to us from the source which sprung up in Shenar. The stream of knowledge, though often impeded in its way, has forced its passage like a torrent that *would* not be checked, and, despite every effort to divert it from the natural channel, it has reached us, and has, by its genial influence, pre-eminently distinguished Irishmen in all the walks of literature.

It should be stated that Shenar, where the college was founded, was near a city called Athens. This circumstance induced some writers, ignorant of our language, to state that the Gadelians came from Greece, as *the celebrated* city of that name is in Greece, and as Gael, the linguist, was of the posterity of Gomer, son of Japhet. Now this is a manifest mistake. For whether the Irish were called after the *Linguist* or after the prince, the fact stands—that our great ancestors came direct from Asia: because the two *Gaels* lived in that country, and we have no account of the *Linguist's* offspring whilst we have irrefragable evidence of the migration of Gadelas, son of Niul, and his posterity.

It was about 200 years after the Deluge that the reign of Ninus commenced; in the forty-second year of his reign, Farsa became president of his college; this was about the year 1898 of the Creation. Ninus died, A.M., 1908, ten years after the organization of the University. This was the first nursery of learning in the world. Hence it is evident that Scythia first lighted the lamp of know-

ledge, and her king gave permanent shape to literature. Farsa continued in the plain ten years after the death of Ninus, A.M., 1918; 788 before the Milesian monarchy in Ireland; 2088, B.C.* It was the learned Scythian king, aided by Gael and Gar Mac Neava (Mac Nevin), that devised the letters of what are called alphabets, not of course as perfect as we have them at this day.

After the death of his father the sceptre came to Nenual, who was the elder and who was trained to sway it; the only inheritance left to Niul being the emolument from the schools and from his learning. And a rich inheritance it was, and well he merited it. His fame as a scholar and a philosopher reached all quarters; and multitudes from the surrounding nations flocked to get instructions under him and to pay him their respects. Even Pharaoh Cingeris, the king of Egypt, the oppressor and taskmaster of the Hebrews, came to visit the great *Ollav*. He invited him to his country. The invitation was accepted. He got Scota, the king's daughter, in marriage; built schools and colleges in Caperchiroth on the coast of the Red Sea. Here, again, is seen the wisdom of Providence: the descendants of Heber are relieved by Niul, the progenitor of the Gael. His father learned, from their predecessors, the Hebrew language, which he prized and had engraved on plates of wood—as Cianfodhla, who wrote in the time of Columbcille, states.

All this time we have not a record of one good thing, on the contrary, everything bad, on the part of the offspring of wicked Cham, who mocked his father Noah. How beautifully in these incidents is the working of Divine

* There is a difference of a great many years between the Greek and Irish chronicles; even Greek annalists differ from each other, as do the Latins.

Providence developed. The offspring of Shem and Japhet, who revered their parent, are secretly influenced from on high to reciprocate kindness and benefits. Gadel, son of Eáthoir (Eehor), son of Gomer, who was of Japhet—after a tour in Greece, to learn its language—aids the Scythian monarch, who was the fourth from the same Japhet, to erect immense literary-lighted lamps, whose effulgence would overspread the globe, whose genial rays were to shed their halo over every land, and were to brighten up a darkened horizon.

Scripture informs us that Moses led the Hebrew people out of the land of Egypt, in the time of Pharaoh, father-in-law of Niul.

STANZA XIX.

This people, though at that time the only true worshippers of the one God, being sorely oppressed, is an evidence to show the false reasoning of modern evangelizers, who assert that if Ireland had the true faith, and had the Bible more generally taught amongst the *priestridden* and *benighted Papists*, she would be rich and prosperous as England. The Egyptians and their king were rich, learned, and powerful, though they blasphemed Jehovah, and cruelly persecuted his faithful people, whose leader, Moses, gave to posterity the Pentateuch, the only Bible the Jews at first had. But facts and arguments seldom prevail when the love of *mammon* and prejudice have pre-occupied the heart. The traffickers in *souls* know that Roman Catholics read, love, and teach the Bible under authority. Even the law of the land is expounded under the guidance of the judges. That is common sense.

Some fancied a difficulty in making Niul contemporary with Moses, but there can be none whatever. From

the deluge to the leadership of Moses, who took upon him the command of Heber's descendants, there was a space of 997 years. The seeming difficulty vanishes, when we consider the duration of man's life at that early period. Heber, the son of Sale, the fourth from Shem, lived 464 years, Shem lived 500 years after the birth of his son Arphaxad. (See 11th chap. of Genesis.) Hence it is not to be wondered, if Niul, the fifth from Japhet, lived from the forty-second year of the reign of Ninus to the days of the dark bondage of the Hebrews. Marianus Scotis, a writer of weight, states, that the confusion of languages did not take place until 331 years after the flood, and there are the most authentic records to prove that Niul was not born until long after the confusion. The very fact of his father having sent Literati to travel to collect the seventy spoken dialects, attests that the birth of this prince could not have occurred for a great interval after Babel. For it was when Farsaoid came to learn the original tongue, then kept only in Heber's race, that Niul was born at Shenar. Wherefore it is quite easy of credence, that Moses and Niul were contemporaries.

How wonderfully a population springs up in a short time. Moses, as we are told, led with him across the Red Sea, 600,000 men, able to bear arms, besides old men, women, and children, and this, though a very few years only elapsed since Joseph first went there. Of these Joshua and Caleb were the only persons who reached the promised land; but a numerous generation sprang up during the sojourn in the wilderness. Of the number of Pharaoh's host, a poet, writing on his being overwhelmed by the waters, says—"They cover all his host, and in their course, sweep away 60,000 foot, and 50,000 horse."

This disaster happened to the Egyptians 997 years after the deluge. Niul, who by the advice of Moses had put to sea, fearing the displeasure of his father-in-law for having aided the Israelites with provisions and other necessities, having observed from his ships the end of Pharaoh, returned to land, reigned, for some time before his death, admired by all as an amiable and a learned monarch, and a brave warrior. Gadelas, his son, succeeded him and took his mother, Scotas, into a share of the government. Gadelas was eighty years old when he ascended the throne of his father. He was the sixth in descent from Japhet, he was the seventh from Noah, and the fifteenth from Adam. It was Dathe, the sixteenth from Sru, who was the second from Gadelas, that came to Spain, as the antiquities of Ireland certify. It is wrong to assert that this Gadelas ever came from Greece to Spain or elsewhere. He lived and died in the territory ruled over by his father. But Pharaoh an Tiur, *of the tower*, some years after, upon ascending the throne of his father, Cingeris, wishing to repair the loss sustained in the destruction of the Egyptian army, set about recruiting his forces to the end of expelling the Scythians, whose power he began to dread, and of avenging the catastrophe that befel his father. When he had completed and marshalled his army he proceeded towards Caperchiroth, which he entered with fire and sword. Walsingham gives us this fact, though in doing so he states what was not a fact, as we shall prove. These are his words in English: "The Egyptians being overwhelmed by the Red Sea, such of them as survived expelled a Scythian noble, that lived amongst them, lest he should seize the crown. He and his family [meaning all his people] came to Spain, where he and his progeny lived for many years. There they were greatly multiplied, and

thence they came to Ireland." Writers, unacquainted with our antiquities, because of their ignorance of our language, and their consequent incapacity to read and explore the native Annals—unable to go up to the source or spring, content themselves with a passing draught from the impure bucket of any libeller, whose statements he takes as genuine, whilst the author, upon whose authority he ventures to give facts to the world, was as careless, and as incompetent as himself to have recourse to the pure fountain.

Hector Boetius also had the temerity to assert, that it was Gadelas himself who was driven out of Egypt and made the expedition of which we are writing; the fact being, that it was Sru, the grandson of Gadelas, that went to Candia or Crete. This island, being so near Greece, has led many into the error of believing that the latter country was the place whence the Milesian colony came. They confounded, as was already observed, Gadel or Gael, the *Linguist*, who was professor of the Greek language in Farsa's University—who reduced to system the Celtic tongue and who, as must be presumed, nothing to the contrary appearing, lived and died in Shenaar—with Gadelas, who, as was also stated, was called after the professor, by Niul, through respect and affection for his tutor. To trace clearly the colony of Milesius, the above fact must be kept in view. Wherefore, it is hoped that pardon will be granted to us if we seem to repeat ourselves. Brevity, much though it is to be admired, must be avoided, when doubted or obscure points are to be elucidated.

In Dr. Patrick's *Ancient Geography*, p. 87, Cellarius, we find an account of the city of Phasis, at the mouth of a river of the same name; also Dioscurias at the mouths

of the rivers Charistus, Cyaneus, and Hyppus, built by "Milesiorum Colonia" [his own words]. This latter city was rich in commerce "Mercatu dives;" called Sebastopol, "Sebastopolis dicta" [not the modern city of that name in the Crimea] which Ptolemæus makes the end of the Colchic coast. North of this was Asiatic Sarmatia; N. W. of that again was European Sarmatia. The Tanais, *hodie Don*, which rises out of a lake on the north of the latter, runs between both, and empties itself into Palus Mœotis or Sea of Azoph. The above is a respectable authority in sustainment of the fact, that the Gadelians, of whom was Golay or Milesius, came not *from* Greece, though it might be said they came *through* it—but from Scythia. They sailed down the Caspian Sea from the north to the mouth of the river Cyrus, *hodie* Kur, into which the Alazon and Aragus on the north, the Araxes and other tributaries on the south, flowed, and rendered it navigable. This river runs south of Albania, quite through Iberia, whence, it is probable, Ireland was called "Ibernia or Hibernia," owing to the similarities the Gadelians observed in both countries, though we have preferred the derivation from "Heber." From what we have said, it is plain they travelled by Albania through Iberia, thence by the narrow pass of the "Moschici Montes," where they met the beautiful, majestic, navigable *Phasis*, upon whose noble waters they sailed up northward until they came to the Euxine or Black Sea. This was reckoned by the ancients one of the largest rivers of Asia. (See Pliny, 10, 48, Martial, 13, Strabo, 11, Mela, 1, 19, Paus, 4, 44.) It flowed through Colchis, whose king was Æetia, mentioned by Justin, and who, to obtain the golden fleece, killed Phryxus, who had fled, as is fabled, to his court on a golden ram. It is rendered celebrated by the Argonautic expedition to

regain the golden fleece. The Argonauts, according to tradition, saw on its banks large birds, some of which they caught, and it is said this is the origin of "pheasant."

So much danger did the Argonauts experience in their passage on this river, that dangerous voyages have been proverbially termed "sailing to the Phasis."

Upon the arrival of the Milesian emigrants at its mouth they built a very large city, "*Perampla urbs*," as Cellarius calls it, which was named Phasis, a little north of the ancient Sebastopol, another town which they built. It is said by Doctor Keating, that this colony continued a long time in Cappadocia, the country of the Amazons. The route we have assigned them, brought them directly from Scythia to it, that land of female warriors being exactly due south-west of the Moschici, *aliter* Meschichi montes.

We are here to observe, lest we might not hereafter think of the matter—that many of our modern writers animadvert very unkindly on the erudite Keating, though some of them borrow largely, if not wholly, from his history. When we consider the state of geographical education, and of the art of delineation and mapping 200 years ago, at the time he wrote, we will not be much surprised at his error, great though it was. For it was impossible that the Gadelians could take shipping in the Tanais, or Don, a river rising north of European Sarmatia, and forming almost the whole boundary of Sarmatia Asiatica, having a vast extent of country between it and the Caspian, lying very far to the west of Scythia Antiqua. It must be kept in view, that Sarmatia Antiqua did not extend far north, as will be seen by referring to an ancient map. Had it been written that our noble ancestors travelled over land to the Tanais, and then took to ships and sailed to Palus Mæotis or Sea of Azoph, we could understand the asser-

tion, though we could not think, that prudent adventurers would take a *land* route through an unknown country.*

Herodotus fell into a like mistake, having written in 4th book, 45 and 100 chap., that the Tanais divided Europe and Asia, and was one of the rivers of Scythia, the fact being, that *that* Tanais did not at all touch on it. Whether the Jaxartes, emptying itself into the Caspian, N.E., was anciently called also Tanais or not, is in this place of little value, as evidently it was wholly in Asia. But Herodotus was never in Sarmatia Antiqua, and was led into mistakes in his views of Scythia by giving facts on hearsay and in prejudice. So much was he a hater of the Scythians, that he gives the grossest calumnies of them, and calumnies, which are opposed to the best authorities. This he did, because they overran Greece. He made the Mæotis and *Tane* one and the same thing, though that river has its source S.W. of the Valdai hills, 800 miles N.W. of Azof. He was entirely ignorant of the Rha or Volga. Even *Rha* or *Ra*, now the Volga, nearer to Scythia than the *Don*, is still at a distance from it, and disgorges itself into the Caspian Sea. The name, as an appellative or significant term, denotes, in the Sclavonian or Sarmatian tongue, "*river*," that is "*the great river*;" and the word "*Volga*" is derived from Russian terms "*Velika Reka*," great river, which flows from a lake, south of the Hyperborean mountains (the Valdai hills) in Russia or Muscovy. The approximation of the Tanais to the Volga, before the former changes its course to the *Palus Mæotis*, led many authors into the erroneous opinion, that it was but an emanation or branch of the Rha or Volga.

The Gadelians embarked from an island in the Caspian

* See foot note on Stanza 16.

with three ships, in each of which there were sixty men, and every third man had a wife. In their passage down the Cyrus, now the river Kur, by Albania, through Iberia and *Colchis*, they encountered great dangers, as did, in the same passage, the Argonauts, mentioned before, owing to the rocks which were in the bed of the river, especially at the junction of *Phasis* or *Foaz* with the *Kur*, between the "Moschici Montes." These difficulties made Gollamh (*Gollay*), in Latin *Milesius* (rectius *Miles*), consult Cacier, sometimes written Cathier,* a learned Druid or priest. This prophet told them that a western island was their final destination. The name Cahier, or Keigher, corruptly, Carr, is very common in Ireland. Cahier was the son of Heber and nephew of Adnoin, and grandson of Tait, great grandson of Agnamon, who was of Beogannon, the son of Heber Scot, the warrior, who was the great grandson of Gadelas, who was the great grandson of Feinusa, after whom the Irish Militia were called Feni or Fionna Eireinn, and not after Fionn, son of Cumhall, that body having existed before the latter. Cathier, it would appear, was a term usually applied to some of the learned amongst the Gadelians. Lough Chaghier near Ballyhanus, Mayo, was called after him.

In the 25th verse of Bishop O'Connell's poem occurs the word "Carbin;" it might mean a city, north of Cappadocia, near the mountains, called in Greek "*Καβείρα*," Latin "Cabira," Irish "*Caibhir*," in which city Mithridates, King of Pontus, erected a basilisk. This city was named "Diopolis" by Pompey. It must be near this that the Gadelians encountered some of their dangers. It was remarkable for Orgies in honour of their Divinities, who were called "*Cabiri*" (vide Strabo). Hence the name of the city. Their system of worship, which was

* Pronounced "Caheer."

barbarous and inhuman, was introduced from "*Cabiri*," mountains of Phrygia, where it was first practised. These are supposed to be the same with the Corybantes, priests of Cybele; they were also called "*Galli*." Whenever they sacrificed, they furiously cut their arms with knives. Hence frantic persons are denominated "*Gallantes*." The Corybantes were so called from "*Koppvteiv*," *to butt with the horns*, and "*Baiveiv*," *to walk*, as they used to strike with their heads like cattle, as they walked.

Having witnessed such a demon class of beings, it is not to be wondered, that the Milesians began to tremble and to devise how best they could escape. It may be presumed, that these travellers, like the "*Æneads*," may have left persons behind them in some places. This being so, history has shown us how quickly a numerous offspring arose. These in themselves may be deemed branch colonies from the main stream, in its course to this country. Might not the Crutheni or Cretheni, who came to Ireland, be a colony of them.

STANZA XXII.

(1st line.) The note on this verse should have been earlier, but the thread of the previous subject hindered it. It was not *Gadelas* but *Sru*, as previously stated, who was driven out of Egypt by Pharaoh *an tuir*, that got this name, we are to suppose from having erected a large tower, which answered the two-fold purpose of *Fire worship*, in honor of Belus, adored in Shenaar as a God, and as a light-house for sailors coming to Egypt. Pharaoh Cingeris had instituted in his country the "*Baal*" worship. Wherever the Gadelians went, they established it, as they did in Ireland. The "*Ṭúrr tēpe*,"* *Fire towers*,

* Pro. "*Thoor thinny*." That these towers might have been, in after times, used as "*Ṭíōte cluīō*," "*bell houses*," is another question.

or *Round towers*, as they have been called, were built for that purpose. That this was their use is so clear, we shall not waste time or argument to disprove the modern theory of one or two writers, who, though they may be well intentioned, do occasionally tamper, without due authority, with our venerable antiquities. Such authors think, that speculation is an agreeable game to attract attention. The Gadelians steered for Greece to make better preparations for their long journey, than they could possibly have done in Egypt, being obliged to fly from it. It will be remembered, that this was not their route direct to Spain but to Scythia.

STANZA XXIII.

(2nd line.) We must here infer, that it was in right of Gadel, the Professor, Athens is in this verse asserted to be Sru's. We can see no other claim he had to it. This Gadel was Gomer's son. He came from Greece to assist in founding the Scythian University, and digested the Celtic language, called after him $\Sigma\alpha\omicron\delta\lambda\gamma$. Both Gadel's were relatives. The reader will please not lose sight of this fact, that there was another city of Athens near Shenaar. Keating gives this on undoubted authority.

As these lines are by way of notes, it cannot be expected, that there will be such close consecutive connexion of facts and details as can be in a regular history. The matter of a former stanza may demand of us to narrate what, in point of time and a particular locality, should follow. However, we shall keep to the order of dates and places as much as possible.

Heber, the seventh from Gael or Gadel, his own sons, Cathier and Cing (Quin), with the sons of Agnon, are the six leaders to visit Scythia. Whereas we must

take it as a postulate, that the expedition must have been entirely by water, for the sake of the greater safety—the ships being only three, the crew being altogether but 180 men, and sixty women. We are to say, that from the Caspian they entered the river Kur, south of the *Moschici montes*, so called after Moschek, or, as the ancient writers call him, Moschoh—one of Japhet's sons. Here having crossed a dangerous defile, on the south-west of which they saw the terrible worshippers of the Cabiri, or *Καβίρη*, whom Bochart considered to be Jupiter and Bacchus, and of whom Sir Walter Raleigh speaks, when writing of the Samothracian deities, they met the majestic river, Phasis. Some writers of authority make the countries—through which we have presumed to mark the route of the Gadelians—to have been a part of south-western Scythia, the modern Circassian country, south of the Caucasus. Cellarius, in his description of towns, places, and mountains, gives weight to this belief. It was physically impossible for Heber and his followers to take any other way by *water*. Moreover, there are not, were not, such mountains as those called Rhiphean (*vide* Lemprière), and though Cellarius marks them as lying south-west of the Volga, to the north of the Don, yet he does not give that river as issuing from them, whilst at the same time he has painted the river as proceeding from west of the *fancied* hills near *Alannus mons*, which is situated south of a lake, whence the Rha or Volga, according to Cellarius, issues. Hence it is clear that the *Moschici montes* were these towards which they sailed.

We are inclined here to correct a mistake into which ancient geographers made us fall in a former note. According to a large map of Europe, published by Chambers, the Volga has its source in lake Seligher, south-west at

the Valdai hills, and empties itself into the Caspian. The *Don*, or *Tanais*, rises, not from a lake, but in the interior of Russia, about 120 miles south-east from Moscow. A canal about forty miles long connects it with the Upa that joins the Oka, goes northward until it meets the Volga at Nisnenovogorod, and the Don.

From all that has been said, it is, we think, clear that the Moschici montes were those towards which the Gadelians steered their course.

Again, if even it were possible to go along by a river to the assumed Gothland, let us see how far it would be wise to venture through so extensive a country, and with so small a force—180 men. Would it not be worse than madness to undertake so hazardous an enterprise? Besides what could have induced them to think of so distant a country and through such wild and inhospitable regions? Whereas, on the contrary, Cathier prophesied—and the Gadelians had great confidence in their druids—that a rich western land was their destination; but the other route was northward. Hence we are inclined to say, that the Gothi, named in the Book of Invasions, and by the accomplished Doctor Keating, was a territory north of Pontus, or the Euxine Sea, which was occupied by the Visigoths, and who called their adopted country *Gotha*, after their native country, or Sclavonia. Just as the Gadelians are sometimes called Celts, from the word *Cal*, which means *to remain*, because when some migrated, those who stopped in *the native soil* were denominated *Celt*, or *settlers*, and in process of time the wanderers got the name above-mentioned. New England, in America, is an evidence of a colony having been named after the parent country, as was Brittany after the parent Great Britain. O'Flaherty, in the "*Ogygia*," says the *Getæ* were called *Goths*. And,

indeed, from what we can learn of the manners and customs of the tribes on the north-eastern coast of the Euxine, as well as in Circassia, we are apt to come to the conclusion that there is a great similarity, if not an identity, between the Irish and these noble tribes. Their aspirations for liberty, their hatred of oppression, and their generous disposition attest the fact. The invincible Dahee, at the mouth of the Danube, are of the same race. By a close perusal of our history we have found, that the *Dahee* on the east, and the *Morini* on the west of Europe, the most terrible enemies to the usurping arms of the Cæsars and of Rome, were of Scythic origin.

In this country Heber Glunfionn (Glennan) was born; he was the son of Laivfionn (Lavin); of Glunfionn (Glooneen), came Eivric, of him came Nenual, of whom was Nuagat, son of Alloee, of Earcay, son of Deaghfhatha (Daha) son of Braha. Hence, perhaps, the *Dahi*, alluded to at the end of the eighth book of the *Æneid*. The opinion is, that they remained in Gothia 150 years; thence they proceeded down towards Byzantium, *hodie* Constantinople; into the Mediterranean, by Thrace; through the Grecian islands, by Scylla of the Mermaids, who were no other than women with enchanting voices, that induced sailors and voyagers to give themselves up to criminal pleasures. Against their evil influence Cahier guarded the Gadelians by telling them to stuff their ears with wax, so as that they could not hear them. By this means they escaped them. Calchas caused the sailors of Ulysses to do the same. Braha, the eighth from Heber of the *White knee*, gave name to Braganza, in Portugal. This Heber was grandson of Agnon, son of Tait, the seventh from Gael, son of Niul, son of Farsa, son of Baath, son of Magog, who was son of Japhet, who was of Noah, the ninth from Adam.

ΟΙΖÉ, ΥΙΖÉ, ΒΗΑΗΤΑΗ, and Κατζίη* were the four chiefs, that accompanied Braha to Spain. On landing they had but fourteen married couples in each ship and six armed men. They sailed along the coast to make their observations, and finding that part now called Gallicia, in the Bay of Biscay, suitable to their object, they landed in it. The inhabitants were, according to the best authorities, amongst others Josephus, the posterity of Tobal, or Tubal, son of Japhet. These they defeated in many battles; but a plague shortly after cut them almost all away. However the survivors multiplied wonderfully; and Golav, son of Bilé, eldest son of Brogan, son of Braha, displayed great powers as a warrior, and was therefore called *Milé Easpaine* (Miles or Milesius), Spanish warrior. *Miles*, or *the Soldier*, whose fame was now farspread, anxious to pay a visit to his relations in Scythia, collected some youths—the flower of Spain—got them on board thirty ships, took to the Mediterranean, sailed towards Sicily, thence to Crete—probably to pay a visit to the friends they left there—then northwards by the Archipelago, the Egean Sea, then by the Dardanelles, or Hellespont, to the straits of Constantinople, or Bosphorus, across the Euxine to the river Phasis, eastwards towards Colchis, the Moschician mountains, the river Cryrus or Kur, through Iberia into the Caspian, that part of Scythia for which they were bound being on the east of it. The inference clearly flowing from history, and circumstances have caused us to make the above place the cradle of the great progenitors of the Irish. It was a district of what is now designated “Independent Tartary.” The vast territory now known by the appellation of Eastern and Western Tartary, was so denominated by the Chinese. The latter looked on all others than themselves *contemptible*, and in Eastern language the monosyllable “Tar”

* Ogay, Iggay, Mantun, Caheer.

signifies *contempt*. Hence *Tar, Tar*, a double noun, being their form of a superlative degree, as indeed it was of almost every primitive tongue, denotes *most contemptible*. Thus we say in Irish *εριον, εριον, most heavily, or most grievously*.

Miles was most heartily welcomed by his relative, *Rifloir*. In course of time the king becoming jealous of *Milesius'* popularity, the latter with his attendants put to sea, and having returned by the same route westward, they voyaged until they arrived at the mouth of the Nile, in Egypt. Thereupon *Miles* sent a message to Pharaoh *Nictonibus* to say that he had landed in his country. He was invited to court, welcomed, and land assigned to him. *Don* and *Aireach*, his sons by *Seang*, daughter of *Rifloir*, who died in *Scythia*, were amongst his followers to Egypt. In this country our warrior, having rendered such services to Pharaoh against his enemies, got *Scota*, the king's daughter, in marriage. The Book of Invasions says that he called her *Scota*, because himself was of the *Scythic* race. Whilst here she had by him two sons, *Heber Fionn* and *Amergin (Avereen)*. For the purpose of introducing arts and sciences into Spain, he placed twelve of the most talented youths he had with him, for seven years, with the best professors of Egypt, whither *Niul* had formerly introduced literature. At the expiration of that time he embarked his body of people on board sixty ships, having bid a farewell to his father-in-law. In a short time he arrived in *Biscay*, and having learnt from the people there how they were harassed in his absence by the barbarous *Goths*, he assembled an army, gained fifty-four victories, and subdued the enemy. Thus himself and the children of *Brogan* had undisturbed possession of the greater part of Spain. We have no authority to state, positively, who

had the southern part of it. However we can fairly assume that it was possessed by Mauretania. We might here remark that the theory of some, who think that *Gætulia*, in Africa, was the land which the Scythians visited and not *Gothland*, is untenable: for this reason, that Gætulia was south of Mauretania and the Carthaginian territory, and shut in from the Atlantic by the mountain of that name, and from the Mediterranean. Had it been on the coast of Africa there might be some ground for the supposition. Nor does the fact of Dido having got a maritime tract from Iarbas militate against our position: for the place she got was not called Gætulia, but *Byrsa*. We have assigned a reason before why we thought the *Gothland* which they sailed to, was that of the *Visigoths*, north of the Euxine. We are borne out still farther in this opinion, because we find, that the army of Darius nearly perished between the rivers Ister, now *the Danube*, and the Tyras, *the Dniester*. Strabo says that a tribe of the Scythians lived here, they were called *Gætæ*, these were also named *Goths*—see “Strabo,” 7; “Sil,” 2, 61; “Stat,” 2; “Lucan,” 2, 95. This tribe of Scythians were most formidable in battle; they despised life from their belief in the immortality of the soul, which they learned from Zenolxis.

After Milesius had driven out the Slavonian Goths and Vandals, or *wanderers*, he found the country wasted from famine, plague, and war—three terrible scourges. The Spanish chiefs hereupon take counsel as to what was their best plan, under existing circumstances, and they agree that Ith (ēē), son of Brogan (Broan), a chief, valiant, intelligent, and learned in all the sciences, was to go, and to take observations of Ireland. At Brogan (Broan) tower, in Gallicia, in the north of Spain, they arranged this enterprise; Bilé presided at the above council.

Since the time of Eochy Mac Earc—the last king of the Firbolgs, married Tailte, daughter of Mamore, the King of Spain—there existed an intercourse between the countries. Hence it is evident, that because of their mutual commerce in their interchange of commodities, Spain and Ireland knew each other before the time of Ith (Ee). Having reached the island he enquired its name, and the name of its ruler. He was told the country was called Inis Ealga, *beautiful island*, and that the three sons of Carmoda Milveul (Mullvil), *honey-mouthed*, reigned each a year on turn; and that they were then in Illeach* Neid, in Ulster, disputing about their ancestors' treasures. He went to the sons of Carmody, told them he did not intend remaining in their country, that he was to return to Spain. From his wisdom, which they felt from his remarks, they appointed him judge. He recommended them to make three equal parts of the wealth. He advised them to live in peace, adding, that their country abounded in everything calculated to confer happiness, that it was enough for the three, though it were divided evenly between them. He eulogised its air and its many other advantages. The young princes, fearing from the praise that Ith (Ee) bestowed on the island, he might, if permitted to go away, come back with a great fleet and take possession of it, despatch 150 men in pursuit of him. He brought up the reere of his men, and was killed on a plain named after him *Magh Ith (Mayee)*. It was Mac Coill who pursued and wounded him. He died at sea; but his followers brought his body to Spain for interment, as above all things, it is agreed, amongst all historians, that the Scythic race had the greatest veneration for their chiefs and princes, even for their dead bodies. Their foolish descendants in the time of the faithless Stuarts, proved this fact.

* Or "Aileagh," in Derry.

The sons of Miles, having joined those of Brogan, at once resolved to bring a force to Irin* and chastise Mac Coill, Mac Ceacht, and Mac Greine, the sons of Milveul, the murderers of Ith (ēē), their uncle. Their fleet consisted of thirty ships, with thirty chiefs in each ship, besides their wives and common soldiers. There were forty (two twenties, for so the Irish counted,) chiefs over all these again. This may serve as an index of the Gadelian skill in strategy, both in land and sea warfaring, at so early a date. The Gadelians of olden, as well as modern days, could be reduced to bondage by no other power than internal dissension, and Saxon (Sacks' son) demon cunning in its corrupting influence. Well has our own immortal Kerry bard sung—

“No neapit nāinad do bāin dʒob Cijne,
 ʒlēt ʒad fēin do cāll aʒin a cēle.”

“Not the hostile band, that took our native land,
 But native discord and the traitor hand.”

Moore has also truthfully written—

“Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
 Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires.”

At all times our own division, too often created, but always fanned, by the minions of British rulers, has been our greatest source of weakness:

“‘Twas fate, they'll say, a wayward fate,
 Your web of discord wove;
 And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
 You never join'd in love.”

Notwithstanding all this we are not, in this respect, worse than other countries; there is still a vitality in us that can never be completely subdued—

* One of the names of Ireland.

"The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke,
 But nothing can cloud its native ray ;
 Each fragment will cast
 A light to the last,
 And thus Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay,
 A spirit, which beams thro' each suffering part,
 And now smiles at their pain on Patrick's day."

STANZA XXIX.

The Right Rev. author makes the O'Driscolls, the O'Learys, and O'CoFFEys descendants of the Scythic tribes who came to Ireland before the Milesians. We think they were of the brave Nemedians, or *Clann Neiv* (Neimb). The more probable opinion may be, that they were the offspring of some of the Ithians, who may have remained in Ireland after Ith.

Now for the summary of the colonizations: Partholan, grandson of Sru, came to Ireland 300 years after the Deluge, 1978 of the World. He migrated from Mygdonia, a part of Greece, so called after Mygdon, its king, who was brother of Hecuba, Priam's queen; Chorebus, the son of this Mygdon, who was at the Trojan war, was called Mygdonides after him.

Sir Walter Raleigh (O'Reilly) affirms (see vol. i. cap. 12, pp. 232-278), that the Celts and Scythians were different families of the common stock, Magog; Gomer, the younger, went to Greece; this being so, Gael, *the Linguist*, must be descended from him; Tubal, according to Josephus, emigrated to Spain; his posterity were there, according to the most learned antiquarians, when the Gadelians visited it; Magog* remained in Asia, near the Caspian Sea; whence his descendants overspread Europe from time to time, as has been already shewn. Saints Augus-

* Father of Baath (Baw).

tine, Jerome, Eustachius, and, amongst modern writers, Bochart, agree in this opinion; Josephus, Raleigh, and others, asserted that the Celts were from Gomer, and give as one evidence of the fact, that their common tongue was called *Gomerigu (the tongue of Gomer)*. Here is a reason for the great admixture of Greek and Latin words. This last fact is given by Cluverius. See 4th book, cap. 13, of Pto.; Pliny, 6, cap. 16; Hieronymus, Trad., Genesis, Eustachius com., Stra., Mela, &c.

In summarising the various colonies, that visited this land from the East, we have to say, that it is wholly impracticable to avoid, what might appear at first sight, a jumbling of facts, dates, circumstances, genealogies, and topography. The reader will have observed that it could not be otherwise, whereas the twenty-eighth verse contains matter, comments upon which must have reference to facts long anterior to the circumstances alluded to in it, the Milesians, the last Scythian colonization, having been alluded to in the twenty-seventh verse.

Passing over Adhna (Anna) said to be sent by Ninus, 140 years after the Flood, as he made no settlement, we come to Partholan, who was grandson of Sru, and arrived here 300 years after the Deluge, A.M., 1978. He migrated from Mygdonia, as before observed. Partholan, as the more generally received opinion, was the brother of Nemedius. Mygdonia was a small country much written about by eminent historians, such as Stra, 7th, 330; Thucydides, 2, 97. Therma, its capital, was the place of Cicero's exile, whither, through the influence of Clodius, he was banished, because of his unconstitutional execution of the conspirators; and that he acted unconstitutionally must be confessed. Horace alluded often to that country. The Partholonians, after inhabiting Ireland for about three

hundred years, were all cut off by a pestilence near Binn Eaduir (the cliff of Eaduir, a woman's name). That was in A.M., 2278. Howth is the modern name of the promontory.

Clan Neiv (Neimb) next landed on the shores of Eire, thirty years after the destruction of the Partholan colony, in which catastrophe the hand of God had manifestly fallen on an entire people, because of Partholan's wicked and unnatural murder of his father, to obtain the throne of his own country, but from which he was expelled by an indignant people. Nemedius—whether he was the son, according to Keating, or only a more remote descendant, according to others—with his followers, possessed the country 217 years, until A. M., 2495. In their time African pirates, the Carthaginians, or, as Vallancey calls them, *sea sovereigns*, some of Shem's posterity, landed on the coast of Inisfail, avoiding intercourse with the offspring of Ham, who got his father's curse. These Africans reduced the Nemedians to bondage, and after many bloody and hard-fought engagements, in most of which *Clan Neiv* won the victory, one most furious and desperate battle took place on the coast of Ulster, in which More, the African chief, commanded his men, and in which the Nemedians had collected thirty thousand land forces, and as many marines. This grand struggle for liberty, on the part of the noble Neivi, or Nemedians, eventuated in a carnage unequalled in history up to that period. In the pages of Irish annals, at any time, we have not on record an instance of such a terrible slaughter. Thousands fell before the swords of the belligerents, as deep meadow before the sharpened scythes of the sturdy mowers, as raging Vulcan ruins gorgeous palaces, and well-streeted cities, as an impetuously rolling mountain cataract, in its

headlong course, prostrates the luxuriant crops, and sweeps them before it; so intent was each of the hostile armies that they never felt until they were encompassed by the tide.

We have here an evidence of the fact, that sooner than brook tyranny, or yield the neck to slavery, the Scythic and Celtic races—who are identified with us—had rather, at all times and in all places, sacrifice life and rich possessions. This is attested by the highly interesting history of the Celts and Scythians, by Sir Walter Raleigh, who figured so prominently in the reign of the *virgin* queen, Elizabeth.

Of the 60,000 Nemedians, who entered the battleground, not more than thirty officers and three chiefs escaped; they took to sea in a sloop. For seven years they kept to retreats until they gathered sufficient strength, and collected their scattered countrymen, to rescue them from their task-masters, who in barbarity are only surpassed by our English invaders, whose thirst for riches and power, though they boast of the Bible, was, and is, as inextinguishable as was that of the African pirates. Wherever the bloody flag of England floats, *there* is a piratical body, there is a usurping power, whose history is raised upon a colossal pyramid of ensanguined materials, whose sway is despotism, and whose rule is legalized plunder and rapacity.

We will close the sketch about the *Neivs* by mentioning, that it was from *Briotan-Maol* (the *Bald*), England was designated Britain—this is also O'Halloran's opinion, as well as Keating's and Mac Curtin's; himself and those of the Nemedians, who joined him, landed in that country, and continued there until the Saxons drove them into the mountains of Wales. The names of many places in Wales,

and England, which are radically Irish, attest the truth of this statement.

How like the treatment our ancestors received from the same quarter. Geoffry of Monmouth, Cormac Mac Cul-linan, Archbishop and King of Cashel, and the most distinguished antiquaries say, that the son of Nemedius was he who gave name to the Britons. The poem alluded to by Keating, and headed thus—*Adamh achaill rruilch ar rluazh* (pro. *Adhav aur shroo er sloou*), “Adam was our father,” &c., gives this stanza—

“ —————The brave Nemedian train,
Under Briotan launch into the main;
A prince, whom all the ancient annals trace,
As the great founder of the British race.

“Another poet and antiquary makes the same remark in this manner:—

“The warlike Welsh the great Briotan claim,
To be the founder of the British name.

“And we have more reason to suppose that the word Britannia was derived originally from this Briotan, than from Brutus the Trojan, which is a fable that some historians are very fond of; for if it were so, it would rather be called Brutannia. Besides we are informed by Geoffry of Monmouth, that the ancient name of the country was changed by the three sons of Brutus; his son Laegrus called his part of the kingdom Laegria; Camber, the second son, distinguished his share by the name of Cambria; and Albanactus, the third son, would have his part known by the name of Albania. So that this account, from the authentic records of the Irish nation, gives a great light to the name of Britain, and deserves our belief, rather than the fabulous relations of partial and romantic

writers, who have been the bane and destruction of true history." We refer the Irish student to the Book of Invasions, in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, in which he will find his labours amply repaid, if he can read it.

The *Firbolgs*, or *belly-men*, so called because they were obliged to wear leathern bags before them, for the purpose of carrying clay by way of oppression, flying from slavery, arrived in Ireland, 847 (A.F.), in the year of the World, 2495. Here they continued for thirty-six years. It may be here mentioned that the *Firbolgs* were the posterity of Simon Breac, the grandson of Nemedius. One portion of them were called *Firgailians*—*Fir*, men, *Gailian*, spear; their duty being to protect the *bagmen* and the *miners*—*Firdhivneean* (*Firdhomhnoin*), whilst at work. Such is the learned Keating's explanation.—See vol. 1, page 62. They reigned thirty-six years, and then followed the *Tuatha de Danaans*. We can merely allude to this colony, space not allowing us to dwell on the interesting subject.

The *Danaans* came to Eire in 883, A.F., 2531, A.M. Nuadha Airgiodlamb was their chief; he was called the "Silverhanded," because in the battle fought between his followers and the *Firbolgs*, his hand was wounded, and it having been subsequently amputated, he got an "Airgiodlambh" (*Argidlhawiv*), a *silver hand*. The last king of the *Firbolgs* was Eochaidh (*Euughee*). He, as well as the *Nemedian* princes, had good laws, and made great improvements in this island. In his time agriculture and commerce flourished. He was married to Tailte, daughter of Maghmore, King of Spain, as may be seen in the history of the *Milesians*. When his queen died she was buried in a place near Kells, County of Meath, called Tailtean, and it is still pointed out under that name. The *Tuatha* are the posterity of Faith (*Fayee*), a son of Nemedius, who settled

in Achaia,* north-west in the Peloponnesus, or Morea; and this is the best reason we see, why Dr. O'Connell mentions in his poem, that Athens, *of right*, belonged to the Gael. This country has Bœotia on the north; the capital city of which is Thebes—according to Pomponius Mela—in which, the Kerry bard stated in stanza twenty-three, the Milesians delayed some time. Here they learned the art of necromancy, or diablery. It is recorded of them, that so expert did they become in their wicked science, that in the war with the Assyrians they used to revive the dead bodies of the Athenians, so that the invaders despairing of victory, notwithstanding their superior numbers, had recourse to an eminent druid, or enchanter, who told them that, in order to defeat the skill of the necromancers, they should thrust a stake of quick-beam wood into the body of each man they killed: that if it were by the power of the devil they worked, this plan would neutralize their hellish power. So it was: the Assyrians gained the victory; and the Danaans, dreading to fall into their hands, resolved to quit the country. They roved from place to place, not caring to struggle through wild and inhospitable countries; anything rather than fall into the hands of the Assyrians, from whom they could expect no mercy. Therefore their having wandered towards the *imaginary* Riphean hills (but in reality either the Valdaïs, in Russia, or the *Dovrefields*, between Sweden and Norway) can be no argument that the Milesian colony took the same route; because, besides that the former were flying from a

* According to the Roman bipartite division of Greece, Achaia comprised the entire Peloponnesus, Attica, Bœotia, &c. Cadmus, a descendant of Fenius, or Phœnius, built Thebes, according to Herodotus, and was the first that introduced the alphabet into Greece, 1493, B.C. (see "Lemprière") about 225 years before the Milesians landed in Ireland.

people, on whom they were the cause of great woes having been inflicted, the Book of Invasions does not say *they took to sea*—as in the case of Gollav, or Milesius—but only that *they went by land*. The more probable route was over the Carpathian and Sudetic chains, by the Baltic, to Norway. Of the Danaans we have treated in a former note, to which the reader is referred, as likewise to the Book of Invasions. They, many of them, emigrated to Scotland; their posterity are there to this day, and, as was written above, they came to Ireland, where they ruled until A.F., 1080, and A.M., 2736. It was in this year the Milesians landed. From the Creation to that time, was—according to the author of the poem, which forms the basis of our comments—3500 years. This is totally different from Keating's calculations, which he grounded on the writings of learned antiquarians. But we are not to wonder that Doctor O'Connell and Keating differ on this point. For even as regards so important a matter—a matter interesting to all Christians—as the length of time Christ remained on earth, many disputes prevail amongst annalists. Some assert His time on earth, as God and Man, was thirty-three years; others say He lived longer; others maintain He did not continue so many years amongst men. Who would then conclude He was not at all on earth as a Redeemer? We must then say, that, as Keating devoted great attention to the chronology of Ireland, and consulted with diligence the native annalists, most reliance is to be placed on his computation. Mistakes of a few years in the narration of such complicated dates to be carried back so far, may have appeared in his writings. However, taken in its totality, it is a safe guide. But yet, as to this difference between Keating and our author, we must in justice remark, that the 3500

in the poem must be an interpolation, as we have seen very many spurious copies of it, each copyist having made alterations suitable to his own views. We have made none, unless *literal* or *syllabic* ones, from our copy, which was presented to us by our beloved friend, the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, of Aungier-street, Dublin. It is a great injustice to make changes, for sinister purposes, in the text of any author. The corruption in this instance was made as an attempt to disprove the antiquity of the Milesian colony, and that in defiance of the most genuine national records.

We had nigh omitted noticing, that a tribe called Picts visited Banba. Of these, Charles Mac Cuillionan, in the Psalter of Cashel, treats at some length. In that valuable work of antiquity it is written that the Picts, who resided in Thrace, landed with a numerous army. They fled from a libidinous king, who sought by force to take his fair and beautiful daughter, and retain her as a concubine. Policarnus was the name of the prince, and Gud was the chief of the Picts. They slew the king and then fled the country. Thence they went to France, whose king assigned them lands; they built a city which they called Pictavium—the modern appellation of which is Poitiers. They used to paint on their bodies the images of fanciful birds and other things. Hence the name Picts (Pictí). The King of France also having been enamoured of the charming Pict, thought to take her from her father to gratify a base passion. Gud, with his followers, dexterously seized the French vessels, and having weighed anchor, put to sea; they landed at Inbher (Inver) Slainge (Slaney), in Wexford. They enabled Criomhthan (Crevin), Governor of Munster, to defeat the Britons, who were wasting the country and harassing the people. The last-named invaders recommended the governor, under Here-

mon, to dig a pit, to fill it with new milk procured from 150 *white-faced cows*, observing that any of his men who would be wounded with the poisoned shafts, upon having bathed in the milk-bath, would be instantly healed. The experiment turned out to his satisfaction.

Gud, and his followers, though they helped Heremon to banish the Tuatha Fiodha (Thooha Feeha), having conspired to take possession of Leinster, were driven out of Ireland and settled in Alban, or Scotland.* Seventy kings of that race ruled in Albania; Cathluan (Callan) was the first, the last was Constantine. The country, before their arrival, was designated Cruith-an-thwath (Cru-anthooa), the *land of the plebeians*, or boors—See Psalter of Cashel, whence has been borrowed these lines:—

“The Picts, unable to withstand the power
Of the Milesian troops, a truce implore;
And, willing to be gone, their anchors weighed,
And bold the Albanian coasts invade;
Where seventy monarchs of the Pictish race,
With great exploits the Scottish annals grace,
'Twas Cathluan began the royal line,
Which ended in the hero, *Constantine*.”

Five learned Picts, however, remained in Ireland. Trosdane (Treston), the druid, who suggested the *milk-bath*; Oilean, Ulfuin, Neachtain, Nar, and Eneas; estates were assigned them in Meath. The Irish chronicles state that Heremon sent some of the posterity and of the Tuatha de Danaans, with the Picts, to conquer Scotland. From these, some say, descended the Brigantes, who, afterwards, took possession of England; some of them went back to Spain. The Dalriada, and, afterwards, Fergus the Great,

* ʒlɪ, *rock*, and bʒn, *white*; or beɲn—bɪɲn, *promontory*. Scotland has been famed for its *lofty promontories* and *white stony heights*. Its earliest name was ʒlɪbʒn.

subdued the Picts, in the fourth century of the Christian era.

We may in this place remark that all the Scythic or Scottish—properly, *Scutish* tribes, according to the most unquestionable authorities, spoke the Irish language, and freely conversed with each other in it. Ith, or *Ee*, addressed Queen Eire in it. To dwell upon this fact is not necessary; we allude to it only as an incident, which may be interesting to some to know. Anything else we may say, relative to the first settlement of the Milesians, shall be directed to point out the different branches of them, as located in each of the four provinces. This must be very brief, as our feeble pen attempts, not a history, but a few cursory comments on facts, regarding our illustrious ancestors.

Heber and Heremon reigned conjointly in the greatest harmony until Tea, grand-daughter of Ith, wife and cousin of Heremon, created a quarrel between the brothers. Heremon had all that part of Erin, north of the Shannon, called *Leath Cuinn*, or *Con's share*; and Heber had all south of the Shannon, called *Leath Modha* (Lha Mogha). But we are inclined to say, from facts we have met in the history of this country, that the two divisions consisted nearly of what are called Ulster, Connaught, and part of Leinster, in the one part, and Munster, with the southern part of Leinster, in the other—See O'Halloran, O'Flaherty, Book of Conquests, and Keating, vol. i. p. 70, &c. This bi-partition took place in the second century, when Con *of the hundred fights*, was monarch paramount in Ireland. However, in course of time the families became mixed; some of the Heremonians having gone to Leath Mogha, and the Heberians migrated to Ulster, Leinster, and Connaught. The reader will please keep in view, that, of the

descendants of Ir, born near Thrace, and of the renowned Colpa, born of Scota, in Thrace, some of the oldest, bravest, and most illustrious families of Ireland have been descended, and glory in their high ancestral origin.

The O'Connells of Kerry claim *Heremon* as their progenitor. The O'Connors of that county are the offspring of *Ciar-righ* (Kerry), who was of the line of *Ir*. The O'Brennans of Louth, we heard from an antiquarian of that name, pique themselves as being descended from Colpa, the *swordsman*, who was lost off the coast of Drogheda, at Beltra. That family, throughout Ireland, use the motto, Βάλλε ήά Οηόηη,* *Death or Glory*. They allege, that such was Colpa's answer to the Danaans upon putting to sea, for the purpose of making the land a second time by force. We could not find that Colpa, the son of Milesius, had any children; but we read of a *Copa*, in O'Halloran's "Ireland." We think this word should be *Colpa*; but a later chieftain than the son of Milesius. He must have been the ancestor of the O'Brennans of Louth and Meath, though from their proximity to Down we incline to the opinion, that they were *Irians*, as were the O'Brennans of Kerry. Those of Leinster were clearly Heremonians, as having been the offspring of Cathaeir (Caheer) Mor, King of Leinster, and Monarch of Ireland, in the second century. From the same monarch are descended O'Conor Faly, O'Duffy, Mac Murrough, now O'Cavanagh, O'Dunne, O'Ryan, O'Byrne, O'Dempsey, O'Toole, Mac Patrick, or Fitzpatrick, besides many other names of note in Leinster. With respect to the Fitzpatricks, Mac Curtin traces them up to Conla, thirteen generations before Caheer, also a family of the O'Brennans.

A territory of Ui Bruinn, or O'Brennans' country, was

* Pronounced *Baws naw Unnoir*.

in the counties of Roscommon and Galway, in Connaught. It was so called after Brain, or Bruin, eldest son of Eocha Meadhgoín (Ayugha Meevin), King of Meath, and paramount Monarch of Connaught and Ulster, in the fourth century. By his wife Mogfinna, Queen of Connaught, he had four sons, of whom Brain was the eldest. O'Flaherty, in the *Ogygia*, part iii. chap. 79, says, that the Hy (Ui) Bruinans sprang from Brain, and that he had twenty-four sons, to whom he assigned estates. He adds, that the O'Hanlys and O'Brennans possessed Corcochlanna, a district lying between *Tir Oilill* (land of Oilill), in Sligo, and the mountain of *Baghna*, now *Sleev Bawn*, in Roscommon.* We have personal actual knowledge that some of the above tribes are there at the present day. From the above Brain came the kings of Connaught. From Conall Glu, one of Bruin's sons, were derived the *Hy-Bruinans Sionna*, whose country was *Tir-na-Bruin*,† on the banks of the Shannon, in the County of Roscommon, &c.

Ratha (Ragha), son of Brain, was the founder of *Hy-Bruinans*, whose territory in the west of Connaught, comprising fourteen townlands, was denominated *Hy-Bruin Ratha*. It was here on *Sleev Knoctua*, about six miles east by south of Galway, that a famous battle was fought in 1504, between Kildare and Clanricarde, when Gormans-town, who aided the former, recommended him "to cut the throats of their Irish auxiliaries." St. Brennan—*aliter*

* The Rev. James Graves, Hon. Sec. to the Kilkenny Archæological Society, wrote a very interesting work on the O'Brennans of Idough, which we regret we could not procure. The Map in the "Annals of the Four Masters," by Owen Connellan, Esq., has described on it the ancient possessions of the tribe names, in the four provinces—Roscommon, Kerry, Down, Kilkenny.

† Pronounced *Theer vrin*.

Brendan—of Birr and *Corcolanna*, was of the same origin. (*Ogygia*, part iii. p. 193.)

There are many Catholic clergymen, remarkable for zeal, piety, and learning, of the above ancient name in the dioceses of Tuam, Elphin, and Achonry. The Rev. Henry, and his brother, Rev. Malachy O'Brennan, in Elphin, are of the old stock. We have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with many of the Connaught branches. The last *remnant* of their estates was sold in Henrietta-street, in 1854. There was such a mixture of the different tribes, persons flying from other parts of Ireland, in the days of persecution, for protection to Connaught, that it would be a difficult task to trace out the different families of that name in it. So far back as the sixth century, O'Connors and O'Brennans migrated from Kerry to the west. The *Sleibh Baran*,* *Sleev Ui-Fhlynn* (Weelhynn), and *Gurteen* families—the former in Roscommon, and the latter in Mayo, are of the most ancient septs. The Rev. P. Brennan, the patriotic parish priest of Kildare, is of the Carlow sept. Their territory was Cualann.—See O'Brien's "Dictionary."

All the septs were terribly oppressed, because they adored God as conscience dictated. In the reign of Queen Anne the attainder was, by Act of Parliament, enforced against the rebel O'Brainanes. At that time intercession was made for the restoration of their hereditary property. However, the Saxon plunderers, in their mighty influence, prevailed over right, and the ancient chieftains were driven wanderers and outlaws upon the world. The following anecdote is told of the western clan—Their chieftain, at the surrender of lands, in the time of King James, for the purpose of deriving under the crown of England, had a

* Pronounced *Shleev bawn*.

tutor for several months teaching him to say, "I will upon condition I get them again." Having appeared before the perjured judge, whose ostensible object was to do justice, but whose real aim was to plunder for himself and a wicked jury, the chief, having heard the words, "O'Brennan, O'Brennan, of the County of Roscommon, come in, and give up your estate to the king," answered: "*I will upon cundhirs I get um again.*" Not having spoken the words required by *law*, though clearly understood by the Court, his claim was rejected. Such was O'Brennan's just hatred of foreign rule and of the tyrant's jargon that he could not be got to articulate distinctly a few English words. We are not to wonder that a native chieftain had such an antipathy to so grating a language; some of the English nobles themselves, in olden times, abandoned its use for the euphonius Irish.

Great care should be taken not to mix up names together, because though the names may be like, still the septs or clans were different, and had their names from totally different circumstances. At the same time, it is wrong to infer, that, because a letter may be in one name which does not appear in another, both names are not of the same ancestor. However, as we are not writing a history of names, it is not our province to enter deeply into that subject. The O'Brennans of Iduagh, of Down, of Roscommon, Mayo, and Kerry were the chief branches. In some of these districts they are still numerous, except in the last-mentioned place, where there is only a family.

The translation of Keating's "History of Ireland," confounds O'Brennan of Clonfert, in Galway, who endowed that Church, with O'Brennan of Ardfert and Kerry. In several passages the translator, however, distinguishes the two names. He mentions, in describing

the seats of the bishops, who attended the synod, called by the bishop of Limerick, in 1115, one of the seats by the name of Cluan Feartha Breanoin. In another page of Keating it is said, that there were fourteen eminent saints of that name, the most distinguished of whom were O'Brennan of *Birr*, and O'Brennan of *Ardfert*. Of these saints we have to write farther on, towards the end of the poem.

We have entered thus far into this patriarchal name, not because we bear it, but because a learned antiquary, whose opinion we respect, has, in a work of his, wiped away the name *in toto* from his topographical notes, and that, contrary to the evidence of O'Brien, O'Flaherty, Keating, O'Halloran, Mac Curtin, Rev. James Graves, Kilkenny, and the accomplished O'Donovan, in his notes on the "Tribes of Ancient Ossory."

Eogan More (Owen More), King of Munster, was father of Oilioll Ollum, by Beara, a Spanish princess. Cas was father of Caisin, by the daughter of Conn of the Hundred Battles. From Caisin (Cassin), fourteen generations before Brien (O'Brien), sprang Mac Namara, king of a part of Clare. Breanainn (O'Brennan) was second son of Caisin, and was chieftain or prince of Baoisgine, also in Clare. From O'Brennan is descended the O'Gradys, who also inherited in the same place. There is a lake there called Lough O'Grady. There are also the O'Brainans of Cineal Aodhe (Kinnel Ee), descended of Dathí (Dhahee), successor of Nial of the Nine Hostages, so called as having one hostage from each of the Pentarchs of Ireland, and four from Scotland and other British isles.—For these facts see Keating, Mac Curtin, O'Flaherty, &c. From what has been written it will be learned, that all of the same name have not had the same ancestor. From Eugenius—

Irish, Eogan—eldest son of Niall, sprang the illustrious O'Neills, kings of Tir Eoghan (*Tyrone*), or Tirowen—*Owen's land*; also the O'Canes, Mac Sweenys, O'Dalys, O'Hay, or Hayes, O'Conallin, O'Creagh, O'Hagan, O'Duan, O'Mulligan, and O'Horan. From Conall Gulban, son of Niall, descended the renowned families of O'Donell, kings of Tirconnell, the noble O'Doherty, O'Gallagher, O'Boyle, O'Connell, and many other illustrious branches.

SAINT PATRICK'S BIRTH-PLACE.

SAINT PATRICK was born at Holy Castle, a town of the Morini, in Belgic Gaul. We find in the first book of "Cæsar's Gallic War," that the Belgæ inhabited all the northern parts of Gaul, as far as the mouth of the Seine, which formed a part of the boundary between the Celtæ and Belgæ. The reader will bear in mind that the ancient Belgium was more extensive than the modern one. It comprised all the maritime parts of France, and a part of the modern Germany. This can be easily seen by glancing over the maps of ancient and modern Gaul, or, still better, a map of the Roman Empire in the time of the Cæsars or Constantine. Though Cellarius is good, we prefer *Atlas Universel de Geographie, &c., par A. H. Brué, a Paris, 1822.*

We are not writing a history of our glorious apostle, we are simply commenting on a poem, in which his venerated name turns up. Hence it is not to be expected that we will go at length into all disputed points. Moreover, we are not inclined for controversy, farther than an absolute necessity of placing an important national fact in as clear a view as possible, and in as few words as the nature of the subject may demand.

Now, let us say that there never was a more obvious translation of any two words from one language into another, than "Holy Castle," or Tower, is of *ἁγία πύρις*; and we are not disposed to place a false interpretation on the text, for the purpose of pleasing the wishes or prejudices of persons.

St. Fiech, to give weight to his statement of Patrick's place of nativity, adds, "as is read in *stories*,"* meaning

* See notes on Fiech's hymn.

history. We saw it stated, that if Fiech (Feeugh) intended the expression to convey more than "Nempthur," one term, he would have written $\tau\upsilon\pi$ $\eta\epsilon\alpha\mu$, because in Irish the adjective comes after its noun. To this we answer, that theorising often leads men into laughable mistakes. It is true, that analogy is very good with respect to the rule of having the adnoun after the noun in the Celtic, as in other languages. But each of the ancient and modern Continental tongues affords many examples of exceptions from the above rule. To quote instances is idle, as the youngest reader is acquainted with them. And so it is in our language, the word $\eta\epsilon\alpha\mu$, or $\eta\epsilon\pi\mu$, is always before the substantive; so much so, that in the Irish Lexicon it is prefixed and joined to its noun. The General Confession, in Irish, is a sufficient illustration. But $\eta\epsilon\alpha\mu\epsilon\lambda$ * (*blessed*), which is a participle, comes after the noun. Thus we say $\eta\epsilon\alpha\mu$ $\rho\alpha\tau\tau\epsilon\pi\mu\epsilon$, *Saint Patrick*, and $\rho\alpha\tau\tau\epsilon\pi\mu$ $\eta\epsilon\alpha\mu\epsilon\lambda$, *blessed Patrick*.

There is a vast difference between the two phrases. A man may be *blessed*, and yet not a *saint*, according to the sense of the Church, which confines the latter name to a person who was canonized.

We are at a loss to understand how any man, having any knowledge of the Irish, could have translated " $\tau\epsilon\mu$," or " $\tau\upsilon\pi$," *Tours*. More especially as Tours was, and is a considerable city, about two hundred and fifty miles north of the Loire, south by west from the Department Artois, comprising the ancient Morini, in which was Castellum, *aliter* Gessoriacum, the present Boulogne-sur-mer. We would be more inclined to write that the town of Castle is Calais, the Iccius Portus of the Romans, were it not that Ainsworth, Lemprière, Cellarius, and others are

* Pronounced *nheefa*.

quite clear on the point. These authors give four towns called “Castellum,” or Castle, something like our own “Duns,” or forts, as Dun Garvan, Dun Saney, Dun Manaway. Almost all towns and cities were at first but Duns, Forts, or Castles.—See Goldsmith’s “Origin of Towns in the Reign of Henry VII.” Each prince, baron, or chieftain made a fort or fortress for his soldiers. Towards this the victualler, grocer, tradesman, and others, congregated to supply its inhabitants. In course of time their children intermarried, and, as they multiplied, the state or monarch extended to them the privilege of making by-laws for their mutual protection and advantage. Such was the case under the Romans. Hence, though the place wherein St. Patrick was born had been, in the beginning, only a mere Castle (or Taberna), in process of time a town grew up, and it was called *Castle*. London itself was thus created. Its derivation is this—*Lyn*, river, *Dun*, Castle or Fort.

Again, the translation of *Tur* into *Tours* is a painful evidence of the disagreeable results of persons attempting to write of facts, which cannot be ascertained unless through the natural medium—the language in which they have been recorded. Writers who are obliged to rest upon the authority of any other translation than their own, often draw on fancy—nay, they sometimes presume to improve, as they think, on the borrowed words, and thus commit grave and reprehensible errors. This they do; whereas it is well known that not only the change or substitution of a word, but even a letter, or the omission of a dot, would completely alter the original; thus *բարբառ*, *a miracle*, *բառ*, *a tomb*. Even the same Irish word has a different meaning, *neimh níl*, *nothing*, *neimh níl*, *a holy thing*, *neimh níl* (pro. *nha reeul*), *bad rule or disorder*, *neimh níl*, *good*

rule or regularity. It is to be observed, that when the word following *neim* has *a*, *o*, or *u* in the beginning of it, the above word must be written *neam*¹; *léi*²,³ read *léi*³,³ *let*, *lei* or *leam*, *foolish*, *léim*,⁴ *a leap*, *lei*, *near*, as *ḡab a lei*,⁵ *draw near*, *lei*, *half* (gen.), *lei*, *greyness*. Thousands of instances of that character are at hand. Hence can be inferred the danger of attempting to write upon the antiquities of our island without a thorough knowledge of the architecture and actual structure of our language. Before closing this remark it may not be deemed irksome to hear another instance or two of the above class of words—*li*,⁶ *a pool*, *li*, *lime*, *li*, *an offspring*, *li*, *with us*, *li*,⁷ *flax*, *lúib*,⁸ *a corner*, *luib*,⁹ *an herb*, *lochan*,¹⁰ *a pool*, *lóchan*,¹¹ *chaff*.

The very poem which is the basis of all our remarks was materially injured by the omission or insertion of the sign of aspiration. Nor does the circumstance of one word being used to convey a different idea, argue a want of copiousness or perspicuity in our language; the same is peculiar to all the learned languages.

Though an Irish term may apparently represent many different ideas, still upon close inspection it will be found that every word was intended for, and has its own idea. But as to "*neim tuir*" in Fiegh's poem, it can be as well translated *lofty tower*, *celestial tower*, as "*Holy Castle*," though our opinion is, that the simple name was *tuir*, *castle* or *fortress* (implying the town), and that St. Fiech called it "*Holy*," as having given birth to his illustrious master, St. Patrick. It is idle to object, that it would be ridiculous to call a man's birth-place "*Holy Castle*," or *Tower*. It is just as good sense to use that expression as

Pronounced ¹ *nnyav or nnyeeuv*, *llyav*; ² *lhayee*; ³ *llhayig*; ⁴ *llhayim*; ⁵ *gav a lhyeh*; ⁶ *llhyinn*; ⁷ *llhyeen*; ⁸ *llyooib*; ⁹ *llhyiv*; ¹⁰ *lhughawn*; ¹¹ *llhoghawn*.

any other, as *Holy Well*, in Wales, *Holy Cross*, Castlebar. How many places in Spain and other parts of the continent or in their colonies (such as Santa Cruz, in the Balearic Islands), in North and South America, have the prænomen, "Holy." So that we need not (if we do not wish) say, that Patrick's birth-place was termed *Holy*, because of the accident of his birth; much less are we driven to the necessity of doing violence to the words *nein* or *neain tur*, and make them one Gaulic word, *nevtria*, *nephtria*, or *neustria*. For though the territory, in which St. Patrick was taken into captivity, did bear that name, still it is more likely that the Franks, under their converted monarch, Clovis, called the district, *hitherto Morini*, by the name of *Nevtria*, from *neain tur*, just as we have New Castile in Spain. In all countries districts have been denominated after their chief towns; thus the County of Roscommon, after the town which was so called from St. Coeman (son of Faolchan, and disciple of St. Finan, at Clonard), who in the year 540 founded an abbey of Canons Regular in that locality. In this very fact we have an instance of a town springing out of the erection of a monastery. The house took the name of its founder, as did the town and the county. Would not a person be justly laughed at, who could, after this fact in point, state that it was nonsense to call the birth-place of a man *Holy Castle*. It is more reasonable to allege that the Franks, who must clearly have heard of the fame of St. Patrick, denominated their newly acquired territory in the north, *Neutria* or *Neustria*, after the capital, *Holy Tower*, the Gaulic and Irish appellation of which being nearly identical. And were it not outside the notes on a poem we could cite numberless passages wherein both idioms are identical. On this subject we treated at much length a few years ago. However, as to the term *Neustria*, it was

not at all used during the temporal rule of Rome in the north of France.

Let us hear what Lemprière has written relative to the Morini. Here are his words: "Morini—a people of Belgic Gaul, on the shores of the British ocean. Their name is derived from the Celtic—'Mor,' which signifies the sea, denoting a maritime people. They were called *extremi hominum* by the Romans, because situated on the extremities of Gaul. Their city, called *Morinorum Castellum*, is now *Mount Cassel*, in Artois (Boulogne), and *Morinorum civitas* is *Terouenne* (Tarvenna) on the Sis." Pliny, book iv., Virgil, book viii. of the *Æneid*, Cæsar, book iv. c. 21. allude to that place. Virgil, when singing the praises of the Cæsar, thus wrote:—

"———Euphrates ibat jam mollior undis
Extremique hominum Morini, Rhenusque bicornis
Indomitique Dahæ, et poutem indignans Araxes."

"Euphrates was seen now to roll in gentler streams,
The Morini, remotest of mankind, appeared, and two-horned Rhine,
The untamed Dahæ, and the Araxes disdaining a bridge."

In the above beautiful passage, of which the lines given are a literal translation, the poet represented in glowing language the triumphs of Augustus, and makes all nations, from the distant East to the remotest West, from the majestic Ganges to the Rhine, walk in procession before the triumphal car of Cæsar. We would here, by way of parenthesis, state a curious fact, viz. that the Morini, in the days of Pliny, carried on a great trade in poultry, especially in geese. Such is the case to the present day.

What says Cellarius, whose geography and maps agree with the classics in the times of Rome, from the earliest period up to the Cæsars and after? These are his words in the Index:—"Morini, now Bologn," that is, the *county*

of Boulogne. Now, as to the *town*, the Index is this:—“Gessoriacum oppidum (Boulogne);” and in the geography, when enumerating the towns of Gaul, he writes:—“In Morinis ad fretum Britannicum, Portus Iccius (a Tacito nominatum) ex quo Cæsar in Britanniam trajecit, qui (scilicet-portus) idemne sit ac Gessoriacum, quod pariter in Morinis laudatur, an diversus ab illo, disputamus alibi.” Though we may be thought pedantic for giving translations of such passages as the above, still, a desire to please many of our readers has induced us to risk the imputation. “In the country of the Morini, on the British Channel, lies the Iccian port, whence Cæsar passed over into Britain, which port, whether it was the same as Gessoriacum, which is likewise mentioned as in Morini, or a different one from it, we shall elsewhere discuss.”

Now it is manifest from these quotations that *Gessoriacum* was the name, in the days of old Rome, of the capital of the Morini, and that it was the present *Boulogne-sur-mer* in the county, to so write, of Boulogne.

The large edition of Ainsworth states, “*Gessoriacum* is *Boulogne-sur-mer*, Pliny iv. 16, Suetonius, &c.”—“Castellum Morinorum, Cassel in Flanders (a part of the ancient Belgic Gaul), a town near the river Fene.” “Morini a voce Celtica *Mor*, quæ mare significat; qui, Maritimi (Hardianus), from the Celtic word, *Mor*, which signifies sea (that is, a maritime people), a people of Belgic Gaul, near the sea coast, which is opposite to Britain (not the Gallic Britain lying west of it), on the confines of Picardé, Artois.—Virgil, *Æneid*, viii. 727.”

Cellarius gives us a town *Bonna*, west of the Rhine, in Belgic Gaul. *Bonna* is an appropriate name, synonymous with the Irish word *Bonnabhon* (pro. Bunowen), that is, *mouth of the river*, and we find in Terouanna, *alias* Ter-

vanna (Tarbenna), tributaries flowing east by north, and disemboqueing themselves into the Rhine near its mouth at the German Ocean.

Dr. Alexander Adam, in his learned work on Geography and History, in the index, mentions "Gessoriacum Bononia—Boulogne in Picardy;" in other passages his words are exactly the same as those of Cellarius and Ainsworth, as before cited; and he adds, that "other places were called Bononia," page 623, index of Geography. When we consider that Adam writes of only cities and places which were remarkable, we must infer, that Gessoriacum was a celebrated place, and he annexes the word "Bononia" by way of pre-eminence; he states in the title-page, that he treats of "places, that were distinguished by memorable events."

We are fully aware, that there are different opinions upon the subject of our remarks, but we feel convinced that our best course is to keep not minding what this or that writer may have stated, and to place before our readers pertinent passages from the best authors. It is much more conducive to the object we have in view, not to be raising many unnecessary objections, as we have found others to have done. Thus did they in some manner render obscure what they laboured to clear up—

"Nil agit exemplum litem quod lite resolvit."

It is to be regretted, that men of recognized talents, with massive intellect, colossal mind, towering genius, vast grasp of comprehension, penetrating genius, and solid learning, have, by playing on words and mere trifles, created doubts on questions, which they proposed to themselves to elucidate; so much so that their readers said to us that, instead of being enlightened, they were rather confirmed in their doubts.

Before the Romans, Ainsworth says, that all the west and north of Gaul was designated "Armorica," and he refers to Pliny, book iv., in proof of his statement; consequently it contained Bretagne (Little Britain), Picardy, Boulogne (Morini), all places to the banks of the Rhine. He derives the name from the Celtic *ar*, "upon" or "along," *mor*, the "sea," the same as our Irish *ar muir*. This identity of language is quite natural. For, if we mistake not, we observed in our notes on the several colonizations of Ireland, that some of the Firbolgs crossed over to the north of France, and settled there. We stated the fact on the authority of Keating, who rested his assertion on proofs, deduced from the most undoubted ancient records of Ireland; with which he was thoroughly acquainted. He may be imitated, but he can scarcely be equalled by any of our modern writers. When we examine when, where, under what circumstances, and in what condition of his sorely oppressed country, he wrote, we must admire the work, and love the warm heart of the accomplished writer. He was verily an Herodotus. His opinion is, that the Belgæ were a colony of the Firbolgs from Ireland. Hence the sympathy in tongue. We have also stated on unquestionable authorities, that Britaon Maol, grandson of Nemedius, was the progenitor of the Britons. This Britaon and his followers, after a noble struggle against the African pirates, went to Scotland, where they remained until driven thence by the Picts, after the latter were expelled Ireland by Heremon. Cormac Mac Cullinan, in his Psalter, says that the Welsh came from the same stock. See "Keating," vol. i. p. 58.

It is not true that Brutus was the ancestor. For, though his sons changed the name of the country, no part of it was called after any of them. The descendants of Briotan

overran England and crossed over to Armorica, and formed a colony known as *Little Britain* or *Bretagne*, as distinguished from Great Britain. Hence, the great affinity between our language, manners and habits, and those of the inhabitants of Armoric Gaul; and as to the Celtes in Gaul, strictly so called, it is not to be wondered at that they resemble us so much. Firstly, because of their proximity to Brittany and Belgium; secondly, because of their contiguity to Spain—the *Mater Hibernorum*. Hence, we confess—and we do so with pleasure—that the blessed Patrick was by birth at least a native of an Irish colony, or a Briton, in the sense in which Virgil uses the expression “Sidonian Dido,” though her Tyre was some leagues distant from Sidon. This manner of phraseology has been occasionally used by good authors.

There can be no better authority on a matter like this than a good French writer. Let us see what he says on Armorica:—“Par la terre d’Armorique les anciens entendaient toutes les cotes occidentales des Gaules, habitées par les Aquitains, les Armoricains, et les Morins, tous noms qui signifient la meme chose, c’est a dire—peuple maritimes.”—*Labineau*. “By Armorica the ancients understood all the western coasts of the Gauls, inhabited by the Aquitani, the Armorici, and the Morini, all which names signified the same thing, namely, maritime states.”

Therefore, from the above, those who would have our Apostle made captive in his youth in Armorica, and no where else, can here see that the place of his birth and captivity is exactly what they properly were used to call it, and what we, when young, were taught to believe. Let it then be kept in mind that the old Armoric Gaul included what is now called (beginning on the east) French Flanders, Artois, Picardy, Normandy, Bretagne, and all

the country west along to the bay of Biscay and the Pyrenees.

Hirtius, who continued Cæsar's "Commentaries on the Gallic Wars," writes:—"Cæteræque civitates positæ in ultimis Galliæ finibus, oceano conjunctæ, quæ Armoricæ appellantur."—Book viii. chap. 25. Eutropius, in book xix. says:—"Carausius cum apud Bononiam pertractum Belgicæ et Armoricæ pacandum mare accepisset, quod Franci et Saxones infestabant." Here we find Carausius commissioned at Bononia (Gessoriacum) to free the maritime parts from the piratical Saxons and Franks.

We have observed in a map "Carte Generale de Gaules par Brué a Paris" (stating at foot "limites de Principaux Peuples, avant la Conquete des Romains"), "Gessoriacum postea Bononia," and near that we have observed "Taruenna." Every person acquainted with even the English language is aware that *u* and *v* have been used for the same purpose. And we need not remind the linguist that the Celtic *M*, *B*, and the Latin *b* are represented by the English *v*, *u*, or *w*. And it is to be kept in view, that persons, when narrating facts and detailing circumstances which had their origin in Celtic countries, and conveying their ideas in Latin, retained the primitive *B* or *M*. Thus *Coemgen* and *Brendanus* for Kevin, and Brennan, as written in English. *Taberna* or *Tavernna*, or *Taruanna*, subsequently *Terouanne*, is the same name. Whether it was a district or only a town has little to do with the disputed point; because, as was before remarked, a district has been often called after a county. Thus the Diocese and County of Dublin were named after the city; and it is to be noted, that the diocese of Dublin extends over parts of several counties. The same can be said of most of the episcopal territories

of Ireland. Therefore, the substitution of one letter for another, or the transposition of a letter is not to be considered as having weight, relative to any question. In Greek, nothing is more common than metathesis or transposition, thus *κπαδία* for *καπδία*, "the heart," and *κπαδίη* for *καπδία*, in Homer's *Iliad*, book i., line 225, in which author, as in other Greek writers, we find one case for another—and that even in prose authors. Herodotus and Xenophon abound in such. It is unnecessary to remind the Celtic scholar, that the same is of most frequent occurrence in that language.

As to the remark that *vico Taberniæ*, in "St. Patrick's Confessions," must imply that Tabernia was a country not a town, we must say the deduction is false. Because, in "Cataline's Conspiracy," cap. 30, we read "*urbem Romæ*," the obvious translation of which is "the City Rome" or "the City of Rome." No scholar would translate it otherwise. Where now is the laugh of the writer, learned though he was, who says, that if Tabernia meant a town—the nonsensical interpretation of *vico Taberniæ* should be "in the town of (the town) Tabernia," that is, *a town in a town*. In fact the "City of Rome," the "City of Athens," the "City of Dublin," is the ordinary expression. Indeed, in the ancient classics both forms are to be had.

A writer on this subject asserted, that no such word as Taberna occurs, as connected with Belgic Gaul, in the days of the Romans, and thence he infers, that Bononia was in Italy, because the cognomen "*Taberniæ*" was used by St. Patrick in his "Confessions:" and it is further alleged, that the term was not applicable to any part of Gaul in which the Romans ruled, inasmuch as Taberna was a tent. There never was greater nonsense urged to sustain a false position than this. For what are camps or castra, but

Tabernæ or tents. Surely, as no one in his senses will state, that *Castra* were houses, it must follow they were *Tabernæ*; and, as a consequence, though that exact word may not have been used by any Roman writer when treating of the Roman expeditions in Belgic Gaul, there is no reason why a town, which sprung up where the Roman encampment was, would not be called *Taberna* or *Taberna*. Moreover it is not requisite, to prove our position, to have recourse to a weak shift, and say that the Belgic *Taberna* was so-called after *Tarvana*, a Roman officer. What writes Lemprière? We introduce him here, not to prove the existence of *Terounna* alone, but to exhibit the folly of those who say that *Tabernæ* was a name peculiar to Italy.

These are Lemprière's words: "*Tabernæ Rhenanæ*, a town of Germany on the Rhine, now Rhin Zabern. *Tabernæ Riguæ*, now Bern Castel, on the Moselle. *Tabernæ Triboccorum*, a town of Alsace, now Saverne." In this passage we have an *s* and *z* substituted for *t*.

It is pitiable that men with eyes to read, will not consult authorities before they hazard opinions. If the persons who assumed to prove that St. Patrick was an Italian, looked over their classics, they would not have made themselves so ridiculous in endeavouring to maintain a false position and upon false data. We are quite aware that there is a *Bononia* in Cisalpine Gaul, part of the modern Italy; but facts and circumstances are in the way of its being the birth-place of our Patron Saint. Now, as to the statement, that the word *Taberna* does not appear in Roman writers when speaking of Northern Gaul, we have made out the following passage in the "*Annals of Tacitus*," book ii. cap. 14, "*adit castrorum vias, adsistit tabernaculis*," *he approaches the avenues of the camp, he*

remains beside the tents. We quote these words simply to show the temerity of hazarding an opinion without consulting authors. If it be objected, that the quotation has not reference to the encampment in the Morini, our answer is, that the system of encamping must be the same on the west of the Rhine as on the east in Belgic Gaul, and that a part of Germany was included in the former country in Cæsar's time. We have also to observe, that *Taberna* and *Tabernaculum*, having reference to *Castra*, are of the same signification, though *Tabernaculum*, in strict philology, means a small tent. The Jewish tents, which must have been very large, were called *Tabernacula*, *Tabernacles*.

Hence we thus argue. When a question is raised as to the identity of a certain town, reason suggests that when facts, circumstances, and a generally accepted opinion are in favour of a given one, we are bound to arrive at the logical conclusion, that such a town is that meant; but in the present case, the three things are plainly for Bononia (*Celtice*, Bonaven) *Taberniæ*, in the Morini: therefore, it must have been the birth-place of St. Patrick. The river or rivers are there; the *Tabernæ*, or *Castra*, were there; the ruins of Terronane, according to Lemprière, and the Le Brue are there; and a general, nay an almost universal opinion on the point exists.

But, before we proceed to the argument deducible from St. Patrick's Confessions as to his birth-place, let us say, that Tours could not by any means be where he was taken captive. For it lay to the west, and when the Irish were pursuing the Romans to the Alps their route lay rather to the east.

We find the original of the following words in the *Leabhar Breac* (Lhowar Bhrack), *Speckled Book*, at

Seachnall's hymn, "Patrick's Captivity." "They (Irish invaders) happened to come on a party of the Britons of Ercluade (b-*Ercluade*). A party of the Britons met them (the pirates) at that time in Armorica Letha (litoralis). They killed Potitus's son, Calpurn, Patrick's father, and they captured Patrick and his two sisters." Nothing can be clearer than that the Britons and the Ercluade, alluded to in the above quotation, belonged to Gaul. The conjecture, that they belonged to Scotland, is most ridiculous. What would have brought a Scotch family to so distant a land? Moreover the Irish, at that time, were aiding the *Scotch* Britons to repel the Romans, and in doing so they captured Patrick in his native land, as the Speckled Book shows. We shall return to this part of the subject at another time.

Lingard makes particular mention of the snowy heights of the Morini, of which Gesoriacum or Bononia Taburnæ (Bonaven) was the fortress, and Taberna the *civitas*, or corporate capital. Hence, as we would say Howth (if it were a fortress), Dublin, so St. Patrick, *Bonaven Taberniæ*. Nor does the use of *m*, for *n*, alter the matter, because it was already shewn that there has been a literal substitution in other tongues. Moreover, *vetustas, quæ consumit ferrum lapidemque* may have given us *m* for *n*. But to render more intelligible the addition *Taberniæ*: if an Irishman be on the Continent, and that a Frenchman, who was never in Ireland, asks him to what town he belongs, he will give him the name of the most remarkable place in his country, thus a man of Kingstown will say—I am from Kingstown, Dublin. This was precisely what our saint did.

Eustachius, a learned writer of the seventh century; Probus, a faithful historian; Baxter, and other respectable historians, all agree in this view of Bononia and Tarvenna.

Dr. Lanigan comments elaborately and learnedly on the subject in the first volume of the "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland." However, he is so hypercritical that we had to pursue our own path. Those of our readers, who wish to read extensively and critically about the places, can gratify themselves by having recourse to Lanigan, whom we shall call the malleum or mallet of lying, slanderous, and mercenary Ledwidge, who considered nothing too base, too wicked, or too abominable, to deny the existence and blaspheme the religion of the Blessed Patrick. We will have a word with him shortly.

We had nigh forgotten Jocelyn's *Emphor*, and his aphæresis of the letter *η*. It is astonishing that he could bring himself to so mutilate the text of St. Fiech, whose words are *ηem tur*, *holy tower*. Jocelyn inferred, that because the preposition *an*, *in*, has been ignorantly divided into *a* and *η*, as *a η-Eluη*, the letter *η*, is euphonic, used only to prevent the hiatus, and therefore he presumed he could remove it to suit his purpose, without injuring the integrity of the name. He ought to have recollected that Fiech was a vigorous Irish scholar, after the Attic style, if we may so write, and that before his conversion he was by profession a most learned poet. Therefore, it was clear he would not have written corrupt language. But, detaching the *η* from the *l* before it, would have been a corruption. Besides, the Irish language has no such preposition as *ηη**, but the old scholars frequently used *l*, where after-writers inserted *an*, and if Fiech intended the use of *η* simply for euphony, he could as elegantly, and as consistently with the metre, have written *anη*. Wherefore, it is evident that Jocelyn knowingly perverted the text, and it is clear also that two words are the proper reading.

* Poets accomodate language to themselves—not themselves to it.

This *refugium* of Jocelyn is so silly, that it deserves no further notice from our pen.

We shall now proceed to "St. Patrick's Confessions." For this purpose we use a very handsome work of the Rev. Joachim Laurence Villanueva, which has been very kindly lent to us by our esteemed friend, the Ven. Archdeacon Hamilton, a great patron of literature.

As to the Apostle's birth-place, these are his own words: "Patrem habui Calpornium, qui fuit e vico Bonaven (*aliter* Bonavem) Taberniæ; villam enim, Enon, prope habuit, ubi ego in capturam decidi, annorum eram tunc fere sexdecem."—"My father was Calpurnius, a native of the town of Bonavem Taberniæ; he had near the town a villa (called) Enon, where I was made captive, I was then nearly sixteen years of age." Now the reader—from previous remarks and from our comments on *ἁγία τῦρ*, *holy tower*, which St. Fiech, the disciple and first-ordained convert of our patron saint, mentioned as his birth-place—plainly sees, that *Bononia Taberniæ*, alluded to in the "Confessions," must be that town. For it must be confessed that Fiech was well acquainted with the name of his great master's native town. Nor is it to be objected that Fiech ought to have used *Bonaven*. In the first place, such a term would not suit his metre, and he, very naturally, preferred to use the language of his heart—the language in which he was accustomed to write his poetry—the Irish. An Englishman prefers his own language. In fact, men of all countries do the same thing. *Ἀῖα κλῆα** is the Irish name of Dublin; yet, if a native of Rome, and resident in it, were giving the life of St. Laurence O'Toole, he would insert *Dublinium*, or *Eblana*, and not the Irish name; nay more, he would call St. Laurence a native of Dublin, though it was not the place of his nativity. Such

* Pronounced *Aha kleea*.

has been the historical mode of recording facts of that class. In after-ages Latin authors will write down, that most illustrious champion of Catholicity, the terror of heretics—His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Mac Hale, *as of Tuam*, though he was born in Mayo. In the same manner, *Tavernia*, being the corporate city (*civitas*), is joined to Bonavem, the small town (*vicus*).

For the sake of a subsequent argument we may as well here state, that Malabranque refers to the *Chronicon Morineuse*, the “Catalogue of the Bishops of Boulogne,” and the “Life of St. Arnulphus of Soissons,” to sustain a popular tradition of the inhabitants of that country, to the effect, that St. Patrick ruled that diocese, in which was contained Terouanne for some time. Bouchærius, in his *Belgium Romanum*, book viii. cap. 15, maintains, that Bonavem (Boulogne) was the ancient See, and that it had a bishop in the time of Constantine or that of his sons. To this the Bollandists object, that there was no Bishop of Boulogne before the fall of Terouanne. The testimony of Malabranque is the weightier authority, founded, as it was, upon local traditions and records; and, in the absence of any direct and respectable convincing proofs to the contrary, the *assertion* of the Bollandists must be rejected. Moreover, though Boulogne had not been a regularly established See in the days of St. Patrick, it is most reasonable to suppose that he was a *Regionarius Episcopus*, in the same way as there were *Regulares Exempti*, having power to officiate wherever they saw a want of priests. And to meet the rejoinder, that no bishop could be consecrated without a flock over which to preside, our reply is—that we cannot, at the present day, judge of the exceptions which the exigencies of the first spread of the Gospel demanded, and which the Pope, in all likelihood, made to gain over souls to Christ. Again, St. Patrick could have

been Bishop of Bonavem, *ad interim*,* and of another place after that, as necessity recommended. Therefore he had an *ad interim* diocese. Besides, history has proved that he was such a character as would have given confidence to Celestine to confer on him the title of *Missionary Bishop*, to enable him to officiate wherever he found the want of a prelate. It may be urged that *Terouanne*, being the large town, and not *Boulogne*, the small one, should be given as the See. Logicians do not draw conclusions from possibilities or probabilities, but from facts, when they can come at them; and it is a fact, according to Malabranque, that *Boulogne*, and not *Terouanne*, was the See. Yet we can give a case in point, where Sees have been called, not after the large towns, but by the names of even comparative villages. Elphin was never so large a place as Sligo, Athlone or Roscommon, still the diocese is called that of Elphin. The same can be said of Tuam, Achonry, Ardfert, Clonfert, Killala, and other Sees in Ireland.

Reasoning from probabilities ought to be avoided as much as possible when dealing with matters of importance, especially when facts, circumstances—equivalent to facts—and a *consensus populorum*, are available to establish a truth. We have read an interesting life of St. Patrick, by Lynch of Dublin, and yet the author committed himself most gravely in order to support his assertion—that *Tours* on the Loire was our saint's natal soil. Lynch, after having alluded to Patrick's second captivity, says, on the authority of Baillet, that he was brought a slave to Bordeaux, or thereabouts. He adds, that "at last he arrived to his relations, whose joy upon seeing him was excessive. They sought to persuade him to continue the remainder of his life with them, but he was destined for

* *For a time*—as we say, "*pro tem.*"

a more active life." Here the native place of the Irish Apostle is given as in Little Britain; which, as is clearly ascertained, lay along the coast of the English Channel, and contained Normandy, Picardy, Artois, and a little more territory, east of the last and west of the first. The learned writer, Lynch, further says, that whilst the saint was reflecting on the advice of his friends, he was warned by a vision of one of the inhabitants, who lived near the wood *Foclut*, which was in *Tiramalgad*, the modern Tyrawly, in Mayo, that God required him to go and lead from idolatry and paganism the Irish nation. The same author affirms, that henceforward the blessed Patrick resolved upon an attempt to convert to the one God, Ireland, "and the better to prepare him for such a task, he undertook a *painful journey to foreign parts*, to enrich his mind with learning and experience." We quote this passage to show how cautious a writer ought to be before he pens his words. For what man, upon reading the above passage, and without informing himself farther on the subject, will not infer that there is a strange inconsistency in Lynch. If Tours, on the *inch*, or *islet* of the Loire, as Mr. Lynch states, was Patrick's native place, he needed not go to *foreign parts* to *acquire learning and experience* to fit himself for the Irish mission. He had a college, we say, at the door, with his friends, presided over by *St. Martin of Tours*, and a most celebrated one. What need, then, was there of a *painful journey*? Besides, if Tours were his native place, St. Patrick would not have called it *vicus* (a village), as his real birth-place was only on the summit of the lofty shelving cliffs of the Morini, which was not the name of a particular country, but a term applied to signify *maritime inhabitants*, and is composed of the two words, *mor* or *muir*, "sea," and *duinne*,

“persons;” latinized, *Morini*, and in that sense could be applied to any people living along a sea coast, and so a word of like import has been employed for the same purpose by the people of every country.

It may not be here out of place to mention, fortified towns are seldom large places. The arsenals of England and of France are not so.

We would, if possible, avoid saying more on Lynch’s history, which is very interesting, and very well written in other respects; but when a theory is put forward with much pomp and with a sneer at the *true* and *literal* translation of *ἁγία τῦρη*, “Holy Tower,” of the erudite and accomplished scholar, Father Colgan, Lynch must not be let off when he writes incongruities, to speak in the mildest manner of him. Hear the next sentence in his “Life of St. Patrick.” He continued *abroad* for thirty-five years, partly on the mission, and pursuing his studies, for the most part under the direction of his mother’s uncle, St. Martin, *bishop of Tours*, who had ordained him deacon, and after his (Martin’s) death, with St. German, bishop of Auxerre,* who ordained him priest (and called his name Magonius, which was the third name he was known by), and partly among a colony of hermits and monks, in some islands of the Tyrrhenean Sea, which, the Bollandists say, were the Hieres, south of Provence; and Lerius was the island, in which Justus delivered the wonderful staff of Jesus to our Apostle, which was given him from Heaven for that purpose. The same authority writes, that Patrick started thence for Ireland.

In the words cited, according to Lynch himself, St. Patrick could not have proceeded on a painful journey, as *Tours*, and *Auxerre*, a town of Burgundy, in the depart-

* Allisodorus.

ment of Yonne, and Turonia, were all along the N. and N. E. bank of the Ligeris or Loire; and the nearest of either place was about 300 miles from the Morini, which was not considered by the early inhabitants as of "Les Gaules," or Gaul, strictly so called, as we shall shew. This being so—and the fact, that our saint was educated by the illustrious saints alluded to, no one denies—it is monstrous to assert, that he travelled in *foreign* parts, whereas his theatre of studies was the enchanting, fertile, flock-feeding plains, along the banks of the majestic Loire, *his own dear river*, as Lynch would have us believe. In truth, he ought not have written, that his going even to Rome would be *undertaking a painful journey*, had he to proceed only from Auxerre to the Eternal City—the glorious stellar centre of Catholicity. Auxerre lies far to the south in France, on the river Yonne, within a few miles of the Loire, on the east.

No historian could say, that a man going to Rome from the south-east part of France was proceeding on a dangerous journey to *foreign parts*. Much less could there be danger to St. Patrick, whose parents were, beyond all dispute, of Roman origin, in travelling from a part of ancient Gaul to Italy, the former being a part of the empire at that period. But the notion of a *native of Tours*, as Lynch made our saint, *going to foreign parts, to St. Martin of Tours, to Tours*, is the most unmeaning thing ever heard of. It is more ridiculous than the *Holy Tower in the clouds*, as himself designated the learned Colgan's *nearin tur*, and than Lanigan's *city in a city*. We have already shown, that Rome could not be considered a *foreign part*, because Auxerre, the See of St. German, was not far from the Alps. Therefore Lynch's theory regarding Tours, for the reason assigned as well as from the arguments,

not probabilities, before given, is necessarily to be rejected.

We stated in an early part of this comment, that persons called *Britons* from Britaon Maol, grandson of Nemedius, passed over to the coast of France, as adventurers having been driven out of Ireland, and there settled. That they were there when the Romans invaded Great Britain we have Pliny, book iv. cap. 17, as authority. We have an excellent map of Le Brué, of France before Cæsar's time, and on it we find the Britons occupying the territories now known as Normandy, Picardy, and part of the Straits of Calais; Lemprière, Cellarius, and Ainsworth agree on this fact. Colgan in his life of the great saint, Fursey of Lough Corrib, nephew of St. Brennan of Birr,* as Keating calls him, when on a journey to Rome, whither all the saints looked, and occasionally travelled as to the centre of unity, passed through Britain, in which was Ponthieu in the modern Picardy. Here it may be in order to demonstrate, that the fact of England being called Great Britain is no proof, that she was the cradle of the Britons of a part of Armoric Gaul, if we can give an instance of a country which was designated "Great," whilst the nursery, whence it sprung, was not so styled. But this we can easily do. The southern part of Italy, which was colonized by the Greeks, was denominated "Magna Grecia," though Greece itself was not. Therefore the hypothesis, that England, because she was the greater country, peopled Little Britain or Britany, falls; and we have given the true history of its earliest inhabitants—the descendants of Briton the Bald, grandson of Nemedius. We gave our authority and our reasons, resting not upon surmise, but upon the evidence of internal

* Rather, of Clonfert.

national records, which are within the reach of the curious and the learned. The Bollandists object, that Ponthieu was not in Normandy but in Picardy; but they ought to have read, and they would have discovered, that when the Normans took possession of some of the maritime places, Neustria, in which was Ponthieu and Normania, became convertible terms; and that the Normans, when writing in Latin, called their country Neustria, which, we already proved, comprised most of the northern maritime parts, including a part of Germania Secunda along the Rhine. Nennius, Labineau, Baronius, Malabranque, Sidonius, and many other writers agree, that a part of Belgic Gaul was inhabited by Britons. Dionysius thinks so. Yet we prefer the authority of Keating to all of them, who, defending the national, incorrupted and incorruptible records of his own Ireland, stated, that the offspring of the valiant Nemedians settled in that country. Had Colgan, Lanigan, and other writers studied more closely the history of their own far-famed and loved native isle of saints and of scholars, and that in the native tongue, they would not be "as a man in the midst of an immense and trackless forest," seeking in vain to unravel a difficulty. Philologists have been bewildered in absurd, though learned conjectures, when wandering in their darkened orbits, unilluminated by the friendly light of the Irish tongue. Their want of lingual knowledge reminds us of an appropriate passage in Virgil's *Æneid*, book vi. line 270.

" Quale, per incertam lunam, sub luce maligna,
Est iter in silvis, ubi cælum condidit umbra,
Jupiter et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem."

Dr. Johnson, in a letter to the learned Charles O'Connor, urging him to extend Irish literature, acknowledged his own want in this respect. He says, that "those who

would become acquainted with the original of nations and the affinities of languages" require the aid of our language; and that he regrets that many, not having this aid, are unacquainted with a people so ancient, and once so illustrious; for "that Ireland was known by tradition to have been once the seat of learning and piety." Camden says that the Anglo-Saxons got their alphabet from the Irish. Wormius states the same relative to the Icelanders to whom St. Brennan carried in his hand the lamp of truth and of learning. Sir Walter Raleigh gives similar testimony. Hence we can safely assert that, in order to be able to correctly write on matters having reference to Ireland, a knowledge of its language is as necessary as the compass is to the mariner. We have often sought in vain for the roots of words in Greek, though the words were in Homer. We were not a moment at a loss when we called to our help our own vigorous, rich, and sweet language. We are not at a stand for the derivation of the name "Waldenses:" $\Sigma\alpha\omicron\lambda\text{-}\delta\alpha\omicron\iota\mu\epsilon$, *Irish people*, which interpretation distinguishes them from the Waldenses at the foot of the Alps, who were called after Peter Waldo of Lyons.

Mosheim made this distinction between the latter and the former, whose language, up to the present day, is genuine Irish. After the death of Dathi (Dhahee), who, having routed the Romans as far as the Alps, was killed with lightning, many of his followers settled in that part, and their descendants continued there.

Wherever our people journeyed—and, if we are to believe Bede, Camden, and a host of respectable writers, our learned men, at a time when the present haughty sister island had scarcely, if she had at all, her alphabet—diverged from brilliant Erin, as pipes from a stupendous gasometer, bearing enlightenment to all parts of the

darkened orbit. Wonderful was the dazzling effulgence of her lamp in the ninth and tenth centuries, when almost the entire of Europe was groping its way in the dark.

We shall not return to add any additional proofs, that what was called Little Britain, or Britany, was in Belgic Gaul, and we trust it is not requisite to remind our readers that it was not the same as the present Bretagne, which is the exact north-west part of France, and as a territory its native name was Armuric. However, as was said of the Morini, that it meant Maritime, so does Armuric.

In connexion with this question, it may be here as convenient to dispatch briefly the passages that have been so flippantly put forward to disprove that *Holy Tower*, or Boulogne-sur-mer, in Britany, or the modern province, called "Straits of Calais," was St. Patrick's native place. It is almost an insult to common understanding to waste time on such objections. Any one who will take the trouble of examining the Book of Conquests, will learn, that at a very early era there existed frequent correspondence between the Irish and French; that Irish monarchs had married into that country; that Criomthan (Creewan), one of our kings, attempted the conquest, and that the sturdiest opponents were the indomitable Belgæ, who appeared on the top of the snowy cliffs of the Morini, to repel him. An old Irish poet, whose authority Keating asserts is unquestionable, thus sung:—

"The famed Criomthan swayed the Irish sceptre,
And, dreaded for the fury of his arms,
His sovereignty extended over the seas.
Unmindful of the dangers of the waves,
He, with insuperable force, subdued
The Scots, the Britons, and the warlike Gauls,
Who paid him homage, and confessed his sway."

He ruled Ireland, A.D., 360, and about ten years before

the birth of our saint. The fact of a part of Gaul becoming tributary to Ireland, encouraged the mutual commerce between the two countries. The Irish monarchs continued and extended their conquests in Armorica, which in the first days of the Roman writers was not considered as a part of Gaul. It was in one of these incursions that Patrick was taken into captivity. The reason of Patrick's family being in Morini, is very simple. His relatives, as himself tells in his famous letter to Coroticus, were amongst the nobles of Rome, and his grandfather and father, being in Holy Orders, it is fair to infer that they migrated to the Roman colony, on the coast opposite to England, and that they officiated amongst the Roman colonists, such as were Christians : just as our priests would accompany our soldiers, who could not understand the language of foreign priests ; and we read in Patrick's own "Confessions," that himself when in Ireland, long afterwards, was very uneasy about the souls, whom he had gained to Christ, "*in ultimis terræ.*" It was during these disturbed times that Patrick, when a lad, was taken away from his father's country seat, Enon, and carried into Ireland. How providential was his captivity. It was salutary for Patrick, as his "Confessions" tell us, inasmuch as that, from not having been as faithful to God as he ought, the pains and trials of captivity chastened him, nor could he indeed be bad, though humility caused him to believe himself so. He had not yet arrived at an age in which much badness is apt to be displayed. His captivity was good for Ireland, which, through his agency, was taken out of her abominable state of diablery, idolatry, and paganism.

As to the term "Alcluid," it may, without doing the least violence to language, apply to the stupendous rocks,

nature's own architectural bulwarks of the Morini, from whose cloud-capped summits the hardy and dauntless natives were wont to laugh at the impotent efforts of the English, in later days, on her first attempt to float her bloody and crime-dyed flag over a free and chivalrous nation. However, having successfully put into requisition her most powerful engine—more powerful than all her armies—her “*divide et impera*,” she gained her point for a time. But the glorious Franks, rather the descendants of the old Belgians, colonists from Ireland—the inhabitants of once Armoric or maritime Gaul—threw by cursed division, united as brothers all, tore down and dragged in the mire England's piratical banner, and waved her own flag of independence, which braved the battle and the breeze for ages.

England's wars have been generally suggested through a thirst of conquest and of power, pushed forward by needy or ambitious men. Let the reader cast his mind's eye around him—let him extend it by the power of fancy over the periphery of the globe, and he will come to the same conclusion, if prejudice has not dimmed his mental vision. Hence we say, that nearly all her wars, with scarcely an exception, were for plunder, rapine, and unbounded sway; and consequently they must be pronounced inhuman, unholy, opposed to Gospel truth, subversive of happiness, of liberty, and of religion. It is not here our place to notice her criminal rule in Ireland; that has been written of in our notes on other passages.

Since the above was penned it occurred to us, that it was unnecessary to waste time on such frivolous objections; because our arguments in favour of Boulogne-sur-mer, based on the best authorities, supported by facts, circumstances, and general consent, did not require secondary or minor

corroborative aid. However, as whilst writing these very words a Reverend friend has paid us a visit, and seemed to be full of the Anglican doctrine, which would have Patrick born near the Clyde; we must say a few words more on the subject. And in doing so it affords us pleasure to be able to assert, that the Celtic word *Aldcluid*, *Alcluīd*, is a most appropriate name for the site of *nearn tur*, the *fortress*, or, to use an Irish term, the *Dun*. We have before us a most interesting work of Robert and William Chambers of Edinburgh, a *Gazetteer*. Their pleasing and graphic account of *Aldcluid*, or *Dunbarton* (or *Brittan*), confirms what we said of the rise and progress of *Holy Tower*, the present *Boulogne*. Their *Dun* is situated on cloud-capped hills, which used to be perpetually covered with snow. In course of time a large town sprung up contiguous to it, called *Dunbarton*, and was called *Aldcluid* in the times of the Britons. It was the stronghold of the Highlands—and afterwards became a burgh or corporation. It was called by the Britons *Aldcluid*, evidently because it was on the summit of snowy cliffs, just what *Lingard*, in his “*History of England*,” vol. i., names the rocks of the *Morini* or *Armoric Britons*. What is the derivation of the word? *Al*, *white* or *swan*, and *cloc*, *stone* or *rock*—*white rocks*.* We are sustained in our interpretation by Chambers, in his quotation from the tale of *Carthou*. “I came,” replied *Classmmor*, “in my bounding ship to *Balclutha*’s walls of towers, and *Clutha*’s streams, my dark-bosomed vessel.” This fortress is said, by the Messrs. Chambers, to have been the rallying point to resist *England* in her attempt to enslave *Scotland*, and in this tower was imprisoned the glorious *Wallace*.

* Or “*Ail*,” *rock*, and “*cluid*,” *creek*—the *rocky creek*.

It is rank nonsense to argue, that because St. Patrick might have alluded to such a place, it was, therefore, his native place, especially when there exists the most unanswerable arguments, that the same name can be as justly applied to a fort on any snow-capped cliffs. Language is a grand key to truth, as St. Patrick in his "Confessions" has said—" *Per linguam dignoscitur sensus, et scientia et doctrina veritatis.*"

Lanigan quotes from Keating, who says: "I have read in an ancient Irish manuscript, whose authority I cannot dispute, that St. Patrick and his two sisters were brought captive into Ireland from Armorica or Britany, in the kingdom of France." O'Flaherty admits the same; but, like old Anchises, he was "*deceptus novo locorum errore,*" though he, from his knowledge of language, might, had he examined a little more closely, have guarded against the mistake, and could find the name Alclud equally as applicable to the Morini cliffs as to those of the Scotch Highlands, as was previously remarked. The erudite O'Sullivan—and he an Irish scholar too—agrees with our doctrine. Probus is most clear on the subject: "When he (St. Patrick) was yet in *his own* country with his father Calpurnius, and his mother Concessa, also his brother Ruethi, and sister, by name, Mila, in a town of Armorica, a great commotion arose in these places." The reader will have seen by the last words, that it is a very common practice with authors to use plural nouns where a single one would do. The town alluded to was not *places*, but a *place*, though it must be confessed the disturbances pervaded all Belgic Gaul, which was at that time invaded by foreign powers, and amongst them, by the Irish. So satisfied was the Venerable Bede, that there were Britons in Armorica earlier than in Great Britain, he says, that the conti-

mental Britons gave name to the former.—See Ecclesiastical History, book i. cap. 1. Nennius and Procopius are of the opinion, “that Britons lived in the north of Gaul at an early period.”

Lest we should forget a fact worthy of notice we may as well refer to it here. The head-land or promontory at Boulogne, when the tide is very full, resembles an islet, being nearly, if not entirely, encircled by the sea. We likewise add, that if the heights are not now the same as in the days of St. Patrick, the like change, according to Chambers, has been effected at the Scotch Clyde—

“Tantum ævi longinqua valet mutare vetustas.”

If cities and empires disappear from maps, may not mountains and hills be wiped away or reduced.

If we be told, that our saint uses the word *Britanniæ*, the plural number, and that this word cannot in strict philology be applied to *one* Britain or to Britany, we answer, that nothing is more ordinary than such an explanation. St. Patrick, in the same place, uses the word “*Gallias*,” *Gauls*, though we all are aware there was but one Gaul. Cæsar did the same in various passages. St. Maclovias uses similar language as Sigebert relates of him, “*Maledictis Britannis in Gallias abiit*.” On referring to the author it will be seen, that Britany was here meant, and hence may be inferred, that the maritime parts, as being *extremi hominum*, “the end of the world,” was looked on by the Romans as not at all in Gaul. Here a most convincing proof, if such were wanted, presents itself to our mind. In Virgil’s *Æneid*, book viii., is to be found this passage elsewhere quoted by us, “*Extremique hominum Morini, Rhenusque bicornis*.” The learned Jesuit, Ruæus, commenting on this clause, says, that their

capital was Tarvanna, now in ruins, and that they were called by the Romans "*extremi hominum*," the most remote people on the west. In fact, Virgil took them to be so, else he would have introduced another appellation for the Morini, when he referred to them on the west as he did to the Dahæ on the banks of the Danube on the east. We have no doubt that St. Patrick's knowledge of the Latin classics reminded him of the above sentence, when, in his "Confessions," he made use of "*Ultimis terræ*." Surely had his relatives been at the Clyde in Scotland, he, who was a scholar, could not have said they were in "*Ultimis terræ*." In other words he would not have said, they were in the *most remote* land, when they would be actually within a few hours sail of him if he were a Scot. Besides, as we must believe himself, that they were of that class of persons who could very easily have gone to see him, and would unquestionably have done so, were they in Scotland. But, in truth, St. Patrick meant that his friends were in the Morini—Virgil's "*Extremi hominum*," called by him "*Ultimis terræ*." And to assert, that "*Ultimis terræ*" meant distant parts of Ireland would be sheer nonsense, as may be learned from the context in the "Confessions."

Another proof against our saint being a native of Scotland is to be found in his epistle to Coroticus: "Ingenuus fui secundum carnem; Decurione patre nascor. Vendidi enim nobilitatem." I was noble by birth; my father was a Decurio; I sold my nobility.

There were two classes of *Decuriones*. The one class was military. Each command ten Equites. These latter were something like English knights at their first institution. They were what we would denominate the first grade of nobility. They wore gold rings as the mark of their

rank. They were men of estates. In order to be elected a Decurio a man should be possessed of 100,000 sistentii, or £781 5s. of our money (a large amount at that early age). These resembled our cavalry officers. The second class of Decuriones were rather civil officers, as our deputy lieutenants of counties—hence the name “de curia;” and were members of provincial senates, or legislative assembly—See Lemprière and Kennell’s “Roman Antiquities.”

When it is borne in mind that the equites, who were commanded, ten each, or the third of a troop—by one of the first class of Decuriones, were themselves all men of rank, as may be ascertained by the census of Servius Tullius in Livy, and that the second presided in the provinces, the reader can infer what influence St. Patrick’s family possessed. Why he stated that *he sold his nobility* was this: Constantine, to prevent any order discharging more offices than one, lest that office would not be fulfilled to the advantage of the state, decreed that any laic becoming a clergyman forfeited his inheritance. However, the very fact of Patrick saying that he sold it, proves that an exception was made in favour of his father, who was a deacon, and a Decurio at the same time. Even here is an instance of the influence of his family, an exception having been made in favour of Calpurnius, and of Potitus, the grandfather. Here again is a most probable reason for the family being in Belgic Gaul—viz., their civil as well as spiritual influence.

Now we would ask the advocates for making Killpatrick our saint’s birth-place, who ever heard of the title *Decurio* as a Scotch or English one. What writer on Scotch or English topography has ever used the name *Taberniæ*, which St. Patrick applied to the town of his birth, whereas we meet *Castra* or *Caster* attached to many

places. The very absence of Taberniæ from the works of their old topographers is an indirect evidence that Scotland has no claim to the honour of being St. Patrick's native soil, though we would love him equally as well if he even were. But facts are against the hypothesis; history is opposed to it, tradition contradicts it, and the concurrent testimonies of the best writers disprove it.

There is one other passage in the "Confessions" which might seem to require an explanation. He said that he wished after paying a visit to his friends in Britain (Britany) to visit *the Gauls*. Here it may be objected, that if Britany was in France how can this saying of the apostle be reconciled? Very easily. But that the reader may the more clearly understand the phrase, we shall give a quotation from Cæsar: "The river Garonne is the boundary between the Aquitani and the *Gauls*. The Marne and the Seine between the *Gauls* and the Belgians." Here the Belge and Gauls are set down by Cæsar in his first book as different peoples, though sometimes for brevity he applies the name Galli (which himself says was the Roman appellation for the Celtæ), to all Gaul: *ipsorum lingua Celtæ, nostra Galli appellantur*. In their own tongue their name is Celts, in *ours* (Roman) *Gauls*. Hence it is quite plain why St. Patrick used the phrase "and thence to the Gauls." For he was aware that his countrymen considered the Celts, or the south, and south-eastern people, called "Galli"—the Roman term—entirely as distinct from the Armoric Britons. In reality, up to the time of Cæsar there was nothing known of the Britani and Belgæ (whom we have already shown to be colonists from Ireland and Scotland) in Rome. This is inferrible from Cæsar's words, talking of their bravery and power of endurance, which he attributes to their tem-

perance habits and active life : “ Of all these the Belgæ are the bravest, because they are very far removed from the refinement and civilization of the province (Gaul), and merchants trade to them seldom, and do not import those things, that are apt to impair the spirits.” Here again an unmistakable difference is drawn between the Belgæ and the *Gauls*. The former are declared the bravest, because, far removed from the *vices of Rome*, and because they are *temperate*. What a grand character has been forced from a haughty enemy, and to the credit of terrible foes, to subdue whom, cost the Romans more time, money, and men, than the conquest of any other nation. So much so, that Virgil mentions by name the *Morini* (Belgæ) and the *Dahæ*, as the climax of Octavius’ triumph. Indeed, so it was a proud triumph ; because the Dahæ, who were Scythians, cut to pieces the troops of Darius, and are mentioned as the bravest of warriors, and designated by Virgil himself as *invincible*. Cæsar records the same of the *Morini*, who were also, as before stated, in all probability from Ireland, and consequently of Scythic origin.

To close the argument about the birth-place of our great Apostle, we shall introduce some lines from Probus, who, beyond all doubt, makes Armoric Gaul his native land. These are his words : “ Which town of Bononia we undoubtedly find to be of Neustria, where rumour has placed the giants of old.” We cannot conclude without observing that Villanueva’s remarks as to St. Patrick’s birth-place, ought to have been more carefully written, with a closer attention to Latin classics, than to Phœnician derivation. They required no such aid in the question ; our best key being in our own dear native tongue. As it is our desire to make no unkind remarks, we shall

not further allude to him than say, that it would have been much better had he left the word "Bonaven" unnoticed. Had he endeavoured to bring the Celtic, and not the Phœnician language to his relief, he would have done better.*

* We should have mentioned elsewhere, that Patrick was taken prisoner into Bretagne, which then comprised the present Picardé and Normandié, whence he was carried to the north of Ireland. Cnoc Hermond is the modern Mt. St. Michael in Normandy. It is worthy of remark what a tendency Patrick had, to make the loftiest eminences the theatre of the most remarkable parts of his life. We have his holy name identified with the fortress *Holy Castle* in the Morini. We had him on the Mourne range in Down; he fasted forty days on Cnoc Aichle, *Patrick's reek in Mayo*, and on the top of Fort St. Michael he arranged with his Divine Master and Victor *how he was* to conduct the Irish mission. It may be interesting to our readers to be presented with a short description (if such could be given) of this stupendous work of Dame Nature. This extraordinary fortress, which is one of the most remarkable objects in the world, cannot be described with the pen and pencil, though both were united. The plain on which it stands is all covered with sand, and is eight leagues square, which is traversed by many rivers, whose waters, now and again, spread themselves over the surface and form a temporary lake. This dreary desert, though boundless to the eye, is girt by the open sea; and farthest from the ocean, and far from the land on either side—the famous fortress of Mount St. Michael raises its fantastic shape. It resembles more a fairy-land than a work mainly the result of human hands. On its top is a beautiful church. It was a place of great note in the early ages of Christianity. Such a work as this will not allow us to go farther in so pleasing a topic. Its *seven walls*, &c., whether the work of man or of nature, must be decided by some other pen.—*Demitit septem brachia.*

ST. PATRICK'S EXISTENCE.

As annotators, it is not our province nor our intention to enter fully into St. Patrick's existence, and we are only surprised, that Dr. Lanigan, the Irish Muratori, whose learned volumes are a text-book to the ecclesiastical student, could have brought himself to spend so much time in refuting the abominable trash of objections of the lying Ledwich, who sought out every base means of reviling the land of his birth. No language that hell could suggest, he did not put into requisition to endeavour to uproot the belief in the existence of the extraordinary Apostle, who came to Ireland with the brilliant lamp of faith in his hand to lead the inhabitants out of the ways of darkness, in which they were groping. If St. Patrick did not exist in this country, who, we ask, effected the stupendous miracle of the almost simultaneous conversion of the Irish from diablery, druidism, and sorcery? In what monarch's reign, and by what monk, and in what dark age, as was audaciously asserted, was the gigantic lying fact of the blessed Patrick's existence fabricated. The reign, the lying monk, and the dark age, should have been given by the *unchristian*, christian minister, Ledwich, in order to gain any degree of credibility for his infamous theory. Did he suppose that his *ipse dixit* would be taken for truth even by his own party. Did he for a moment imagine, that any respectable Protestant would, on his sole authority, withhold belief in the existence of a man, to whom they owe, under God, the blessings of the Christian dispensation. Silly driveller! Base reviler! His conduct in this matter resembles that of the beetle, which avoids the most delicious viands, and feeds upon

the most putrid carrion, the filthiest substances. But nothing was too vile, or too foul for him, when his native land and its religion were the objects for his corrupt thoughts, his envenomed pen. We shall not, therefore, stoop to follow him in his scandalous and maniac lucubrations. The truth of our saint's existence and his glorious apostleship in Ireland is as clearly deducible from the premises, laid down in showing his birth-place, as any fact that has ever been established by human reasoning. The very discussion about where he was born presupposes his existence. Why argue about where a man might have been born, if no such man had existed. Consequently, the writings of all the eminent men who treated of St. Patrick's native town, must be admitted, according to the rules of logic, as an irrefragable proof, that he did exist, and converted Ireland. What man, unless a madman, or a man of Ledwich's effrontery, could have dared to contradict a fact, established by the concurrent testimony of the most profound historians, Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian, of France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland? What motive could have effected so wonderful a union of men of different nations, different interests, different views, different political, civil, moral, and religious opinions? What common bond could possibly have so linked such jarring elements to fabricate so egregious a falsehood? Above all, what could have induced Irishmen, who are so tenacious of national fame, to attribute to a *nonentity* their conversion from idolatry? They had St. Albe, St. Ciaran, St. Ivar, and St. Deighlan, bishops, Irishmen, contemporaries of St. Patrick. Would not our ancestors have handed to posterity any, or all of these as having converted the Irish people? Most unquestionably they would.

Their not having done so ; and St. Fiech, on the contrary, an Irishman, and bishop in the fifth century, having admitted our thesis, is quite conclusive on the point, that the glory of spreading the light of the Gospel amongst our forefathers is due to St. Patrick. St. Benignus of Armagh, St. Maccaille or Mac Hale of Roscommon, St. Seanagh of Mayo, St. Enna (*Enda*) of Arran, in Galway Bay, were all native Irish bishops of the same century, in which history says, St. Patrick preached in Ireland. Is it likely, that Irish writers would have passed over all these eminent saints for a *foreign, fancied* saint ? Why, the supposition is so absurd, that whilst we write we laugh at it. Would not the British isles have claimed the honour attributed to St. Patrick, for some of their own ecclesiastics ? Would not Scotland have claimed it for St. Palladius (Roman though he was), inasmuch as he became their apostle, and died amongst them. But after all, they, too, owe indirectly to St. Patrick their conversion, it having been not completely brought about until St. Columba, or Columbkille, went amongst them, and he was one of the heavenly results of Patrick's mission amongst the Irish Scots, if we can so write.

It is a wonder Ledwich did not *create* an English, Scotch, Welsh, or Manx Protestant Thaumaturgus as the converter of the Irish idolators. Having had a stomach, able to digest anything, we are astonished, that he hesitated at such a trifle, especially, as such a *pious* forgery was necessary to give a something of plausibility to his cherished hypothesis—"there was no St. Patrick." Unfortunately for himself he did not. Doctor, if you were sincere, whence did you get your mission of Aghadoe ? Who gave you the Bible ? Who consecrated the bishop that gave you a formal ordination ? To whom will he

trace the source, whence he got the power to preach and teach? Was it from an invisible bishop he derived his jurisdiction? But this you cannot, consistently with even your own doctrine, admit. The extraordinary mission ceased with the immediate apostles of Christ, and descended not to their successors. Come then, doctor, if St. Patrick did not exist as the Apostle of Ireland, even granting that your faith was Orthodox, tell us what right have you to confer what are called sacraments in your church? You cannot trace your episcopacy to any visible source, if your position be true. If your mission be ordinary, it can be traced up to Christ, from whom through some earthly being you have obtained it. When you deny St. Patrick, you do not satisfactorily give a substitute. Having failed in this point, you did an unintentioned wrong to yourself. You will not allow, that you had an extraordinary mission; according to the conclusions from your own premises you have not an ordinary one. Hence you leave us no alternative, but to say, that you enjoy a rich benefice to which you have no just claim—that, as you have no possible rightful patent to preach, you are an impostor and a cheat—as are all who believe with you.

Would there not be a general reclamation of clerics and laics against the imposture, if such were practised? Would not prelates and priests have denounced the fraud of setting up for veneration *the absence of even the shadow of a saint*?

If there were a general reclamation, history does not give it, and it could not exist without being recorded. It did not occur in the fifth century, when Irish saints and learned men of the nation were placed on the periphery of our horizon, numerous and shining as twinkling stars on the blue ethereal vault of heaven on a frosty night, when

the bespangled ether, whose colors, laid on by the plastic hand and brush, of the Supreme Painter, dissolving, as it were, into one, presents to the vision of the contemplative mind such a rich feast for thought.

Ciaran, the learned and intrepid bishop of Saigar, would not have yielded to the humbug of an *imported* "*Nemo*." This Ciaran having met Patrick (or Ledwich's *óúrtis* of the Cyclops), on his way to the Eternal City, where he taught theology, for twenty years, would he, on his return home, have submitted to a *pious, unnecessary fraud*? St. Ailbe, Bishop of Emly, and afterwards of Cashel, met Patrick on the Continent. This Ailbe exercised metropolitan powers over Munster, or Leagh Mogha, as Bishop of Cashel, in the time of King Ængus, but was not, certainly, papally and canonically appointed archbishop. He would have denounced the *pious* fraud. We find in history, that Ivar, or Ibarus, of Begerin, on the coast of Wexford, resisted the jurisdiction of St. Patrick for a long time; that he was warned by an angel, that St. Patrick had his patent, not only from Celestine, but from Heaven. Thereupon, he submitted, and differences were adjusted, in which negociation Ailbe, Deighlan, and the Munster King assisted. Ivar's fame, as a scholar, is too well known to doubt for a moment that he would acquiesce in a *fraud*, which would rob Irishmen of an honor that was justly their own, if St. Patrick had no being, as the Apostle to the Irish.

The great Fursey of Lough Corrib, or Orsben, his martyr brothers, and their glorious uncle, St. Brennan of Clonfert, St. Brennan of Ardfer, Enna of Arran, the intrepid Columbkille, the holy Colmans, Columbanus, Adamnan, and Probus, some in the time of St. Patrick, others following in centurial order; these would assuredly

have not consented to a monstrous cheat, which strips their country of its merit.

Were there any colleges in Ireland in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries? If there were, their learned professors and students would not stand a *splendid humbug* of an *óútu*s apostle. There was St. Ailbe's College, in East Munster; St. Fiech's, in Sletty, in the Queen's County. From the number of disciples, said to be of Benignus, we are to infer that he had a college. He, for a time, it is said, even before his elevation to the primatial chair, presided over the school of Armagh; St. Mel, of Ardagh, had a school; Mactheus, of Louth, is represented as a man of great learning; St. Ivar, or Ibar, of Beg-erin, had a renowned school.—See his life, in "Usher." There was a school under Mochay, in Antrim. That of Olclan, of Derkan, in Ulster, was a famous depôt of literature, and sent forth great luminaries. We must not forget these of Elphin and Cloonfoish, near Tuam. In the next century those of Clonfert, Bangor, Mayo, Clonard, and several others, with their thousand students in each of them. To these schools literary pilgrims, from all points of the compass, wended their way, through danger and hardships, in pursuit of learning, encountering perils by land and sea.

Now we ask could there be, by any possibility, an imposition practised as to an important fact without a thundering protest from these seats of learning? The hypothesis is repugnant to common sense, and inconsistent with national pride.

Though, as mere commentators, we do not feel called upon to enter into special arguments on this point, still it may not be out of place to handle the subject a little in detail. We shall, therefore, briefly take leave to introduce to our readers the names of a few of the writers of the

fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, who either alluded to St. Patrick, or were his biographers; though it might not be necessary to come down lower than the eighth, as that is the period alluded to by the lying Ledwich.

St. Seachnall, or Secundinus, Bishop of Dunshaughlin, the first prelate, who died in Ireland nine years after his arrival from Rome, wrote a hymn in praise of St. Patrick. In the second line of the first quatrane he mentions the name of our saint, as can be seen from the poem. St. Fiech, whose hymn on Patrick we give elsewhere in this book, got the Roman alphabet, his ordination, and appointment as bishop over part of Leinster, from St. Patrick. St. Benignus, a disciple, and the successor of the blessed Patrick, in the See of Armagh, left a biography of his illustrious master. This life is to be seen in the learned Colgan's collection, and in it, we are informed, that sixty lives of Patrick were written, before he (Benignus) composed his one. And here we have to remark, that though no other life were given for many subsequent ages, it should not be a cause of wonder, nor made a pretext for arguing against the existence of the Irish apostle. The lives of other eminent saints were to be recorded, and prudent men, naturally enough, thinking it a useless task to do over again what was already well done, thought it wiser and better for posterity to take up, each a different saint, and record his heavenly acts. Hence we are not to be surprised, that a biographer did not allude to St. Patrick, as he was not the subject of his history, and as others had amply written concerning him. Besides, the difficulty and tediousness of recording everything in manuscript obliged historians to omit everything irrelevant, or to be found elsewhere. No sane man can deny this truth, St. Ceenan, or Kainen,

Bishop of Duleek, who lived in 480, wrote a life of St. Patrick. However, it is right to observe, that some modern Pyrrhos, doubters of almost everything, deny the authenticity of this life. St. Loman, first bishop of Trim, in Meath, A.D., 450, and St. Mael, or Maol, Bishop of Ardagh, 488, transmitted to us lives of our saint.

The biographers of the sixth century had not only the written authorities of the foregoing saints, but they saw them and conversed with them. Hence the stream of evidence was two-fold—oral and written. St. Evin, of Mectruin, in Leinster, who lived A.D., 510, wrote St. Patrick's life. It is thought to be the tripartite life, published by Colgan. The Scholiast of St. Fiech, 570, continued the life to the next century, when Tirechan wrote a life very much prized by Ussher. Tirechan was a disciple of St. Ultan, Bishop of Ardraccan, and Ultan was himself a biographer of Patrick. These form the link to St. Eleran, who placed on record his thoughts on our Apostle, as on other matters, which were of such merit, that Sedulius, a most profound scholar and theologian, of the ninth century, inserted some of them in a collection of his own. Here is an evidence of the refined taste of some of our very early writers.

We come now to Probus, said to be of the tenth century, but we are convinced he was a writer of the latter end of the sixth century. This is the opinion of Bollandus. Alcuin, who was tutor to Charlemagne, and a scholar of Egbert, who was made Archbishop of York, in 705, testifies, that Probus' life of our saint was a work of great repute in the seventh century—that Egbert had it in his library before he was elected to York. When it is remembered how long it took to make a copy of a book in olden times, and that Egbert was archbishop in 703, and had the transcript

before that time, it is fair to infer, that the work must have been in repute at the end of the sixth century. Hence it is evident, that it is not the famous Probus, who was burned by the Danes, at Slane, in 948.—See “De Pont. et Saints Eboraci apud Gale.”

St. Adamnan, who flourished in the seventh century, died in 703. He was successor of St. Columbkille, as metropolitan abbot of Hye, as well as of all the monasteries established by Columba. In his preface to his life of his glorious master, he mentions St. Patrick's name; these are his words: “Quidam proselytus Brito, homo sanctus, Patricii episcopi discipulus, Mavateus (or Mochheus) nomine ita de nostro prophetavit patrono.”—“A certain Briton, a proselyte, a holy man, a disciple of the *bishop Patrick*, &c., prophesied respecting our patron (Columbkille).” The tripartite life of the “Dove of the Cells,” the fearless and uncompromising asserter of the Catholic faith, its privileges, and of its divine independence of temporal control, of the unqualified right of hierarchical liberty, unadulterated by state interference, has been looked upon by the best critics as thoroughly genuine, bearing internal evidence of its authenticity. This work of St. Adamnan remains an imperishable monument of the polished state of literature, amongst monks and Irishmen, at the close of the sixth, and in the seventh century.

We should have said that Adamnan and Probus were Irishmen. It was a great injury to the cause of historical accuracy to metamorphose Irish names into Latin, by clothing them in a foreign dress; confusion in names, facts, and dates occurred. Had the names of our immortal, learned saints and men, remained in their native garb, the result would have been of large advantage to the philologist and antiquarian. St. Cummian, of the seventh cen-

tury, refers in these words to Patrick : “ St. Patrick, our Pope, brought with him, &c.” This passage is to be seen in his letter to Segenius, Abbot of Hye. Kienan, of Connaught, pupil of Nathy, of Achonry, wrote a life of St. Patrick, in the seventh century. We need not here insert from the “ Antiphonarium Benchorenœ ” (of the County of Down), which Muritori has so justly lauded, and which we used elsewhere, when speaking of St. Patrick’s birth-place ; neither need we allude to the testimony of Mabillon, who refers to “ Litanies for the use of the Anglican Church.” The document was executed in the old Anglo-Saxon characters. In this were contained—along with the names of St. Gregory the Great, &c.—those of Saints Patrick, Brindan (Brennan), Columcille, Bridget, Carnach, Munna, &c. Not one of the famous English saints was named in this document. Neither Laurence, Wilfrid, Mellitus, nor any other. In this very omission of the names of the latter we have an incontestible evidence that the document must have been written before the existence of the above-named saints, and therefore before the eighth century.

The Venerable Bede tells us himself, that he wrote a martyrology, and in this work is recorded the name of our Patron Saint.—See book v. c. 24, or Recapitulation.

We regret space does not allow us to insert passages, but the reader can have recourse to the works. Nor can it be urged that Bede, in his “ Ecclesiastical History of England,” did not speak of Patrick. What had Patrick to do with England, that was not converted until the time of St. Austin, long after Patrick’s days? and if the venerable historian alluded to Palladius, the reader will observe that the allusion was incidental, otherwise there would not have been a word about Palladius. Nor would that have been a reason to excite surprise, as Palladius was not

a part of Bede's theme, which was to give the ecclesiastical affairs of England, and of no other country. He mentioned some Irish saints, simply because they aided in the conversion of England. He omitted the names of eminent English saints, such as David, Kentigern, and others; who would thence infer that they never had existence?

Nennius, the most learned Briton of the eighth—but as is strongly argued by some, of the seventh—century, speaks at large of St. Patrick. In A.D., 850, we have Eric, of Auxerre, writing of St. German. He declares that—“he considers it as the highest honor of that prelate to have been the instructor of St. Patrick, as the glory of a father shines in the government of his children.” Eric adds, he would mention one of his pupils, “by far the most famous, as the series of his actions shew, Patrick, *the particular Apostle of Ireland*, who was under his holy discipline for eighteen years;” he recommended him to Celestine, then Pope, by his presbyter, Segetius; approved by his judgment, supported by his authority, confirmed by his blessing, he set out for Ireland, and instructed them by his doctrine and miracles.” In these passages is an evidence of the supremacy of Rome, over the Church of Ireland; in the fifth century, as it has ever since continued, and will continue to the end of time, despite all the malignant efforts of heresy.

The martyrology of Roban, pupil of Alcuin, and Archbishop of Mentz, in 856—the martyrology of Nather Le Begne, of the monastery of St. Gal, in Switzerland, up to 871, mention Patrick's name. *Ḳṽṽṽṽṽ Ḳṽṽṽṽṽ* (Kevin), who died 1072; an eminent poet and historian, some of whose works are in the Royal Irish Academy, made mention of St. Patrick; Sigebert of Gemblours, in Flanders,, who died 1112; William of Malmesbury, born

early in the eleventh and died in the middle of the twelfth century; St. Bernard, the light of the twelfth century (we shall not name the infamous Barry); Jocelyn, whose work was based upon, as himself says, four biographies from the pen of ancient authors, contemporaries of our Apostle; Vincentius of Beavais, in 1244; James de Voraigue, 1350; St. Antonini, 1459; Petrus de Natalibus, 1470; Texier, Heinschenius, Papebrock, all have recognized Patrick as the Apostle of Eire. Nicholson, the venerable Protestant bishop of Derry, who said, he regretted that "he came only time enough to pay his dying respects" to the Irish language. Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, Stillingfleet, Bayle, Ussher, Swift, the translator and annotator of Jocelyn—all Protestants—have acknowledged and maintained the existence and apostleship of Patrick. Harris, such an enemy to Catholicity, and the impartial Ware, as Protestant testimonies in behalf of St. Patrick, should not be omitted. To give a list of foreign writers would take up an entire book. Hence, we conclude, that the *Testimonium hominum* was never more universal for the sustainment of any moral certainty than in the present argument; that so general is it, that nothing but mathematical demonstration can surpass it. The variations about dates and place of birth cannot weaken it. For, about the date of Christ's passion, the most remarkable and important fact to Christians, there have been variations—yet who would dare deny the fact? About Homer's birth-place there has been a difference of opinion; still who would deny his existence as the prince of poets. Finally, these differences of opinion do but contribute to establish facts more firmly; because they create new writers, who would otherwise have never appeared, and each of whom supplies his rivulet to the great river of

knowledge, on whose surface the disputed point is carried down to posterity with more force, having acquired freshening impetus from the strength imparted to the current by the several tributary streams.

We cannot more felicitously close the argument of our saint's existence, than by referring to the "Staff of Jesus," given him by Justus, who told him "he had received it from the Redeemer himself, to be delivered to a pilgrim, named Patrick; which command given, he ascended to heaven." The apostle, having got the "staff" or crozier, with which he was to work such miracles in Ireland, as Moses did with his rod in Egypt, proceeded on his journey. But there was a vast difference in one respect between the "staff" and the "rod." The latter brought death on the Egyptians; whilst the former was the token of health and life to the Irish.

History records the powerful virtue of the Staff of Jesus, *which is certainly extant somewhere*. Gerald of Wales calls it "*Virtuosissimum baculum Jesu*;" he adds, "that *Noble Treasure* was translated from Ardmagh to Dublin." David Roth, bishop of Ossory, answers objections made against the history of the Staff. He says, "if there be exceptions against our Saviour's appearing on earth after his ascension, he remits them to St. Ambrose, who relates that long after that period Jesus appeared to Peter at a gate in Rome." He desires them to consider the Rod of Moses and its wonder-working power—the brazen serpent in the desert—the brazen statue of our Saviour at Cæsarea Phillipi—the woman cured by touching the garment of Jesus—and "the poor Staff and Torn Cloak" of the Egyptian hermit, Senuphius, which was the means of a signal victory over Maximius, the tyrant.

Կ-ՅՈՅՆ ՔՁՓՐԱՅՏ^a ԱՐՏՏՕՂ ԷՅՐԵԱՆՆ,

Փօ շումած յե Դիւթե, Եարբայճ^b ըլեթե^c և չ-օղծաւ նա
Եանիօճնա,^d ծիրօբայ աշար իլլ, օղմայրիլլե ծօ
Քատրայճ իւն.

1. Շեղալլ Քատրայց,^a յ Նեմ^b Եար
Ար^c իւծ և ծ' իւծ հլ^d Տեւալլ,
Պաւան իւ մ-եղծան ծելլ,
Ան տան ծօ իւթ իւ ծեղալլ.
2. Տուգատ^a և ալլիլ հ-լլաւիւծ
Ելծ և աւալլ եա իլլլե,
Պաւ Եալլալլ իլլ Ելլ
Պ-օ Եուգալլ Ելլլլ.
3. Եալ իւ եղծանա հ-լ իւճան,
Պալլ^a ծօլլ իլլ տուլծ^b
Ելլալլ^c ի Եուղալլ^d
Եաւալլ իւթե ծլա իւճան.

^a Քաւալլ օր Քատրայլ.—The initial consonant of the genitive case of masculine nouns is aspirated, but not of feminines; and the same case in the plural suffers the *mortification* or *eclipsing* of the same consonant, as նա չ-ւալլ (na gart), *of the rights*. Nouns whose final letter is c, as քաւիլլ, drop that letter and take չ with an ա for the genitive singular. ծօւմած, *was composed*. In our language active verbs are sometimes used passively as in French—"Il les fera commander par les gens," *he made them be commanded by men*.—Telemaque, l. 5, and thus in many passages.

^b Եարբայլ օր Եարբայլ is the genitive of Եարբօ, it is in apposition to իւթե, the gen. of իւծ. This is termed by grammarians the fourth concord.

^c Տեւթե, gen. plural of իւծ, *a mountain*, pro. *sleeve, sleeve*.

^d Եանիօճնա, com. of եան, *woman*, and իօճնա, *royal*, or, as some would have it, *queen*, but the latter would be an awkward tautology; because then եանիօճնա, gen. եանիօճնա, should be a compound of եան,

A HYMN CONCERNING PATRICK,

APOSTLE OF IRELAND,

Which was composed by ST. FIECH (or FIAGH), Bishop of Sletty, in the Queen's County, a disciple of, and a man contemporary with, Patrick himself.

1. Patrick was born in Holy Tower,
As is recorded in stories,
A youth of sixteen years
At the time he was brought under captivity.
2. Succat *was* his name at *the* beginning;
Who his father *was*, be it known,
He was son of Calpurn, son of Otidus,
Who was son to the deacon Odissus.
3. *He* was six years in servitude,
Human food *he* eat not,
(*They*) were by him supported
Four tribes of his servitude.

woman, րիօժ, *king*, and աղ for եւաղ, *woman*. This is evidently a ridiculous analysis.

STANZA I.—^a 1, *in*. There are many forms to express *in*; we shall not mention them now, as we treated of them already; we shall only add, that in the prepositions յոր, առոր, յոր, all of which we have met in the best authors, the *ր* is merely *euphonic* not *radical*.

^b յեմ, *hodie* դեմ; of these words we have written at some length elsewhere, see page 49. There is a difference between դեմ շար and շար դեմեա; the English of the former is as we have given it in the translation, but the translation of the latter is *Blessed Tower*, դեմ Բաժար, *St. Patrick*, Բաժար դեմեա, *Blessed Patrick*.

^c Ջր րեծ եւ, or 'րեւ, *that is what*, ծ'բէւ, ծօ րէւ, *is told*, how like "*fatus*," *told*; hence *fate*.

^d հյ, *in*, the *h* is only an aspirate—րշէւ or րշէւ, *stricte loquendo* is *oral* news, as is րշար, but at present, the terms are used to imply oral or written tradition. The word "*Gospel*" is translated into Irish րօյրշէւ,

4. Ձր Երեմ^a Ալեքսի բիլ շիւածի
 Ձիւկոն, շէրեւթ բօր շօռնա,
 Բօրիւրն ա շօր բօր բիւծ^b լեյ
 Ձարալծ ծլա ձեր յի^c Երօռնա.
5. Ծօ բալծ շար Եւթրա^a պլե,
 Ծե ինարի Բօ Կ-ահրա թեւծա,
 Ծօնիծ քարշալծ լա Շերման^b
 Ան ձաեր ան ձերբօրիւ^c Լաւծա.

happy story, or news. The reason of the above term is this: In the primitive days of man all knowledge was imparted *orally*, there being no books. St. Irnæneas says, that for many years the Christians worshipped God without pen or ink; and, consequently, oral instruction was then the only system practised. Where was then the Bible? How could people read what they had not? and yet we are informed, that the Church of God abounded in saints.

STANZA II.—^a Succat *was* his name; the auxiliary *to be* is frequently understood in Irish as in Latin. There is a perfect sympathy, if we can so write, between all the learned languages.

STANZA III.—^a Դարբ Ծօրնե, *human food*, is the literal English of the words, but we take it to signify, *the food of the Gentiles*, or Pagan Irish. However, we would not withhold belief from the notion, that our saint was fed from heaven, as were the Israelites with manna for forty years. An exception from the natural order was as necessary to enable St. Patrick to lead the Irish from the worse than Egyptian bondage of sin, as to assist Moses to bring the Hebrews from the slavery of Pharaoh to the promised land; and the whole tenor of our apostle's life is an evidence of how he was cherished by God.

^b Ծօնլեւծ, *he ate*. Observe how like the Greek *τομή*, *cutting or eating*; hence “tome,” *a volume*.

^c Ելշար.—If our translation of this line be good, then *c* in Ծօնարլշե must not be a capital, and the word is a participle. The interpretation, *he was with four chiefs*, is good sense: then Ծօնարլշե=Շեւար իլշե, the term իլշ denotes a *king or chief*. The Latins often use “*rex*,” to imply a *chief* as well as a *king*.

“Ելշար լե Ծօնարլշե
 Շեւար շրեւե ծլա բօշնածի.”

“Were by *him* attended
 Four families in *his* servitude.”

We prefer this reading and translation.

4. Victor (*the angel*) said to the servant
Of Milcho—go over the waves.
He (*Victor*) placed his foot on a stone there,
There remained after him the impression (*of his foot*).
5. He journeyed over all mountains,
Over sea, prosperous was his flight,
He dwelled on the seas with German
Southward of the southern *part* of Letavia.

The chieftains of old kept men, termed “Entertainers,” whose business was to provide the necessaries of life. We call such, at the present day, “House Stewards.” No one, unless he was of noble origin, was appointed to the office, but the blessed Patrick had gained such favour by his good conduct, that, though a slave, Milcho selected him as an *Entertainer* or Procurator.

For the words of the translation, printed in Italics, there is no Irish given. Such omission is common to all languages, and as we feel we have to deal with some unreasonable parties, we are occasionally forced to be prolix. Some of these will fault our version of the last lines of the third stanza, because we make words in the fourth verse the nominative to a verb in the third line. However, the general linguist acknowledges, that such can be the structure of sentences, and when we please him we have nothing to fear.

The word *oia*, as a preposition, is exactly the same as in Greek, and has the same import—which is manifold; but in neither language does it signify “of.” In Greek as in Irish it likewise is a name for “God.”

le might be the best reading, only that we find *le* not *le* in our text, Yet there are many errors of type in Colgan’s work, and it is more than likely that the *l* was omitted in that manner. According to this last reading, the translation will run thus—

“All were (termed) Coghree,
Who served four tribes or families.”

^d *le* or *do* answer the same end, *le* is either *with*, *by*, or *to*, *do*, *to*. Some make the word one of Patrick’s appellatives. We think that not tenable.

STANZA IV.—^a *beip*, says; Latin, “*fert*,” tells, or says. In the old Celtic, *b* and *f* were commutable, and were rendered by the Latin writers *v*, thus *Vergobretus* in Cæsar, is made up of *peap*, man, *so*, for, *beip*,

6. Այն յորի՞ն՝ արա Թորիւն^b
 Այոր^c յորն, արիւնե,^d
 Լէջար Կանօն և Շարման,
 Եւ եւս արբաճած կիւնե.
7. Do cum ն-Երեւն ծօ ծ' բերի,
 Այնչի՛ Դէ հ-ի բիւր.
 Չիյիւ յէ իւն 1 բիւրն
 Դոր նիւբեմ արիւրի.
8. Բո՞ւ ու արաւն ծօն ծ' Երեւն
 Ելլա Բարաւի բօր Օւլաւ,^b
 Բո՞ւ ար արա յոր ար Շարմա
 Չարաւի՛ արա Բօւլաւ.^d

judgment.—He was the supreme magistrate. The literal English of the passage is this—“And Victor brought forward to the servant, &c.

^b բիւր—բիւր, pro. *shin*.

^c ոյ—ոյ, the plural article, *the*.

STANZA V.—Եւրա, *hills of any sort*, but, strictly speaking, *stony promontories*, a most appropriate name for most of the mountains over which St. Patrick travelled on his way to Bantry Bay, when escaping from bondage. Եւրա, արա.—The term was very common amongst the primitive Milesians. They had even some chiefs called by that name. Scotland was at first denominated Ալբիոն, by the settlers from Ireland, and retained that name until the Dalriads got it called *Scotia Minor*. The roots of the word are clearly ար, *rack*, բիւր, or բիւր, *lofty promontory*. It is as often spelled Եւրաւ, as Ալբիոն, Latin *Albania*. The word is met with in the Ogygia. Its other name, *Caledonia*, is but a com. of Գաւալ (gyayul), Դաւիւն (thee-nee), *Irish colony*, or *people*. Others give another derivation.

^b ար, or ար Եւրաւ.—See Historical Notes.

^c Եւր, *south*, բիւր, or բիւր, *border*.—On the south of the southern border of Letavia, a country on the banks of the Rhine, according to Tacitus. We are confirmed in this truth by the aid of one of the first scholars in Ireland, also by Eochadh O'Flanagan.

STANZA VI.—^a իւրիւն, *in islands*, the dative plural of իւր.—This term implies likewise a *peninsula*, also a portion of land nearly surrounded by rivers as *Innis* or *Ennis*. Ennistymon, in Clare; Inch, or Inchicore, *the island*, south-east of the City of Dublin, distant two miles from the Post-Office.

6. In the islands of the Tyrrheneum sea,
He tarried in them, I affirm;
 He reads *the* Canons with German,
 That is, as *it* is certified to us.
7. Towards Ireland does he proceed
Warned by angels of God in apparitions;
 Often he saw in visions,
 That he should come back again.
8. *It* was great relief to Eire
 The coming of Patrick to Foclat;
By him was heard *the* distant sound of the calling
 Of children from the wood of Foghlad.

^b Τυρρηαν, *Tyrrheneum mare*, the Tuscan Sea—being the north-west part of the Mediterranean. Here was the island of Lerins. south of Provence, to which St. Patrick went from Tours.—See Bollandists at March, also our notes on the Apostle elsewhere. Pope Celestine appointed him; but he came to Ireland in the first year of Sixtus, successor of Celestine.

^c Հարիւր, բարիւր, third person past tense of հար, or բար, *to tarry*, &c. (հար, *time*, is the root). Դո՞ւք, յո, or յոո, *in*, յե, *them*, the ծ is euphonic, or a substitute for an ո.

^d Հմարիմե, Վ ծայրիմ' for ծայր մե.—By metathesis, or transposition, ρημα, the Greek for *word*, is like this verb.

^e Բխածած, *certified*; hence *fabatur*, "he certified."

STANZA VII.—^a Երբեք, Երբեք.—We think that the true interpretation of the two first lines is this. Towards Ireland, by him (ծո), was to come the Angel of God pointed out to him. *For* often he saw in visions *that* he must return." How like *videt* is բխիւր, and բխիւր to *visit*, "visions," or "things seen."

STANZA VIII.—^a Եւ, եւ, *was*, բխաւ or բաւաւ, *coming*. Օգլաւ, a wood in the north of Mayo, by *synecdoche* for all Ireland. The children of this wood appeared in a vision to St. Patrick, on Cnoc Heremond, at Fort St. Michael, in Normandy, presenting a petition of entreaty that the Saint would come to take them out of the darkness of infidelity.

^c Եւ ծայր, *was heard the long distant (or shrill) sound*.

^d Բոկլաւ.—Օգլաւ.

9. Ճծծծար^a co շիրբած յո^b ուեծ
Ար a յիմէրեծ^c Լաւա,
Ար աշխարած^d օ cloean
Եւաւա հ-Երեւոյ ծո եւաւա.
10. Եւաւա հ-Երեւոյ շարկաշար,
Ծօր յիւրբած իշկալէ ուա,
Պիւրալծ ծօշ աղ-իարտալէ
Բլծ բար շիր Եւրիւս.
11. Ա Փրսլծ ար Լաօշարե
Շիւտա^a Քաւրալ յի շիւտիր,
Բօ բլրած յո ծաւրիւ
Եղ a բլաւա ար ելլաւիր.
12. Բա Լիւր Քաւրալ ծօմբեւա
Բա բաւ^a յոյ արիւս^b cloen,
Եր եծ տարիշալծ a Լաւ
Տար ծօ բիւ Շիւեւա ծօւա.
13. Երմսլոյ աշար Արօկալիր,
Նա^a շիր ծօլատ ո՞ր շաւած,
Բիւտիւս, բաւրեւ^b արիւշեծ,^c
Ծօ յօլած^d Փի յո արած.*

STANZA IX.—^a Ճծծծար=Ճիւծծար, *entreated*.

^b Եղ ուեծ=աղ ուալ, *the saint*.

^c յիմէրեծ=յ-իւրեծ, *leaving*.

^d շիւտարած=շիրտօծ, or շիւտալծ, *to turn, օ, from, cloean, evil*. As in Latin *facinus*, means a good or bad act, so cloean—clan, is an *inclination, good or bad*. In the text it is taken in the latter way. In this sense it is the root of *de-cline*, “to decay.”

STANZA XI.—^a In the second Շիւտա, we find the slender յ, followed by the broad ա, which shows that the rule, alluded to by us elsewhere, “slender to slender,” does not always hold good. We say now as we did already, that a close adhesion to that rule would often interfere with the integrity of words. In fact, our experience, since we began to comment on the poems before us, leads us to the opinion that *caol né caol*, &c., if

9. They entreated of the Saint to come,
Upon his forsaking Letavia,
That he might convert from evil,
The peoples of Eire to life.
10. The Druids of Eire foretold
That *there* would come *a* new time
That would last for ever (*to the end*),
The country of Tara will be deserted.
11. His Druids on (*from*) Learey
Patrick's coming concealed not,
(*They*) were fulfilled, the prophecies
Respecting their sovereign they made.
12. Prudent was Patrick during life,
He was fortunate in expelling error,
This is what spread his praise (*worth*)
Up to every nation of mankind.
13. Hymns and *the* Apocalypse
And the three fifties of *psalms* he habitually sang;
He preached, baptized, and prayed,
From the praising of God he ceased not.*

* Or, "He glorified God incessantly."— $\Delta\eta\alpha\delta = \Delta\eta\epsilon\alpha\delta$, *perpetuo*.

a rule, admits, and must admit many exceptions. We will say this, a close perusal of $\text{leabair na h-Ceairt}$ would incline one to think it was a rule.

STANZA XII.—^a Sab , or rath .

^b in na abha , are one word in the text—in *banishing*; we prefer them separate. As in Latin, so the first consonant of the next word influences the last one of the preposition in Irish. Thus, in Latin, *inlatum* is given *illatum* for euphony. In the fourteenth stanza of the hymn before us we have hinninnib , in *the waters*, which might be written $\Delta\eta\eta$, or inninnib —here, as in Latin, *l* is inserted euphonically for *n*.

STANZA XIII.—^a $\text{Na trij coircet} = \text{Na trij caozab}$, *the three fifty psalms* (150), all David's psalms.

^b batet , *baptized*.—This is the natural word, whilst our modern

14. N₁ con^a zebéd fuaçt r₁ne,
 Do řeir ařdche h-řl k₁ññb;^b
 For ñm conřena a₁ñze
 P₁řtca₁ř ř₁ de ñ d₁ñda₁b.
15. h-ř Slan^a tuařt Benna-Ba₁řche,
 N₁ř zebe d-řa₁ř, ña l₁a
 Cañað céd ř₁al₁m cech ñ-a₁řdche
 Do R₁ž a₁ñzel ž^b ž₁ña.

bařteað, is a corruption. The former term was a very appropriate epithet when we call to mind that *immersion*, not *aspersion* or *infusion* (the present mode), was the manner of baptising in the first days of Christianity, bař, or bač, to *dip* or *bathe*. The Church, the merciful interpreter of God's will, uses *infusion* as being less dangerous to infants, though *aspersion* was for a time practised, and is still by Protestants.

^c Ž₁řñžeb—u₁řñžeað, *prayed*—a, o, u are commutable consonants, but not when such commutations would injure the essence of a word. The same occurs in Latin; as also the slender vowels for the broad, thus *optumus*, *maxumus*, *olli*, for *optimus*, *maximus*, *illi*, as can be seen in Sallust and Virgil, and in many passages of Plautus and others.—See Cellarius and Fabretti on old Latin words.

^d Do molað Dé ñ añað.—Mr. Richard Plunkett, of Meath, who wrote, A.D., 1784, translated the above line thus—Do molað De ñ řteaðžað—the English of which is what we have given in our translation. Colgan interprets it in the same way. We reject other versions.

STANZA XIV.—^a N₁ con, or çon, *stop*.—The words being in Italics is to shew that the Irish of such is understood.

^b h-řl k₁ññb, these were one word in the copy, but it is unprecedented to find, in any language, the governed *noun* incorporated with the *preposition*. We said *noun* and *preposition*, because we admit that *prepositions* and *pronouns* are incorporated in all languages, as are nouns and adverbs, &c. The Latin *illex*, “not law,” is not a compound of *in*, a preposition, but of the neg. par. *in*, “not,” and *lex*, “law.” As, therefore, there is a manifest sympathy between the structure of the learned languages, which could not be found preserved in h₁l₁ññb, we separated it into h-řl k₁ññb. Here, again, is to be observed the analogy of languages. For, as in Latin *in* becomes *il* before an *l*, so also in Irish. We may here note, that when there is a word compounded of two words, the one ending and the other beginning with the same consonant, one of the letters may be omitted, as

14. *The sharpness of the cold blast did not stop him,
He stopt by night in the waters (pools)
For a clear conscience to keep,
He preached by day on hills.*
15. *In Slan (a well), north of Benna-Boircha,
(Which drought does not dry), the litanies
He sang, and a hundred psalms each night,
To the King of angels with diligence.*

βεηρ-ρεορη, written βεηρρεορη. Grammarians are not agreed on this point.

STANZA XV.—^a In "*Slan*" (*well*), north of Benna-Boirche. This is the English of Colgan's Latin. The translator would imply, that Patrick chanted (καηαδ) a hundred psalms each night *at* this well or *in it*. We have read in the foregoing stanza, that he *remained whole nights in the waters*.

^b Benna-Boircha—*Bens* or *Promontories* in Down to the north of Mourne. They were so-called after a man named "Baiorcha," the shepherd of king Ros. From the tops of these, which extend towards Carlingford, according to Giraldus Cambrensis, the country for a great extent all around could be seen. The present barony of Mourne comprises the territory, called of old "*Boirche*."—See the Annals of Tighernagh, A.D., 744, also the Dinnseanchus. Near the foot of the upper mountain there is, we understand, at this day a place called μοτα βεαννα βοιρνε. There was a territory called Hy Barrche, in Leinster. The chieftain of this district was Erc, whose son Fiech was.—See Lanigan, vol. i. p. 274.

It may be as well to mention here, that St. Fiech was a widower, and had one son, Fiachre, when St. Patrick met him on his visit to Hy-Kuisellagh, which consisted of—according to Lanigan *supra*—parts of the counties of Wexford, Carlow, Queen's County, and all Kilkenny. We suppose, that Hy-Barrche, the patrimony of Fiech's family being next to that of Enna Kinsellagh, made the latter jealous of the influence of the son of the former, and hence, until St. Patrick's subsequent visit, this latter chieftaincy continued unconverted.

The "*Tripartite*," b. iii. c. 23, places St. Fiech's monastery on the east of the Barrow, in the County of Carlow, and his See was at Sleibhte (Sletty), on the west of the Barrow, in Queen's County. There is some difference of opinion as regards the sites of the monastery and the See. Archdall makes them one and the same. O'Heerin places both on the west of the Barrow

16. Fojð for leic lujm jarm
 Ochur cuilche flujch jme^a
 Ba çorite a rjæðar
 Nj leic a corp j tjme.

and, consequently, in Queen's County.—See Dr. O'Donovan's note, page 212, *leabair na ð-earr*, "*Book of Rights*." In another note, page 208, *supra*, Dr. O'Donovan states, that Domhnagh Mor is in the present county of Carlow. Dr. Lanigan inclines to the first opinion.—See vol. i, p. 278. In matters of such remote antiquity, especially when we consider the confusion arising from several causes, that took place not only in that quarter, but all over Ireland, we are not to wonder that there may be a variation as to dates and sites. Nor does that take from the truthfulness of the important facts. All men of common sense will admit that: his church was about a mile and a quarter west of the Barrow. The Scholiast says of him—" *tandem archiepiscopus Lageniæ institutus*;" he says, that St. Patrick had previously consecrated him bishop. This was, of course, after he was properly instructed in all things necessary for that state. Widowers were then as well as now eligible for the priesthood. The church, however, being more in want of candidates at that early period than in these days, was obliged to ordain pious converts, who were willing to make the vow of perpetual celibacy. There must have been many Christians in that quarter, even before Patrick travelled there. The very question put by our saint to Dubhtagh (O'Duffy), whether he could present any one for ordination, pre-supposes the existence not only of *Christianity* but of *Christian* education. Patrick would not have asked an idle question; but to inquire if any one were prepared for the ministry, would be an idle inquiry, if there was no *Christian teaching* before his time.

Dr. Colgan translated this stanza thus:

"In *Slan*, a well to the north near
 Benna Boirche (which well never fails),
 He chanted a hundred psalms each night,
 Serving the King of Angels.

Such is a verbatim translation of Colgan's Latin. Mr. Lynch translated it in this way:—

"In saving the people of Bembarka,
 He experienced neither drought, nor hunger;
 He sang a hundred psalms each night,
 The King of Angels to serve."

Mr. Richard Plunket, alluded to already, gives his Irish interpretation thus:—

16. *He rested (slept) on a bare stone then,
And a wet coverlit his covering,
A stone was his pillow,
He left not his body in sloth.*

“Ἀ τ-τοβαη Slane o tuar laim né benna boinne,
(Toban nac ghaic dol a t-traije)
Do éanao ceud raim gac oidee
Do Ríe na n-aiugeal do foighaó.

The English of which runs thus—

“In the well of Slan on the north side by Benna Boirche
(A well that is not wont to go to low water).”

The rest is translated as by the former writers. Let us observe that the expression, a t-traije, is usually translated *to shore*, but traije, strictly speaking, signifies “shore at *low water*,” hence nac dol a t-traije, implies “that does not dry,” or sink to low water.

If rlan tuar be taken to imply “in saving the people,” then the next line must be thus interpreted “*there was to him* neither sharpness of thirst nor hunger,” in such case na, according to modern orthography should be written na, *nor*. The first words might be read as one, the English of which would be “*In saving*.” If la may be, by apocope, for laa, a *flag*, or *stone*, then the second line will run thus—“There is to it (the well), neither sharpness of drought, nor of ice,” that is, neither summer’s heat, nor winter’s frost dries it. Every speaker of the Irish language is aware, leac—laa, *flat stone*, or *flag*, is applied to *ice*, being so like it; and though the word eyere (eyere) be sometimes affixed, still it needs not.

Now, to give our opinion, we have to say, that, though the translation in the Poem stands, as having been printed before writing these notes, we adopt the first line according to Colgan, but not the second, as he gave no Latin for na la, and as far as the Latin of this line went, it plainly was not the translation of the Irish. Lynch’s interpretation of the second line cannot at all be accepted. First, because gebed has been used in the fourteenth stanza to signify *sharpness*, not *experienced*—because la, is not even an abbreviated term for hunger, also because his translation would be a denial of Patrick’s self-mortification, as mentioned in the previous stanza; and, lastly, because this verse is clearly explanatory of stanza fourteen; but it would not be so, if we accept Lynch’s translation. Moreover, his experiencing neither hunger nor thirst, was a miraculous interposition of God in his favour, as happened to some holy men of old, whereas his re-

17. Քրտճած Տօրցելա ծօ շաշ.
 Ծօ շիշ^a մօր քարտա յ Լաշու,
 Եւսալ լսրս լա տարս
 Պարսն ծօր քարսն ծաշու.
18. Քարալս քրտոտար ծօ Տօտսլ
 Ծօ շար մօր քաշ յ Լաշու
 Եւսլ շօ տրատ ծօ քաշ^a
 Եր շաշ ծօր քսն ծօ ծաշու.
19. Պարս Երմիլ, մարս Երմիլ
 Ծօտս հսլ լա^a շրալ,
 Բօր լալս յն տարս Շարալ
 Եր յն մօրսն յ-Երլ.
20. Ծօնա^a տարս յն տարտալ
 Ծօ քաշ, շիշ շաշն ծօն
 Քրտարս տր քաշն լաշն,
 Երտո Շարտ ծօ շաշն Բօն
21. Բօր շաշն հ-Երմիլ ծօր տար
 Ծաշն աշօրն լա,
 Եր շարտն յն Բարտն
 Երն ա Երտն քաշ.

maining up to his middle all night in a spring-well was a work of severe penance and self-mortification, thus proving, by his own example, that not only the *mind*, but the *body* likewise, must be kept under subjection—lest whilst preaching to others they themselves become outcasts.

To close these observations we give the second, third, and fourth lines thus—

“*There was to it* (the well) *neither sharpness of heat, nor cold.*
He sang a hundred psalms each night,
To the King of Angels, with diligence.”

^b Ծօ շիլ, may be translated *to serve*, yet we think *with diligence*, or *diligently*, better language, and taken adverbially, to qualify, շաշն, *he sang diligently*. Ծօ, not accented, denotes *to, till, with, &c.*, accented, it means *a lie*.

17. *He* preached *the* Gospel to every *one* ;
He wrought more miracles in Letavia,
 He healed the blind with fasting,
The dead he raised to life.
18. Patrick preached to the Scots (*the Irish*),
He suffered many hardships in Letavia,
 That (*they*) might come to judgment,
 And each *whom* he converted to life (*faith*).
19. The sons of Heber, *and* the sons of Heremon
 All were seduced by *the* Devil,
 Yet Satan sunk the army,
 And *that* in *the* great temptations of Hell.
20. Until the Apostle arrived [strong,
 Who saved *them*, though *the* winds (*opposition*) were
He preached three score (*sixty*) years
The cross of Christ to *the* peoples of Fenius.
21. Over the peoples of Eire was darkness,
 Peoples adoring idols ;
 They believed not in the True Divinity,
 In the True Trinity.

STANZA XVII.—^a Tradition says he raised numbers to life in Ireland, as well as in Letavia.—See note on 59th verse of Dr. O'Connell's poem. The word *móir*, *more*, is used comparatively with Ireland, as is the same term in the second line of eighteenth stanza. The meaning is, that our Apostle performed more miracles, and suffered more, in Letavia than in Ireland. If this comparison was not intended by St. Fiech, it would be inelegant and irregular to have introduced Letavia in this place ; he would have said all he had to say about it at the ninth verse.

STANZA XVIII.—^a “*bneic*” — “*Éibhlin*.”

STANZA XIX.—^a Or “*le*.”

STANZA XX.—^a “*da*,” is here *metrie causa*.

22. In Aídmacha fíl níl,
 Jr cian neriacht Eimhín,
 Jr cell moir Dún-leč-Ślaírré,
 Ní m díl cíd dítrub^a Teimhíu.
23. Pátraić dīa m-boí íl lobíra
 Ad cobíra dol do Mhacé
 Do Uíđ Aíngel ar a céann
 Foir red a meadhan laíche.
24. Do fáíć fá deár d' Uíctar,
 Ba h-e aríđ nialartar,
 Larrarí ímmuíne í m-baí
 Ar an teirí a d' ġalartar.
25. Ar beir orđan do Mhache,
 Do Círrí aclaíġće buíde
 Do chum níríe mórí maġa
 Bo maća duir do ġuíde.
26. Ímmón do íoeġu íc híu
 Bíđ lúírech^a díđín do cáć,
 Ímmut^b íl latíumera
 Bēġarí fíu í-Eíend do bíac.
27. Aíarí Tarac^a dīa aéí,
 Aí tan do beir Comáín dō
 Arbeir nír í-íreád Pátraić,
 Bíaríća Tararíġ nír bu ġō.
28. Saímaríġíí círch fíu arđćí,
 Aí ía cate íer oca;
 Co cení bíadóna baí íoííí,
 Ba h-e íġélaríće^a íoda.

STANZA XXII.—^a Dī, or dīa, *without*, *tribe*, *tribes*, or *people*.

STANZA XXVI.—^a lúírech—Latin, "*lorica*." ^b Ímmut, *with thee*.
 Seachnall's hymn is here meant; it comes next, and was alluded to in the
 fifty-eighth stanza of "The Dirge."

22. In Armagh *is the* seat of the (*entire*) kingdom of Ireland,
 And *the* head of the kingdom of Emain (*Ulster*),
 And great *is the* church of Dundalethglass,
 It is not pleasant, that tribeless *be* Temar.
23. Patrick, when he was in decay (*sick*),
 For comfort was going to Ardmagh ;
But there sat an Angel on his head,
 On his way in *the* middle of *the* day.
24. He went southward to Victor (*his familiar angel*),
 It was he sent for him,
 Blaze *did the* bush in *which he* was,
 And in (*from*) the blaze *he thus* spoke.
25. "There is given rule to Armagh,
 To Christ (*for this*) give thanks ;
 To heaven, *you* great, will go,
 Happy to you was your petition.
26. *A* hymn, which you sung,
 Will be a coat of mail to all ;
 In the day of Judgment, with thee
 Will go *the* men of Eire to be judged."
27. Tassagh remained after him,
 When (*the time*) *he* gave communion to him,
 And said Patrick would not come back,
 The words of Tassagh were not false.
28. Stopt *did the* end of *the* night (*night ceased*),
 For *there was* not spent the light with them ;
 To *the* end of a year was light,
 That was *the* continued, long day.

STANZA XXVII.—^a Tassagh, it is said, was at first a gold and silver smith ; that he ornamented St. Patrick's crozier, called the "Staff of Jesus" (see page 97), and that he was afterwards a priest and bishop.

STANZA XXVIII.—^a *Sjélaŕte*, age for day, by synecdoche.

29. An caſt feſta i m-Beaſtron
 Ffu tuaſt Canan la mac Nun,
 Arruſt iſn ſiſan fſu ſabon,
 Ar feð atſet lſtſne dún.
30. h-uaiſi arruſt la h-Jeſue
 Iſn ſiſan fſu báſ. iſna clóen,
 Clari énebrech be h-uſſre
 Soſllſi fſu beſſeſt an noe,
31. Cleſiſch Eſneð uotaſi
 D'aiſiſi Paſſaiſc, aſ cech ſeſt
 Son iſn ceatuſl ſoſ ſolaſc
 Conſuſl cách uadhſb ſoſ ſeſt
32. Anſm Paſſaiſc fſiſa cóſp
 Iſ ſaſi ſaeſaiſb ſo ſcaſad
 Anſel Dé i cet aſdhce
 Anſd ſeſſiſ cenahadh,
33. Iſn tan conſhualaſi Paſſaiſc,
 Ad ella iſn Paſſaiſc naſle
 Iſ malle conucc aſbſet
 Do chum h-Jſa mac Anſiſne
34. Paſſaiſc cen aſſide h-uabaſſi,
 Ba móſi do maſt ſo meahuiſi,
 Biſt iſn ſellſme meſc Anſiſne
 Bha ſenſaiſne iſn ſenuſſi. ſenuſſi.

STANZA XXXIII.—^a Paſſaiſc, *Patrick*.—Supposed to be his nephew, who died at the ſame time with him.

We regret we cannot afford ſpace to follow up theſe notes.

29. In the battle fought in Bethoron,
 Against the tribes of Canaan, by *the* son of Nun,
 Rested the sun over Gabaon,
 That is what *sacred* letters (*the Scriptures*) tell us.

30. Whereas (*or when*) stood for Joshua
 The sun for the death of the wicked ;
 Therefore, threefold be this
 Light on the death of *the* saint.

31. *The* clergy of Ireland went
 To wake Patrick, from each quarter
The sound of the kettle drum, already buried
In sleep, each of them on the spot.

32. The soul of Patrick from his body
 Was, after *his* labours, separated,
 Angels of God on *the* first night
 Watched *around him* incessantly.

33. When (*the time*) Patrick died
He went to the other Patrick,
 And with him *he* ascended
 To Jesus *the* son of Mary.

34. Patrick void *of the* height of pride,
 Many were the benefits he devised (*or taught*),
 He was in the service of Mary's son,
 He was of happy joy in his birth.

HYMNUS ALPHABETICUS.

S. SECUNDINO EPISCOPO,

ADSCRIPTUS IN LAUDEM S. PATRICII, TUM VIVENTIS.

-
1. Audite omnes amantes Deum sancta merita
 Viri in Christo Beati, Patricii Episcopi:
 Quomodo bonum ob actum similatur angelis,
 Perfectamque propter vitam æquatur apostolis.

The foregoing hymn was composed by Seachnall, properly Seanchall, or Secundinus (*Seanchal*, pro. Shayunchull, is the Irish for *Secundinus*, *Secundus*, and *Felix*, "happy"), in honour of St. Patrick. This Seanchall, with two other eminent saints, came to Ireland from the Continent, A.D. 439. His father's name was Restitutus; however, being a Latin name, it needs not be concluded that he was a Roman, though he might be. For, if Secundinus was himself called, in Irish, Seachnall, it would not imply that he was an Irishman. The ecclesiastics of all countries, in early times, and other personages, in connexion with Rome, either took or got Roman names. Any person accustomed to history, especially Roman history, admits this. Dr. Lanigan has shown, that Darerca was not his mother, nor Patrick's sister. His reasoning on this head is very clear and cogent. Restitutus was a Longobard. The exact territory of the Longobardi has been disputed. We cannot enter that question, as space will not allow us to do so. Tacitus, in his "Annals," book ii. chap. 4, talks of them as a German tribe. Cellarius, in his "Ancient Geography," places them east of the Elbe and north of the Spree, in Germany. Lemprière makes them the same as the Lombards, who settled in Italy, at the close of the sixth century. Dr. Alexander Adam, in his "Summary of Ancient Geography," denies this. But we find, on good authority, that the "Lingones," who lived south of the Marne, towards Langres, joined a nation of the southern Germans, the Bardæi, crossed the Alps, and made a settlement in Italy. Hence it happened that Roman names and customs were not strange to persons living east of the Alps. Seachnall was born A.D. 374, and died A.D. 449, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, being only nine years on the mission in Ireland. He was a bishop of eminent piety, prudence, and learning. According to the learned Dr. Lanigan's computation, which

THE ALPHABETIC HYMN

OF ST. SECUNDINUS,

TO THE PRAISE OF ST. PATRICK, WHILST HE YET LIVED.

-
1. All you who love God, hear the holy merits
Of a man in Christ blessed, Bishop Patrick,
How for his good deeds he is compared with angels,
And for his perfect life he is equalled to the apostles.

after due consideration, we have adopted, he was born thirteen years before St. Patrick, whose birth the accomplished Doctor has fixed A.D. 387, and death A.D. 465: thus making him seventy-eight years old when he departed this life. It is a very rare thing to find a nephew thirteen years older than an uncle, yet Seanchall is represented as being a nephew of St. Patrick. But, from the clear and convincing arguments laid down by Lanigan, we are satisfied that the Irish Apostle had no relatives in Ireland, and that he called holy women and nuns *sisters*, just as is the custom in our own days. For, if he had so many near relatives, what sense can be found in certain passages in his "Confessions," expressive of his ardent desire to pay a visit to his friends in Britany. Moreover, we are confirmed in our opinion by a passage in his letter to Coroticus. In it he says, "*He was constrained by the Spirit to be separated from his kindred.*" Besides, in giving an account of his painful captivity, it is manifest that a man of his piety would have exhibited some anxiety about his sisters, and would have mentioned them. His omission in that respect is an argument that he had no sisters in Ireland. Again, the number of bishops set down as the children of his sisters, renders the story difficult of belief and very improbable. Whoever would read more on this subject is referred to the first volume of Lanigan, who rejects also the account, handed down by some writers, alleging a dispute between St. Patrick and Secundinus. We shall not, therefore, give it. The real motive that induced St. Seanchall to compose the hymn was a divine impulse. It was an inspiration that such an act would be pleasing to God, who rejoices in the praises of men that have been sanctified by their good works, which were operated through Jesus Christ.

Seanchall, who was Bishop of Dunshaughlin, in Meath, and who, for

2. Beati Christi custodit mandata in omnibus;
 Cujus opera refulgent clara inter homines,
 Sanctumque, cujus sequuntur exemplum mirificum;
 Undè et in cœlis Patrem magnificent Deum.

some time, discharged vicariate duties for St. Patrick, whilst he visited distant parts of Ireland—not Rome, as some assert—asked our Apostle's permission to write a hymn in honour of a bishop who was yet alive. St. Patrick answered, if he had made up his mind to perform such a duty, that he had need to make his will, as his dissolution was nigh, and that he, of all the bishops then in Ireland, would die first. Wherefore he, without delay, wrote the hymn, and, according to Patrick's prediction, his pure soul, having left the body, mounted up to heaven to possess the unfading crown of glory, for which he so zealously fought the good fight. His remains were interred in the Church of Dunshaughlin, and the many miracles wrought at his tomb are an evidence that Heaven had anticipated Rome in numbering him amongst the saints. When the reader refers to the time of St. Seanchall's death, which was given above, he can easily learn the time the hymn was composed. An insinuation was thrown out by the Rev. Villanueva, a Spanish writer of 1835, that it was the *first* hymn composed in Ireland. Had the Rev. historian stated that it was the "first *Christian Latin* hymn," we might understand him. His not having so qualified his language was paying too bad a compliment to an island that surpassed every other country on the globe for the number of its poets, the beauty of their diction, their Attic brevity, their Smyrnian sublimity, and their Roman grace. We have a list of the bardic galaxy that adorned the Irish horizon up to and after St. Patrick's days. But this is not the place to enter upon such a question. At the same time, we feel bound to reject, with just indignation, the imputation—that we were an illiterate nation of savages before Christianity. We could demonstrate as plainly as any proposition in Euclid, that our ancestors, the descendants of the great Milesius, retained the deposit of learning that was brought to them from the University of Scythia. It is likely that Latin literature was on the decline, as it was even in Rome in the fourth century. But the Irish language, in all its graces and beauty, flourished in its native garden. In it our Pagan bards wrote and sang the glorious deeds of the noble Milesians. Through its medium was Astronomy, and the other sciences, taught before Christianity. Dubhtagh, and his pupil, Fiech, were distinguished poets when Patrick came to Ireland. We are not aware of any positive proof that Latin was not taught here before Patrick. It is true he introduced the Roman characters.

2. Blessed Christ's commands in all things he keeps;
 His works shine bright amongst men,
 And the Saint, whose wonderful example they follow,
 Whereby in heaven also, God, the Father, they magnify.

The hymn having been finished, the author asked St. Patrick's leave to read it for him. Our Saint replied, "that he would willingly hear the Lord praised in the works of His servants, or what He has wrought through them." Secundinus, apprehending that he might incur the displeasure of Patrick, who disliked human praise, omitted the first stanza in which our Saint's name occurred, and he began at the second. Having proceeded on until he came to the words—"Maximus in regno cœlorum," St. Patrick interrupted him by saying, "how can it be said of a man, that he is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven?" Seachnall replied—"the superlative degree is used for the positive." The classical scholar is well aware that such a practice is very usual with Latin writers.

When the reading of the hymn had ended, Secundinus hinted, that it was indited in honour of St. Patrick himself, from whom he expected a fixed reward. Patrick, though despising human applause, yet not wishing to censure the devout zeal of his disciple, answered: "that Seanchall might expect from the clemency of his Saviour the reward—that whoever morning and evening would devoutly recite the hymn, would obtain a happy death and the reward of glory." St. Evin adds, that Patrick announced: "that the person reciting the hymn would obtain a happy death, *if he were penitent and contrite*."—See "Tripartite Life of St. Patrick," b. iii. cap. 91. St. Evin and others have written largely on the wonderful efficacy of the hymn.—See Probas L., iii. cap. 33; also the authors of the Lives of Saints Kevin, cap. 23, 48; of Colman, cap. 25; of Cannoc, cap. 43. Jocelyn says, that the Irish were in the habit of reciting it, and that they experienced its extraordinary efficacy, that many reciting this hymn passed unobserved through the enemy's ranks, though thirsting for their blood. Colgan, in his "Life of St. Aidan," bishop of Ferns, treats of it at much length. Lanigan writes in high terms of it, and alludes to an addition to it, which he saw in Colgan, and which we have given.

The hymn was written in Latin, but in the Irish characters. We have copied it from the work of Rev. Joachim Villanueva, who, with permission, dedicated his book on Irish matters, to the late sainted Archbishop Murray. It was contained in the "Antiphonarium Benchorense." This most valuable work belonged to the monastery of Bangor, in the county

3. Constans in Dei timore et fide immobilis,
Super quem ædificatur ut Petrum Ecclesia ;
Cujusque apostolatum à Deo sortitus est,
In cujus portæ adversum Inferni non prævalent.
4. Dominus illum elegit ut doceret barbaras
Nationes, ut piscaret^b per doctrinæ retia,
Ut de sæculo credentes traheret ad gratiam,
Dominumque sequerentur sedem ad æternam.

of Down, Ireland. It is now in the Ambrosian library of Milan, whither it was removed from the monastery of Bobio, in the Appenines. It may be found in "Muratori's *Anecdota Ambrosiana*,"—Tom. iv. Patavii 1713. He thought the manuscript a thousand years old. Dr. Lanigan says, that it was much older; he does so, resting on evidences founded on certain facts. In the lists of books presented to the monastery of Bobio, by Dungall, in the ninth century, the Antiphonarium is not mentioned. St. Columbanus, the founder of the Italian monastery, was a monk of Bangor. Hence Lanigan inferred, from a letter of his, and from other circumstances, that the document was in Bobio, in the end of the seventh century. A copy of it with scholia and a gloss, is in the "Speckled Book."—Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. We regret we cannot insert the scholia, though we fear some of them are not genuine.

The hymn, taken from the manuscript, was published by Colgan, A D. 1647; also by Ware, 1656, who calls it "Alphabetical," for this reason, that the stanzas begin with the letters of the alphabet in regular order, A, B, C, &c. This order is plain in Ware's edition, which, at the tenth stanza, has "*Kastam*," though "*Castam*" is given by Colgan. There are some variations in these editions. We may say they are of no consequence, being only *literal* not *verbal*—and not all at affecting the sense. These vary a little from Muratori's edition, but not materially. The latter has the addition of Colgan. Lanigan, who is rather hypercritical, but thoroughly sound, seems well pleased with the integrity, authenticity, and veracity of the hymn. It is to be kept in mind, that it was simply an imitation of "*Laudate Dominum Omnes gentes*," being drawn up to praise God, in praising his faithful servant, Patrick, through whom millions of Pagans were gained to Christ. This, and this alone, was its object, though it affords a grand model for a holy life, and gives a clear idea of perfect Christian discipline. We have read much of Church history and of missionary labours and their results, and we have arrived at the conclusion,

3. Constant in God's fear, and in faith fixed,
Upon him is built, as on Peter, the Church,
And his apostolate from God he received,
To whose detriment the gates of Hell do not prevail.
4. The Lord him elected to teach barbarous^a
Nations, that he would fish by doctrine's nets,
That from the world believers he would draw to grace,
And the Lord they would follow to the eternal abode.

that no missionary or apostle made so complete, rapid, and vast a conversion as St. Patrick—at once an evidence of the fruits of his perfect life, and, at the same time, of the generous nature of the Irish, whose refined literature tended to help the conversion.

Allusion to this hymn is made in the fifty-eighth stanza of Dr. O'Connell's poem. He adds, that in case of necessity, at the hour of death *the recital of the three last stanzas* would preserve the soul from purgatory. Always, of course, pre-supposing contrition for sins. Upon what authority he made this statement we have not seen. But we take for granted, that the bishop must have met it to that effect in some of the lives of St. Patrick, or in the life of some other saint. The author of "Ireland's Dirge" says, that St. Patrick consecrated 200 bishops *without wives*. He uses "*without wives*," because Protestants, who pretend that our saint was a Protestant, assert that bishops ought to have wives. The humblest capacity can plainly see, that the penitential and mortified life which our saint led (as clearly stated in Seanchall's hymn, that of Fiech, and Patrick's own "Confessions"), is repugnant to the principles of Protestantism, which hold all penitential works to be damnable and derogating, as they say, from the merits of Christ. Could they tell what was the name of Patrick's wife, of whom not a word in his own writings; ungrateful man, not to say one word of his wife (!)

Eochaidh O'Flanagan, Erenagh, of Armagh, says, that Seachnall's father was Ua Baird—a descendant of Bard, or Ward, "of the race of the *pure, fierce, white-coloured*, Longobairds of Letha." This written passage is quoted by the Four Masters (A.D. 987), and his death at A.D. 1003; they call O'Flanagan "Historian of Ireland."

Aengus, the Culdee, in his book on the "Mothers of the Saints of Ireland," mentions Seachnall as one of the seven sons of Ua Baird. Priest Lugnath's (one of them) tomb is still to be seen in Inish na Gholl in Corrib, in Galway. Dr. Petrie's "Round Towers." "Annals of the Four

5. Electa Christi talenta vendit Evangelica,
Quæ Ibernas inter Gentes cum usuris exigit :
Navigii hujus laboris, tum operæ pretium
Cum Christo regni cœlestis possedit gaudium.
6. Fidelis Dei minister, insignisque nuntius,
Apostolium exemplum formamque præbet :
Qui tam verbis, quam factis plebi prædicat Dominum,
Ut quem dictis non convertit, actu provocet bono.
7. Gloriam habet cum Christo, honorem in sæculo :
Qui ab omnibus ut Dei veneratur Angelus :
Quem Deus misit, ut Paulum ad Gentes, Apostolum,
Ut omnibus ducatum præberet regno Dei.
8. Humilis Dei ob metum spiritu et corpore,
Super quem, bonum ob actum, requiescit Dominus :
Cujusque^a justa in carne Christi portat stigmata,
In cujus solâ sustentante^b gloriatur cruce.
9. Impiger credentes pascit dapibus cœlestibus,
Ne qui videntur cum Christo in via deficient :
Quibus erogat panes, verba Evangelica,
Cujus multiplicantur, ut manna, in manibus.

Masters," tell us, that Aengus Olmucadha, A.M. 3790, or according to O'Flaherty, A.M. 3150, gained twelve battles over the Longobardi; this he takes from Leabhar Gabhla (Book of Invasions). These got no possessions in Italy before the latter end of the sixth century, and there was never any such people known in Great Britain. But Leatha, in the language of old Irish scholars, means Letavia or Armorica—Letha, Litoralis, *maritime*.

STANZA IV.—^a Because strangers to the language of Rome.

^b The ancient Latins sometimes used "pisco"—Piscaretur would not answer the metre as it would make the line consist of sixteen syllables.

STANZA V.—^a Mandates he gives.

^b Present tense for future, "will possess."

STANZA VI.—^a "to faith."

5. Christ's chosen Gospel talents he vends,^a [interest,
Which amongst the Irish Gentiles he requires with
Of the pilotage of this labour, as of the work the re-
ward, [the joy.
With Christ, of the celestial kingdom possesses^b he
6. God's faithful minister, and illustrious messenger,
Apostolic example and model he gives,
Who, as by words, so by deeds, to the people preaches
the Lord;
So that, whom by language he converts not, by good
works he stimulates.^a
7. Glory hath he with Christ, honour with the world;
Who by all is venerated as an Angel of God,
Whom God has sent (*to the Irish*) an apostle, as Paul
to the Gentiles, [dom.
That to all, guidance he would afford to God's king-
8. Humble, because of his fear of God, in spirit and body,
Upon whom, for his good works resteth the Lord;
And in his pure flesh Christ's marks he bears,
In bearing whose cross alone he glories.
9. Diligently the faithful he feeds with flesh celestial,
Lest they, who are seen with Christ, on the way be-
come weak;
To them he distributes as bread the Gospel precepts,
In whose hands, like manna, they are multiplied.

STANZA VIII.—^a *Cujus, qui, quem*, are used in this poem, by Antimæria, for *ejus, is, quem*.

^b Or *sustentans*, but in every sense this word would be corrupt Latin.

STANZA IX.—^a *Dupibus*.—This word means the "Eucharist," the fountain of all graces. If Seachnall meant *bread*, such as is used in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—*mere bread*—he would not have written "*dapibus*," but "*panibus*;" nor does the use of the plural number

10. Kastam qui custodit carnem, ab amore Domini :
 Quam carnem templum paravit sanctoque^a spiritui,
 A quo constanter cum mundis possidetur actibus :
 Quam ut hostiam placentem, vivam^b offert Domino.
11. Lumenque^a mundi accensum ingens, Evangelicum,
 In candelabro levatum, toti fulgens sæculo,
 Civitas Regis^b munita supra montem posita,
 Copia in qua est multa, quam Deus possidet.
12. Maximus quoque in regno cælorum vocabitur
 Qui quod verbis docet sacris, factis adimplet bonis.^b
 Bono præcedit exemplo, formaque^d fidelium
 Mundoque in corde habet ad Deum fiduciam.
13. Nomen Domini audenter annuntiat gentibus,
 Quibus lavacri salutis æternam dat gratiam :
 Pro quarum orat delictis ad Deum,
 Pro quibus, ut Deo dignas immolatque hostias.^b

militate against his obvious meaning. As a poet, he has applied throughout the *singular* for the *plural*, and *vice versa*, as he did one tense for another. Prose writers do the same. Thus Seachnall, more than once, introduces *actum* for *acta*. In Virgil's *Æneid*, book iii. line 224, we read "*dapibus*," though there was evidently but *beef*, the flesh of the Harpies' oxen. This appears from the fact that Celeno denounced woes to *Æneas*, "*pro stratis juvencis*," for having slaughtered their oxen. Wherever the word *dapes* occurs in the *Æneid*, it signifies *flesh-meat*. However, our feelings revolt from the abominable notions objected to us, because of our belief in the Real and Substantial Presence of Christ in the Eucharist.

From the latter passage is learned that *dapes* was used by the old Latin poet to denote, not *corn* or *flour meat*, but *flesh* meat. Hence it is patent that St. Seachnall intended to express by the term, that the Body and Blood of the Lord was the Spiritual food with which Patrick diligently fed his people, especially as in the second next line he introduces the "*Gospel truths*," *verba Evangelica*, as another sort of bread which he broke to his followers. *Dapes* is the term for delicious viands.

STANZA X.—^a Thus St. Paul says: "I bear the stigmas and wounds of Christ, our Lord."

10. Chaste he guards his flesh through love of the Lord ;
Which flesh, as a temple he prepared, and (*that*) for
the Holy Ghost,
By whom he is constantly possessed with pure deeds,
Which flesh, as a pleasing offering, living he presents
to the Lord.
11. And he is a light of the world, burning, great, Evan-
gelical,
In a candlestick raised, shining over all the age,
A city of the king, fortified, on a mountain placed,
In which is great abundance, which God possesses.
12. The greatest^a also in the Kingdom of Heaven will he
be called,
Who, what by sacred words he teaches, *the same*
fulfils by good works,
He excels in good example, and model^c of the faithful,
And in a clean heart hath he, before God, confidence.
13. The name of the Lord boldly he announces to the
Gentiles, [nal grace ;
To whom of the laver^a of salvation he gives the eter-
For whose sins he prays to God,
For whom to God he also offers^b worthy victim.^c

^a *Que* is only for metre.

^b *Vivam*, living by virtues.

STANZA XI.—^a *Lumen* is the flame, *lux* the matter whence the flame issues.

^b *Civitas Regis*—The King's City. The "Speckled Book" makes Patrick the king, and Christ the fruitful mountain—the city is the Church, in which there is a great abundance of virtues; Christ possesses the City. What abounds in virtues and is possessed by Christ could not err.

STANZA XII.—^a *For very great*.—This is very common with Latin writers.

^b *Factis bonis*.—It is worthy of notice, the frequent mention made of

14. Omnem, pro divinâ lege, mundi spernit gloriam,
 Qui cuncta ad ejus mensam æstimat quisquilias;
 Nec ingruenti movetur mundi hujus flumine,
 Sed in adversis lætatur, cùm pro Christo patitur.
15. Pastor bonus ac fidelis gregis Evangelica
 Quem Deus Dei elegit custodire populum,
 Suamque pascere plebem divinis dogmatibus;
 Pro qua, ad Christi exemplum, suam tradidit animam.
16. Quem pro meritis Salvator provexit Pontificem,
 Ut in cœlesti moneret clericos militiâ,
 Cœlestem quibus annonam erogat cum vestibus,
 Quod in divinis impletur sacrisque affatibus.

“good deeds—*bonum actum*, for *lona acta*, &c.; if *good works* were derogatory from the merits of Christ, Patrick would not have performed them.

^c “The Life of St. Gregory,” by Joannes Diaconus, has this couplet, taken from the epitaph on his tomb—

“Implebatque actu, quidquid sermone docebat,
 Esset ut exemplum, mystica verba loquens.”

How like Seachnall’s character of St. Patrick.

^d *Forma*, in the third line, can be also translated as a nominative case, thus—“As a model to the faithful he has confidence,” &c.

STANZA XIII.—^a Baptism is here meant.

^b “Hostias,” the *plural* number for the *singular*, as there *is, was*, and *will be* but *one victim*, the *unbloody sacrifice of the Mass*, Jesus Christ, who continues to offer himself in an unbloody manner on our altar, by the hands of his priests. “Hostias” must mean *that*, or *prayers*, or *mere bread*; he does not imply *mere orizons*. Because, in the preceding line he mentioned *prayers*, “*he prays*,” it does not denote “*simple bread*,” else the offering in the new law would be inferior to those of the old law, in which cattle were offered; and it is admitted, that the latter were superior to *bread offering*, or the sacrifice of Melchisedech, and as the sacrifice of Abel was before that of Cain; but it is repugnant to common sense, that the Jewish dispensation, “which was but the *figure* or *shadow*,” according to St. Paul, would have had a superior offering to that of Christianity, which is the fulfilment of the former. The latter is

14. For the divine law, all the world's glory despises he,^a
 Who all things *compared* to *His table* he deems trifles,
 Nor is he moved by the rushing torrent of this world,
 But in adversity rejoices, as for Christ he suffers.
15. The good and faithful shepherd of the Evangelic flock,
 Whom God selected to guard God's people,
 And to feed His people with Divine dogmas;^a
 For which *people*, after Christ's example, he gave up
 his life.
16. Whom for his merits^a the Saviour raised *to be Pontifex*^b
 That in heavenly warfare he might teach clerics;
 To whom he distributes *celestial*^c bread with *vestments*,
 Which *duty*^d is concluded by divine and sacred ad-
 monitions.

the *reality*, the former the type, and as *substance* excels the *shadow* so must the sacrifice of St. Patrick, and all priests, surpass that of the Mosiac system. Therefore the "hostias" mentioned in the poem, was written to express the sacrifice of the Mass, and in the foregoing line he alluded to the sacrament of penance.

STANZA XIV.—^a The second line of the fourteenth stanza clearly goes to demonstrate the pre-eminence of the Eucharistic table—*all things are trifles* to it. If it were mere bread that was offered, the bible and other matters would not be called *trifles* in comparison to it.

STANZA XV.—^a Here, again, is made a distinction between *feeding with doctrine*, and the *feeding with the Eucharist*, alluded to above.

STANZA XVI.—^a Patrick is rewarded with *preferment* for his *meritorious* or *good works*. His faith would be dead without them, as the Apostle has it—"Faith without good works is dead."

^b High Priest, or Head of the Irish Church, of course subject to the Pope, from whom he got his appointment, though previously called by God; as must indeed, by grace, every true minister.

^c Here again is a distinction between *teaching* and *bestowing* the "Body of the Lord." In the *previous* line he was to *warn* (to instruct) Priests, in *this* line he gives *celestial* Eucharistic bread and *vestments*. Patrick is represented in the passage giving, not *terrenam annonam*, but *cælestem*—not *earthly*, but *celestial* corn or bread. An appropriate name for the

17. Regis nuntius, invitans credentes ad nuptias,
Qui ornatur vestimento nuptiali indutus;
Qui cœleste haurit vinum in vasis cœlestibus,
Propinansque Dei plebem spiritali poculo.
18. Sacrum invenit thesaurum sacro in volumine,
Salvatorisque in carne Deitatem pervidet:
Quem thesaurum emit sanctis perfectisque meritis,
Israel vocatur hujus anima videns Deum.
19. Testis Domini fidelis in lege catholicâ,
Cujus verba sunt divinis condita oraculis,
Ne humanæ putrent carnes esæque a vermibus,
Sed cœlesti salientur sapore ad victimam.

Eucharist, whose elements, whilst they retain the form, taste, appearance, &c., are *entirely* transubstantiated, and feeds the soul, as temporal bread does the body.

^d This quatrain refers to the Sacrament of Holy Orders. The Bishop gives the candidates *Communion, the vestments, the Missal*; pledges them to chastity and obedience, and admonishes them in Latin. The preposition *in*, in the fourth line, signifies "by," as it does in the *Æneid*, book i. line 180—"in formite"—"by vibrating the materials," &c., and in many passages also in Greek.

STANZA XVII.—^a This is an allusion to the royal marriage feast, mentioned in the Gospel of St. Matthew, cap. xxii. If but *ordinary* wine, how could it be called *celestial*?

^b *Propinans*, "distributing the Eucharistic blood." This Stanza refers to the celebration of the most holy and august sacrifice of the Mass, and the administration of communion to the penitents at its close, just as our prelates and priests practice in our own times. If in the *chalice* or "*vasibus*," there was only ordinary wine, it was *terrenum* not *cœleste*—*earthly* not *celestial*, and the cup containing it would be no more *cœleste* than any other vessel; and in *pledging* the people of God (giving them the chalice, as was the primitive custom until necessity, to which all customs must bow, interposed) in a *spiritual bowl*, he was therefore doing a duty with a vessel containing in it the true Sacred Blood of the Lamb that was slain. Every word in the quatrain conveys the sublime notions that the Catholic Church has ever taught, believed, and professed relative

17. The King's^a messenger inviting the faithful to the marriage feast,
 Who is ornamented, being clad in the nuptial robe,
 Who takes the *celestial* wine in heavenly vessels,
 And pledging^b the people of God in the spiritual cup.
18. The sacred treasure in the sacred volume he found,
 And in *his* Saviour's body the Deity he clearly saw,
 Which treasure he purchased with *his* holy and perfect merits;
 Israel is called, his soul-seeing God.
19. *The* Lord's faithful witness in *the* Catholic law,
 Whose words are preserved^a with *the* divine oracles,
 Lest human flesh would rot and be eaten by worms,^b
 But *that they* be seasoned with savour for a sacrifice.

to the real presence of Christ in the Most Adorable Eucharist. In it we have mention of the priests' vestments, *heavenly* not *earthly* wine (therefore transubstantiated), the *spiritual* cup not *temporal*, having in it a *spiritual* not a *temporal* gift. The language is altogether sublime and expressive.

STANZA XVIII.—^a *Israel*, according to St. Jerome, is "a man, or mind, seeing God," he besides interprets the term—"Chief with God," when commenting on *Genesis*, chap. xxxii. In the "Speckled Book" there is this remark—"Israel, when a dissyllable, denotes *a man fighting with God*, but when a trisyllable, *a man seeing God*. It is written, that as the Twelve Apostles will sit in judgment, on the last day, over the Tribes of Israel, so will Patrick be judge over the Irish. Thus, according to Jerome's comments, they will be "Chiefs with Christ." How salutary must not then the invocation of St. Patrick be? How influential his intercession with his Divine Master.

STANZA XIX.—^a From *condior*—to preserve or season. Fourth conjugation.

^b Or, *Lest human flesh would corrupt and be food for worms*. Might not these words mean, that Patrick's own body would not see corruption as other bodies? that it would not decay nor become the food of worms? Or "*vermibus*," of vicious human science; that is, that men might not be

20. Verus cultor et insignis agri Evangelici,
Cujus semina videntur Christi Evangelica,
Quæ divino serit ore in aures prudentium,
Quorumque corda ac mentes Sancto arat Spiritu.
21. XPS. (Christus) illum sibi elegit in terris vicarium,
Quem^b de gemino captivum liberat servitio,
Plerosque de servitute quos redemit hominum,
Innumeros de Zabuli obsolvit dominio.
22. Ymnos cum Apocalypsi, Psalmosque cantat Dei :
Quosque ad ædificandum Dei tractat populum,
Quem legem in Trinitate sacri credit nominis,
Tribusque Personis unam docetque substantiam.
23. Zonâ Domini præcinctus, diebus ac noctibus
Sine intermissione Deum orat Dominum :
Cujus ingentis laboris percepturus præmium,
Cum Apostolis regnabit sanctis super Israel.

left to perish by infidelity, or be led into error, and become the prey of false teachers “vermibus” or “lupis,” “wolves.”

STANZA XXI.—^a *Elegit*.—Peter is the *Comes*, Patrick the *Vicarius*, and Christ, the “King.” St. Jerome, *de gradibus Romanorum*, says that the “*Vicarius* is a man who is over the city in the absence of the *Comes*, whilst the *Comes* goes with the ‘King:’ so he (Patrick) is *Vicarius Dei*.”—*Liber Hymnorum*. It is not necessary to tell the Linguist that the Latin term, *Comes*, is a “companion,”—“chief adviser.”

^b By using *quem*, “whom,” the passage signifies, that Christ freed our saint from his Irish captivity, and from what he underwent in his own country when he returned from Ireland; or from the double slavery of *man* and *Satan*. But we prefer making it *qui*, “who,” and thus make Patrick the *antecedent*, as he emancipated thousands in his own country, in the islands, and Ireland from the bondage of the devil; and he likewise liberated thousands from physical slavery, as may be learned from his memorable letter against Coroticus, who captured and murdered, amongst others, the Christians. He threatened him, in God’s name, with eternal damnation, unless he desisted from his iniquity. We must then read in this line “captivos” for “captivum;” or, *Who frees captives from double slavery*.

20. *A* true and distinguished cultivator of *the* Evangelical land,
 Whose seeds are seen *to be* the Gospel (*or of the Gospel*) of Christ; [the wise,
 Which, with *his* divine lips, he sows in the ears of
 Whose hearts and minds he ploughs with the Holy Ghost.
21. Christ, him for Himself, selected^a on earth, as vicar,
 Whom, when captive, He frees from two-fold slavery,
 A great many he * redeems from the slavery of men,
 Innumerable he has released from the dominion of Satan.
22. Hymns with *the* Apocalypse, and the Psalms of God he chants,
 And which he announces^a to edify the people of God,
 Whom he believes *to be* the law^b in the Trinity of the Sacred Name,
 And in THREE PERSONS, ONE SUBSTANCE, he teaches.^c
23. With the girdle of the Lord begirt, days and nights,
 Without intermission, God *the* Lord he prays,
 Whose reward *for* his great labour he will obtain;
 With the holy Apostles he shall reign over Israel.

* Patrick.

STANZA XXII.—^a The word “tractat,” *announces* or *publishes*, implies *expatiates upon*, *explains to his flock*.

^b He believed the Christian law to be, that GOD was the TRINITY—that the TRINITY was GOD; that is, that there were three Persons, *distinct*, but that there was only ONE SUBSTANCE. St. Patrick was most minute in explaining the Trinity and Unity. This doctrine—of course a stupendous mystery—he sought to make Laoghaire (Lhayree), the king, understand by pointing out to him, that the trefoil, or Shamrock, had *three* leaves and but one stem. Hence our native shamrock has ever since been held in veneration by Irishmen of all creeds and classes throughout the world.

^c “Que” after “docet” is for metre, to complement the verse of fifteen

[In Colgani exemplari additur:]

Audite :

Patricii laudes semper dicamus, ut noscum illo defendat

Deus ;

Ibarnienses omnes clamant ad te pueri :

Veni, sancte Patrici, salvos nos facere.

Patricius sanctus Episcopus oret pro nobis omnibus,

Ut deleantur protinùs peccata quæ commisimus. Amen.

TRANSLATION.

[In Father Colgan's copy of the Poem are read the following lines, which we take to be an Antiphon.]

Hear ye :

Patrick's praises I will always sing, that God us with
him defend,

All the Irish youths cry out to thee,

Come, holy Patrick, cause that we be saved,

May the holy bishop, Patrick, pray for us all,

That forthwith may be effaced the sins we committed—

Amen.

The Antiphon in the *Liber Hymnorum* is different from the above, as is that in the Leabhar (Lhyowur) Breac.

syllables. For the same reason it may be, that he uses the present tense for the past; though, in doing the latter, he has only imitated the writings of some of the poets of the Augustan age. In fact, the Greek and Latin poets rather make language subservient to them, than that they should be bound up by grammatical rules. Our modern bards are equally arbitrary. Homer abounds in particles—"metri aut festivitatis, seu musicæ causa." An ignorance of the laws of poetry and of poetic licence has caused parties, otherwise well versed in the translation of Irish, to destroy the fresco cornices of some pieces, to reduce them to the standard of their own notions of grammar.

THE APOSTLES OF IRELAND.

The annexed interesting passage is taken, word for word, from a manuscript Martyrology of Tamlacht (Tallaght), preserved in the Burgundian Library, at Brussels, Belgium :—

Joannes Baptista	=	Episcopus Ibar
Petrus Apostolus	=	Patricius
Paulus A.	=	Finnan Cluana h-Jiraird
Andreas A.	=	Colum-cille
Jacobus A.	=	Finnian Mhinghe bile
Johannes A.	=	Ciaran Cluana
Philippus A.	=	Cainneac (Cannoc)
Bartholomeus A.	=	Brendinus Senior
Tomas A.	=	Brenain Cluana Ferta
Matheus A.	=	Colum-tire-da-glas
Jacobus A.	=	Comgall Bennchoir
Simon A.	=	Molisi Damh-inis
Thatheus (Tadeus) A.	=	Sinchallus Junior
Mathias A.	=	Ruadan (Ruan) Lothra
Maria	=	Brigita
Martinus	=	Caemghin (Kevin) Glinn-da-Logha
Antonius Monachus	=	Feichin Fobhar (Tovir)
Augustinus Sapiens	=	Lonngaradh (Lonngara)
Ambrosius Immodicus	=	Mac in Decis
Job Patiens	=	Munna Mac Tulcain
Jeromius Sapiens	=	Manchan Leith
Clemens Papa	=	Ciaran Saigir (the first)
Gregorius Moraliū	=	Cumman Fota
Laurtius (sic) Diaconus	=	Decoin Nassan
Beda Sapiens	=	Binte Mac Bronaigh
Ibarius Episcopus et Sapiens	=	Seachnall Episcopus
Cornelius Papa	=	Maclog Ferna (Ferns)
Silvester Papa	=	Adamnus Episcopus
Bonifacius P.	=	Malaisi Leith-glinne (Leithlin)
Pauconius Monachus	=	Cainen Innis Cealtra
Benedictus Caput Monachorum	=	Fintan Cluana Eidneach caput Mo-
Europæ		nachorum totius Hiberniæ
Augustinus Episcopus Anglorum	=	Episcopus Mumhain agus Conacht
(sic)		

“Hi sunt sancti, qui erant unius moris vitæ, ut dicunt.”

“These are saints whose habits and lives were the same.”

* So called from having composed several verses. (We think this note refers to Mal-isi Damh).

“Pope Gregory the Great, author of the ‘*Libri Moraliū*,’ or ‘Exposition of the Book of Job.’

“Cumman Fota, the T’all.

A. D. 661.”

STANZA XLVII.

Diarmuid O'Duibhne in the battle of Gabhra (Gawra) showed himself a hero of great strength. He engaged and slew Criomthan (Creevin), king of Leinster. He supported the rebel, Fionn, who sought by the Fenian forces to enslave both king and people. Never yet did liberty exist with a standing army, who are but the tools of some tyrant or a few knaves. This Diarmuid took away Fionn's wife, Graine, and to escape his vengeance, scoured all Ireland, and made what are termed the "Hag's beds." We often sheltered in one of them on the top of a hill near the cross-road of Becan (a parish in Mayo), on our way to school. It was called "*Leaba Diarmuid agus Graine*." This Grace was the daughter of King Cormac, who then gave his other daughter to Fionn as a wife; her name was Albea.

GLAS DONN (the Brown) Mac Aenchearda, was a celebrated Fenian chief. His wife was the famous Sadhbh (Syve). See "*Fenian Tales*." Goll, after he killed Cumhill at Castleknock, became chief of all the Fiana Eire as well as of his own Clanna Morni, of Connaught. Eogan More made Cumhall (Cooill) general of the Fiana, A. D. 173.

Caoilte Mac Ronan, *Oscur*, and *Oisin*, were also chiefs of the Fians. *Oisin* was son of Fionn, and *Oscur* was son of *Oisin*. They were poets and druids as well as military chiefs. See Miss Brooke's "*Collections*."

Conan upbraided Fionn, chief of Clanna Baosgne, of malice towards the Clanna Morni, because of Cumhall's death. His foul mouth, like that of Homer's Thersites, was unsufferable. He created such a spirit of jealousy, that it ended in the destruction of the Fian bodies by

Cairbre. Hence our author styles him “Fear millte na Feine,” *the ruin of the Fians*.

Conan died A. D. 295, and was buried on Sliabh (Shleeiv) Callan, in the county of Clare. The Ogham inscription on his tomb is this:—

“𐌹𐌺 𐌿-𐌺𐌹 𐌹𐌺 (5) 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺.”

“Long may he rest at the lake under the Ogham, which is the favorite of the sacred.”

It is said he was treacherously slain by the Fians at a sun-worship gathering. It was an ancient Irish poem that led to the discovery of his monument. The poem has these words:—

“’S 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺 𐌹𐌺.”

“And his name is in Ogham *characters* on a flat stone on the black mountains of Callan.”

Many ideas of literary enquiry present themselves to our vision arising from the above lines, but we regret we cannot here insert them. One thing we must observe, that “Oca” in the former verse and “O𐌹𐌺𐌹” in the latter are synonymous, and that in them we find the root of “Ogygia,” a name of Ireland. This being so, we wish here to say that we prefer this latter to a former derivation we gave. The perusal of the late Lord Rosse’s “Defence of Ancient Ireland,” in which he exposes Mac Pherson’s plagiary, suggested the above root.

The family of the Mac Allens are alluded to by the author of the poem on which we are commenting, as being the founders of Dun Aidan or Eadun—*Edinburgh*—in Scotland. We find from the writings of Adamnan, successor of Columba, that Aidan, king of Albanian Scots, was, through the interest of St. Columba, allowed to take a seat at the Council of Dromceat in Ulster, which was summoned to chastise the poets for their insolence, and which was obviated by the saint’s interference. Aidan

procured an exemption from the Borivean tribute. His kingdom was henceforth declared independent, through the influence of Columbkille, who himself gave up his right to a crown, that he might devote himself entirely to religion. The grandson of Aidan or Haydon, turned his arms against O'Donell, king of Ireland, A. D. 603, who defeated him. His defeat in Ireland weakened his power much, and a part of his kingdom fell into the hands of Saxons for some years after. Aidan, Eadun, Headan or O'Haydan, was a great name amongst the Irish. One of the sons of Miledh (Meelay) or Milesius was so called.

Some of our readers may wish to be informed on the term "Picts." The Criuthini, or Picti, migrated very early from Asia to Thrace, thence to France, to evade the criminal passion of the king of that country for the daughter of their leader. In France they built the city of Poitiers. Here also the monarch of that country wished to enjoy the young lady without marriage, but her father, to preserve the honour of his child, fled, and sailing north of Britain, landed, according to the Venerable Bede, in Ulster; Whence they were afterwards driven to Albania, denominated Scotland by Nial, at the request of the Dalriads. It should be sooner noticed that, according to the Chronicle of Stow, some of the Scots settled in Albania so early as A. D. 73. Numerous and learned are the authorities that make it certain Scotland was peopled by the Irish Scots. It appears to us that these Picts (*so called from painting the figures of persons and things most admired by them on their clothes and skins*), though they are by origin, *Scythians*, were natives of Crete.—"Cruthini" differs very little from Crethini, or Cretini. Indeed the reader, who is acquainted with the spirit of Latin, and aware of the practice of the old authors of

substituting one vowel for another, can easily have observed, that the words above denote the same thing, and, consequently, that Crete was their old land. In that island some of the Milesians, having been old, sick, and others weary of the wanderings of their chief, settled and multiplied. A colony of these built Miletus, in Asia Minor, to the south of Troy; of these *Scuts* or *Scots* came Thales, the great astronomer. In truth, wherever the Milesians went they carried in one hand the lamp of knowledge and enlightenment, though they bravely wielded the sword in the other. See history of the Milesians in this work.

The Sybil prophethess of Carrigaleea.—The Dalcassians' "fairy queen" was a Sybil. Her cave was near Killaloe, if this be the "fairy" meant in this passage. An antiquarian says the name of her habitation was "Crage-liath" (lhyagh), and, that Murrough, the son of Brian Boroimhe (Borivey), consulted her before the battle of Clontarf. The latter part of the story is a fable, as the young prince was a Christian, and would not consult an *imaginary* being. The Rev. Charles J. O'Connor, of Sandyford, a native of Kerry, a descendant of the illustrious O'Connor-Kerry, whose ancestors suffered the loss of life and property in the awful times of Cromwell, has lately told us, that, when in 1851, he was making an antiquarian tour in his old county, which was possessed by his progenitors many centuries before the Mac Carthys and O'Sullivans came to it (Kerry and Cork were formerly Desmond), a resident learned priest pointed out to him the place where the Sybil cave stood. It is about one and a-quarter mile west of Tralee (τῡαζ ἴαε, *gray shore*), and he adds, that the place is still called γαῖνιζε ἴαε, *grey rock* or *stones*. We are aware that many places in Ireland

have that name. There is one in Wicklow very much frequented in Summer by Dublin tourists. Not far from the Sybil's cave is an old church on the Clogherbreen road, near which the Right Rev. Richard O'Connell, bishop of Kerry, and Pierce Ferriter were hanged in the terrible days of that scourge from hell—Cromwell—and here we may say, that our author must have been a young relative of the martyred bishop—that it is likely he was a student when the relative was murdered. After the execution of Richard, there was a great confusion relative to the dates, names, and elections of Munster bishops, especially of Ardfert. In 1691, an attempt was made to annex the latter to Waterford, as we have learned from a work of that date.

In the times of Cromwell, as in the days of St. Patrick, it was perhaps the practice that some of our bishops had legatine powers in all matters requiring the interference of Rome. Such was the system of espionage observed by Cromwell's sharks and bloodhounds, that there existed a necessity for such a provision, owing to the difficulty of communication with the Centre of Unity. On this point we write in our preface. We should remark that it appears the exact spot on which the bishop and the accomplished poet were sacrificed is called *Cnocán na g-leann*—*Fair-hill, near Killarney, or hill of the vale.*

From the fact of the existence of an Irish sybil, it appears that there were more than the Cumean one in Italy, who was consulted by Æneas. There were several fairy prophetesses in Ireland, whom the Pagan chiefs consulted on all great occasions. The Mac Mahons of Clare consulted Cliona. Some of the princes of parts of Cork and Kerry had recourse to *Ané* (Awney). This *goddess* was respected in other parts of the country. *Ana* is a con-

traction of εαγνα, *wisdom*. Hence *Sanus*, fem. *Sana*, put away *Sis*, and we have “Anna,” or “Anne.” The name is something resembling the *Athéné*, *Minerva*, of Greece. We could adduce some thousand words almost, nay, exactly identical in Greek and Irish. Their manners and system of worship were nearly parallel. The prophetess of Cuma vaticinated by means of leaves. Hence the radices—ῥιδε, *fairy*, βιλλόζε, *leaves*, and not σείος, for θείος, fem. θειη, *divine*, and Βουλη, *plan*. This is the received derivation—though *forced*. Hence also may be inferred that the institution of the Italian fairy was borrowed from the Celts, in their travels through the Mediterranean Sea. The works of the “Kilkenny Archæological Society” have much interesting matter on this sort of knowledge. Ibéul might be thus derived—ἰοδ, *knowledge*, béul, *mouth*, to distinguish her from the sybil that gave her vaticinations on *leaves*.—See Virgil’s “Æneid.”

STANZA LIII.

The poet in this quatrain says, there were four bishops in Munster before St. Patrick. By the appellation “Munster,” he signifies Leagh Mogha, that part of Ireland which was given to Owen Mor, in the time of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and lay south-west of the Shannon and Boyne. The assertion contained in this passage corresponds exactly with the following quotation from the Life of St. Deighlan, Céile De, or *Deicolus*, “God-worshipper:”—“*Quatuor Sanctissimi episcopi cum suis discipulis fuerunt in Hibernia ante Patricium, prædicantes in ea Christum; scilicet, Albæus, Deiclanus, Ibarus, et Kyrianus.*” It should have been stated, that St. Palladius was sent by Celestine; but, as he did not understand the Irish language, the chieftains gave him no reception,

and, after twelve months, he withdrew to Albania, or Scotland, where he died. Ailbe was a great saint and scholar; as we treat of him in our notes on St. Patrick elsewhere, it is not necessary to say more of him in this place. Deighlan was bishop of the "Desii," in Waterford. Mr. O'Desey, the eminent Queen's Counsel, is a descendant from that ancient and illustrious tribe. Deighlan was baptized by Colman, a priest, at whose expense he was educated by Dymna, a Christian schoolmaster; went to Rome, was ordained, and afterwards consecrated by Celestine. He met Ailbe of Imly (shortly after of Cashel), in the Eternal City; he met Patrick also therein. He was of the noble tribe of the O'Deisies. St. Kyrian of Saigar lived to be very old. He read and taught theology for twenty years in Rome, and was consecrated bishop. He was of Ossory, in Ely O'Carroll, a country *in the present King's County*; but, in the days of St. Kyrian, it contained the present baronies of Ikerrin and Eliogarty, in Tipperary. He is said to have made three petitions to God for his countrymen, viz. one for the grace of repentance at the hour of death; one against injury from infidels; and last, for the destruction of Ireland seven years before the coming of Antichrist, lest the Irish should be tempted by his preaching. Probus records other petitions made by him. He* was born at Cape Clear, A.D. 352, and was seventy years old when Patrick came to Ireland. His mother was Liedania. Ivar, for a long time, opposed the jurisdiction of St. Patrick, until he was warned by an angel to yield to him, as he was

* St. Kyrian was on the mission in many parts of south and east Ireland. His birth-place is said to have been Cape Clear, as stated; his chief missionary labours in King's County, Tipperary, and Wexford. Hence writers generally set him down as of that country: people will give the Right Rev. Dr. Blake, of Dromore, though born in Dublin, as "of Dromore."

divinely appointed to govern the Irish Church. He at once manifested his natural humility.—See “Deighlan’s Life,” and Hanmer, page 695. These glorious fathers of the Church are more particularly noticed in our notes on St. Patrick. Some of this note may be disputed, but space does not allow us to answer objections.

STANZA LIX.

Some respectable writers deny this number of bishops and priests. However, we see no reason to doubt it, as the number is to be referred to the consecrations and ordinations of all the years of St. Patrick’s mission in Ireland. Some of his first converts were men advanced in life and did not long survive their promotion to the episcopacy and the priesthood. The nobles of this country were as zealous in the cause of their newly adopted religion as they were before remarkable for their thirst for fame in the practice of arms. Princes and chieftains were foremost in seeking the clerical state. For instance, the children of Ængus, king of Munster; Columba, heir-apparent to a throne in Ulster; O’Brennan of Ardfert; and O’Brennan of Clonfert (though the saint of Aghadoe, in Kerry, did not live in St. Patrick’s time); the latter was about thirty-two years old when Patrick came to Ireland, and lived 112 years after him, that is, until 577, as we find in O’Reilly’s “Irish Writers,” in Burns’ “Remembrancer,” and other places—

	Years.
His age was, when Patrick came, - - - -	32
According to Lanigan, the time of Patrick’s mission -	33
St. Brennan’s age when Patrick died - - - -	65
Add to this, after Patrick - - - - -	112
	<hr/> 177

Almost all writers are agreed, that O’Brennan of Clonfert lived to that age; during his long life he founded

many monasteries, he visited distant lands, and was first bishop of Clonfert, which is named in Keating as one of the Sees represented in the early synods of Ireland, and denominated Clonfert Breanuin. He died in the convent of his niece, *Briga*, in Annadown, and his remains were afterwards translated to Clonfert, where they repose. Owing to the fact, that there were, according to Keating, fourteen eminent saints of that name in Ireland, he is often confounded with O'Brennan or Brendan of Kerry, who was not born in St. Patrick's days, but whose birth and future greatness the apostle foretold. A few years ago there was a beautiful *alto relief* figure of St. Brennan in the old church in Ardfert. The diocess included the whole country and a part of Cork, being fifty-two miles from north to south, and forty-eight broad. The most of the ruins of that once magnificent church were standing at no distant period; also a round tower 120 feet high, which fell in 1770.—Archdall's "Monasticon." We see a difficulty in attempting a description of some of the galaxy of saints that shed a halo on ancient Ireland; but it is not our duty, as mere annotators, to enter on such a project, else we would endeavour to adjust the names, dates, and places of the respective saints. From what we have read in various histories, as well ecclesiastical as profane, we have come to the conclusion that O'Brennan of Clonfert was son of Finloga, of the royal race of Heremon, in Connaught, who died, 577, in the north-eastern part of *Ui Bran*—that there was an O'Brennan of great celebrity in Ely O'Carroll (now of King's County), he was the son of Luagne (Lhovawne), of the Leinster Heremonians, and that St. Brennan or O'Brenan of Kerry (died 576), was of the royal line of "Ciar."—(Keating, vol. ii. p. 531.) O'Flaherty gives a Brennan or Brendan, son of

Fergus, son of Conall Gulban, and of Erica, daughter of King Lorcan. He was uncle of Columbkille. This being so, we see how so great a number of saints of the same name existed. Wherever there are many of one name, there must necessarily be confusion, unless much care be taken to adjust the names; and, indeed, Irish Church history requires a revision in this important matter. Elsewhere, depending on some authority, we made the saint of Birr and Clonfert one and the same. But there might have been more than one Birr, and the confluence of the Shannon and Suck, near Clonfert, could be well called *Birr*, which means "waters." There were more than one Cluanfeart (Clonfert). Wherever miracles or wonders were wrought, or dead bodies interred, was a *Cluan-feart*, a corner, or *place of miracles* or *graves*. Thus Tara was at one period called *Cluan-feart*.

Many of the bishops that were consecrated travelled to other countries to spread the faith. Moreover, the sudden conversion of all Ireland, affords an inference that the number of prelates and priests must have been very considerable to effect so wonderful a work in so short a time. And St. Patrick saw, that, as the nation was a warlike one, he should engage many hands to conquer Satan, and when the victory had been won, like a skilful general, he felt that he required more teachers to keep the converts from harm, as well as to push his conquest all over the country. This he did with a rapidity never equalled. Hence it is plain the number here set down, when considered as spread over the space of his mission and over the pentarchy, was not exaggerated. Another reason for the large number might be this—some of the royal blood had joined the standard of Christ, so that our saint sagaciously bestowed the mitre on many of them, who were

thus made princes much higher than earthly ones. There was great wisdom in such a course, at such a time.

STANZA LXIV.

We would, did space permit, comment on the subject of this verse, which alludes to the fatal differences that purpled the green fields of Erin with the blood of men, whose souls should be knitted together in the bonds of love. After the death of Brian Borovey, Malachy, or Maol Seaghlin, regained the throne; he was succeeded, according to Keating, by Donough, son of Brian, in 1048, who after a turbulent reign of some years, and the murder of his brother Teige, was deposed and went to Rome to do penance for his sins. In ignorance of his right to the crown, which he held only in trust from the nation, he brought it to the Eternal City, and, it is said, he made a present of it to his Holiness. In this attempt to expiate the sins of his past life he sought to rob his native land of her sceptre, and thus put an obex to his repentance being accepted by Him, who said on Sinai—"Thou shalt not steal." What madness! just as if he had the right to transfer, or the Pope to accept, what belonged to Ireland. Monarchs are but the stewards of the throne, the people are the proprietors. Hence, he acted iniquitously in transferring it, and the Pope should not have acted on the offer of an old profligate, who, for his unnatural conduct towards a pious brother, was hurled from the royal seat which he dishonoured and stained with fratricide.

STANZA LXVIII.

What a man was sent to reform the habits of the Irish! the *sancticide* Henry, whose hands were still not cleansed from the blood of that illustrious prince of the Church of

God, St. Thomas à Becket. Such a monster to be delegated to restore discipline was making a mockery of religion. But Adrian was an Englishman, and for aught we know, a relative of Henry II. After he was elected Pope, in 1154, England's king wrote him a letter of congratulation. Hence forward a friendship was established between them. The aggrandizement of his native country was his motive, and I may add, that he manifested something of personal ambition in the sale of Ireland. The spiritual supremacy of the Church, vested in the Pope, is as necessary as that of a ship's captain to steer herself and her crew safely; but he had no temporal right over Ireland to make away with its crown.

Almost every history on Irish matters, even Wright's, brought out by Tallis, has agreed that the cause of religion in Ireland, at that very time, did not require any reformation—and could not expect it from the allies of the adulterous, perjured Mac Murrough. Who were his first adherents in Wales? The Fitz Henrys, illegitimate sons of Henry I., and other children of Nesta, the concubine of the said Henry, viz. De Gros, Fitz Gerald, Fitz Stephen, the three De Barris, one of whom was the infamous Cambrensis—all the offspring of the harlot Nesta—a vicious monarch, with Cavanagh, his bastard son, were the nest of robbers who, at first, gave their adhesion to Dermot. God! how awful is the reflection, that an island which was so powerful in resources should become the prey of such an infernal banditti—all the issue of sin! The soul shrinks back from the contemplation of, and the flesh of the hand, that writes these lines, creeps with disgust at the mere recording of such turpitude. For the origin of the gang of English plunderers we refer to Wright's "Ireland," chap. ix. p. 1. The idea of Satan quoting Scripture is not

more repugnant than religious reform from such sinful reptiles. What a precious company Dermot brought with him to the Abbot of Ferns, in Wexford. Cambrensis says, that the *Helen of Ireland*, Dervorgilla, O'Rourke's wife, was one of the company at the abbot's table. Can it be? We cannot answer. What a fraternity! only the presence of the murderer of the glorious à Becket was wanted to complement one of the most remarkable sodalities that ever existed. For the burnings, desecrations, plunders, murders, and all sorts of atrocities perpetrated by these freebooters, before the arrival of Strongbow, the reader is referred to the work last mentioned. Wright, though a bigoted writer, and, in some cases, a libeller of our character, tells some things with much force, and in good language. At the same time, he is certain to depreciate such historians as most favour Ireland. He says that, at the instigation of Henry De Montmaurice, seventy citizens of Waterford were made captives, brought to the summit of a rock, had their *limbs first deliberately broken*, and they were then *cast into the sea*. O'Regan, secretary to Dermot, makes the number greater. This was not the first *taste* of England's thirst for Irish blood. In fact, the history of that country's career in Ireland has been a continuous chain of bloody deeds and iniquitous spoliation. We may here mention that there were other O'Cavanagh's who were an honour to their country. Dermot's son was a brave fellow, and had his valour been directed *against*, and not in *favour* of the needy adventurers, the latter would not have withstood him for any time. Anything that could be said on the next fifteen stanzas will be found interspersed in other parts of this work. Comments on them here would be therefore only repetition.—See notes on stanza lxxxvi.

STANZA LXXXIII.

We had prepared a review of the gallant men, who rallied in the days when red ruin rode triumphant over the natives, but the length of previous notes prevent the possibility of our doing so. We can, therefore, only glance at their history, and their respective localities, taking O'Halloran and the "Four Masters" as our chief guides.

The Earl O'Neill, alluded to in this verse, is Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, nephew of the late earl. He it was who urged Florence Mac Carthy, whom he created *The Mac Carthy Mor*, to unite against Elizabeth. This Florence was a man of great power of mind and body. In 1602, he wrote a letter to Cecil, in which he states— "The two sorts of the greatest ability and authority to persuade the Irish gentlemen, are the priests and *rhymers*, both dislike the English government more than other classes do. The priests may not be trusted to do service for the queen, while of the rhymers only *some* may, if employed by those gentlemen, whose followers they are by lineal descent." We find by the state papers, dated July, 1600, that *several renegade Irishmen* were used by the government as spies. Of those, one was most infamous; his name was Crosby or Crossan. His father was a rhymers of the *O'Moore* family. He was deputy to Sir Geoffrey Penton, Surveyor-General. His mode of *intentionally* issuing defective patents had driven many gentlemen in Munster into rebellion against the queen. The old Earl of Desmond, when writing to Cecil on the atrocious conduct of officials, tells him, that *Mac Crossane* was *Crosby's* real name, and that his ancestors were rhymers to the O'Connors and O'Moores. For his services in expelling the seven septs from Leix into Kerry, he got large tracts of land.

Our readers being so familiar with the history of the O'Neills, makes it unnecessary to say more, even if space permitted. Their territory varied from time to time. They were the posterity of Conn of the Hundred Battles. In the time, of which we are writing, they possessed some of Tyrone, Down, Antrim, Armagh. O'Donnell here meant, was of the tribe of the O'Donnell's of *Tirconnell* (the country of Conall), who was son of *Niall of the nine hostages*, monarch of Ireland, in the fifth century. *Donegal* comprises nearly what was called Tyrconnell.

The O'Donnells were its chieftains, but there were other distinguished families in it besides them, as the O'Boyles, O'Gallaghers, O'Doghertys, &c. They are Heremonians as well as the O'Neills. *Red Hugh O'Donell*, alluded to in this place, was of right, Earl of Tyrconnell. The dispute between himself and the Earl of Tyrone, which occurred before Kinsale ruined all their prospects, otherwise they had for that time overturned England's power in Ireland. We should have said the celebrated Hugh of *Lough Foyle*, at the age of sixteen, was treacherously imprisoned by Perrott, Lord Deputy, in 1587. After three years he escaped from the Castle of Dublin, but was retaken the same year; and, in 1592, he made his second escape from the Castle, and was that year inaugurated "The O'Donnell." After the failure at Kinsale, he went to Spain, and died the same year, 1602, being but thirty-one years old. This Hugh was such a man as we could love. He was a practical Christian—a patriot and warrior. Had he lived to come with the Spanish auxiliaries in August 1602, he, aided by heaven, had liberated his country. May God grant us such a man at the present juncture. We weep over his immature death. "He

was a lion in strength, a Cæsar in command.”—See “Annals of the Four Masters,” page 2297. The following is a translation of an extract from his speech, delivered in the Irish tongue, on the morning of the battle of the “Pass of the Curlew Mountains.”

“The great dispenser of eternal justice has already doomed to destruction those assassins, who have butchered our wives and our children, plundered us of our properties, set fire to our habitations, demolished our churches, and monasteries, and who have changed the face of Ireland into a wild, uncultivated desert. On this day, more particularly, I trust to heaven for protection, a day dedicated to the greatest of all saints, whom these enemies of religion endeavour to villify; a day on which we have purified our consciences to defend honestly the cause of justice, against men, whose hands are reeking with blood, and who, not content with driving us from our native plains, come to hunt us like wild beasts into the mountains of Dunaveeragh. But, brave Irishmen, you burn for revenge. Scorning the advantage of this impregnable situation, let us rush down, and show the world, that, guided by the Lord of life and death, we exterminated those oppressors of the human race. He who falls will fall gloriously, fighting for justice, for liberty, and for his native land; his name will be remembered, while there is an Irishman on the face of the earth; and he, who survives, will be pointed at, as the companion of O’Donnell, and the defender of his country. The congregation shall make way for him at the altar, saying, that hero fought at the battle of Dunaveeragh.”

History says, that if the monastery of Boyle, in which the English took shelter, had been a few miles more distant, not one of them would have survived to tell

of The O'Donnell's glorious victory. Having placed confidence in the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose festival day (the 15th of August) was that of the memorable battle, fought one side of the romantic Coran and Ceish. He advanced under the protection of the Queen of heaven. Never was there a more visible sign of the power of Mary's intercession than on that day, when, with but a few men, the main body of O'Donnell's forces being in Tyrconnell and Munster—he, after the observance of a fast by himself and his gallant few, and after shrieving and communing, not having waited for the advance of Clifford, but relying on the righteousness of his cause, rushing on the enemy, bore down upon them as fire upon dried stubble.

In all Ireland there is not a spot more worthy the attention of the tourist than Ceish and the Curlew Mountains, between Boyle and Ballymote.

The O'Canes had property between the Foyle and the Bann in Londonderry. Donell Ballagh, son of Rory, is here meant. The tribe was Oireacht Oibhne (Evne); he was inaugurated *chief* 1598. Our poet calls him *the O'Cane of the white steeds and rich garments*. He supported the neighbouring chieftains against Mountjoy. He was aided by the Mac Donnells of Antrim. In the days of Cromwell the O'Canes and Mac Donnells of the north, gallantly resisted the Parliamentarians.—Carte's "Ormond," vol. B. part iii. p. 482. With respect to the *O'Cane of white steeds and rich robes* we are to say, that Bishop O'Connell is a better authority than the libeller Morryson, whose infernal slander should have never been published by any Catholic. It carried its own contradiction with it. Imagine a rich chieftain, able to converse in Latin, and still to live in a *state of savagery*. We are

pained, that one of our antiquarians should have circulated the base libel, and, what is worse, he did not contradict it in the place he inserted it.

The O'Donnell's robes were gorgeous, and hence we are to infer, that *the O'Cane's* were so, also.—See Stilenger, in a Letter to Henry VIII., relative to the gorgeous dresses and bonnet of O'Donnell, thirty pair of golden aiglets, his crimson cloak, &c.

The O'Rourke had West Breffney (Leitrim). The Mac Ranalls were their able allies, and they at all times harrassed the English very much; in the twelfth century the O'Rourkes and the Reynolds beat back the English plunderers as far as Meath. Alderman John Reynolds of Esker-house, Dublin, and Thos. Reynolds, Esq., Marshall of Dublin, are of the above family, and ought to have very little love for the power of England. Their ancestors suffered sorely from the Saxons. One of them had great influence with Elizabeth; he could *manage* her as he pleased. He was a gigantic man, and had great nerve; but, in the days of Cromwell, the Reynolds fought hard in company with O'Rourke. The *O'Rourke* of Leitrim Castle—a glorious rebel—was hanged, and beheaded in 1591. His son, Brian Oge, also a rebel, died 1604.

STANZA LXXXIV.

Cuchunnacht or *Lord Cornelius Maguire's* patrimony was Fermanagh. We have seen it written, that he was called “English Maguire,” because, when young, he submitted to the power of Queen Elizabeth. He was barbarously butchered by the regicides in London. We have before us a narrative of his trial and execution. He was first *half* hanged, and, when his lamp of life was still

feebly flickering, he was taken down, his bowels quickly *ripped out and burned before his eyes, which had not entirely lost their sight*. He would be let off, if he confessed to the Parliamentarians from whom he had the commission to resist them, and if he abjured Catholicity. The papers, found in his hands after his murder, showed them how little he cared about their tortures. These papers contained prayers, such as *Ave Maria*, and others, manifesting his love of the old faith. The narrative alluded to is from the pen of Sir W. Cole, a witness against the unfortunate Lord. He was, also, his Lordship's enemy. Bryan Maguire (*Irish*) was called "Irish," because he never shrunk from his devotion to creed or country. He was of the same family, which is nearly extinct.

Hugh Maguire, son of Cuchunnacht or Connor Maguire, accompanied The O'Donnell to Kinsale. He slew Sir Warham St. Leger in combat, and gloriously cut his way near the city of Cork, in 1600, right through a murderous multitude of English, who waylaid him and, assassins like, attacked him when he was almost alone. His conduct on the occasion was unparalleled. He received severe wounds, and, having proceeded a short distance from the enemy, he dismounted, and died of his wounds. His death was a heavy blow to the Irish interest. The Maguires of Fermanagh were all the same family; though, of our own knowledge, the terms "English Maguire" and "Irish Maguire" are kept up to this day, as some are Protestants and others Catholics. However they cherish a great friendship for each other.

STANZA LXXXVI.

O' Connor, noted for integrity. We would be disposed to say, that Teige O'Connor of Kerry was here meant;

but we find in Carte's "Ormond," b. iv. v. page 535, that the O'Connor Sligo, with the magnanimous Malachy O'Kelly, Lord Archbishop of Tuam, were hanged at the siege of Sligo by a nefarious party of Cromwellians. How remarkable is the fact, that the See of Tuam has been always blessed with lion-hearted prelates. The illustrious John of Tuam is a lion in courage, a Hercules in mental strength, and a Lynceus in penetration. The conduct of the Rev. Peter O'Connor, at the late Sligo election, forcibly reminded us of his noble ancestor. Two hundred years elapsed between the two acts of resistance to English intrigue and villainy. In 1601, another Archbishop elect of Tuam, Malachy O'Conry, attended the O'Donnell as chaplain at Kinsale, and went with him to Spain.

Besides the O'Connors of Sligo, of the royal Heremonian line, who, as stated above, were mercilessly struck down by Cromwell, another family, of the same name, but of a different race, suffered a like fate; and, with the entire confiscation of their possessions, lost also two of their chiefs by the *gallows*, at the close of this war. These were the O'Connors of Kerry, of the royal line of Ir, whose martyred chiefs were John O'Connor, of Carrigafoile Castle, and Teige O'Connor, of Aghalahanna, Lord of Tarbert, both in Iraght-i-Connor (O'Connor's inheritance or principality), the most northern Barony in Kerry county. The fate of the latter chieftain is described in stanza cviii. of the poem; that of the former, which is unaccountably pretermitted by our author, is thus pithily detailed in Father Morrison's "Threnodia" (a work of unquestionable authority). "The illustrious John O'Connor-Kerry, Lord of Kerry and Iraght, on account of his adhesion to the Catholic party, and his efforts to

draw to it, not only his personal followers, but all with whom he had friendship, was, after having been by stratagem seized upon by the Protestants, brought to Tralee, in that county, and there half hanged and then beheaded, A.D. 1652."

To neither of these remarkable *executions* does Smith, who wrote a hundred years ago, make the slightest allusion in his so-called "History of Kerry," nor in his statement of their forfeitures does he mention even the names of the O'Connors. Perhaps he did not deem it prudent to remind slaves of their rights in the midst of their oppression. Their estates were bestowed on Trinity College by the ungrateful Charles II.; and the learned Corporation, thus enriched, possesses, including other grants, at least one hundred thousand acres of good profitable land in Kerry *alone*. "The largest gift of lands," says Smyth, p. 64, "under the said act ('Act of Settlement'), was that made to the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, who, by the letters patent of King Charles II., dated November 10th, 1666, had a very large estate settled on the said University for ever, with Courts Leet and Courts Baron, at Noghoval and *Carrigafoile*, together with fairs, markets, &c., and the king was pleased to reduce the crown-rents of the said estate in this county to the sum of £100 per annum." And thus, for ever did the last remnant of the once princely possessions of the O'Connors of Kerry, pass out of the stony hands that held them for sixteen hundred years and upwards. For, all our histories concur in stating, that the ancestors of this most ancient race of Kiar, and Irian Prince, who conquered and gave name to Kerry (*Ciarriadhe*, "Kiar's Kingdom"), so early as the first century of our Era; and that the O'Connors continued in the undisturbed enjoyment of the northern

half of the present county, until the arrival of the English invaders, when, in the course of time and war, they were gradually deprived of the greater portion of their princely territory by the Desmond Geraldines, who finally compelled them, by treaty (recorded at Bermingham Tower), to confine themselves in future to the single Barony of Iraght-i-Connor. Yet, even upon this diminished inheritance of theirs, encroachments were made by the rapacious Elizabeth and her immediate successor. The virgin queen rewarding Fitzmaurice, Lord Kerry, with estates in Iraght for his services against the O'Connors; and "Scottish James" bestowing the Seignory of Tarbert upon the M'Crossans, alias Crosbies, for still worse acts of treachery and baseness. Nevertheless, they retained, down to the Protectorate, considerable estates both in Iraght and Fuenachmy Baronies, as appears by the following extract from Petty's "Book of Forfeitures and Distributions," authentic record of Cromwell's ruthless spoliations, according to which:—

1st. The Carrigafoile family, the eldest branch, now extinct, but then represented by Connor Cam. O'Connor Kerry forfeited *Cahirnuil*, *Kiletine*, *Carrig Island*, and *Lislaghtin*, in Ahavallin parish, with Kilbrachach, in the parish of Murhur.

2nd. The Aghalahama family, the next, and now the representative branch, whose then chieftain was Thomas M'Teige O'Connor, father of Teige, hanged, as above, for *Aghalahama* (Ahalanna), in Murhur, *Ballaghenespic* and *Larhoe*, in Ahavallin, *Beenturk*, in Kilnaughtin, and *Gallard*, in Liseltine parish.

3rd. The Knockanure family, who soon after became, and still are, peasants on their own lands, but were then represented by Donogh O'Connor, forfeited *Culleengurteen*, in Knockanure parish, and *Corventoine*.

4th. The Liselton family, described from Dermod, son of Donagh, slain in 1405, whose representative, Thomas O'Connor, is marked in Cromwell's "List of Catholic Proprietors" as, by connexion, a Protestant, his brother John, a pervert priest, being then a Protestant minister, forfeited *Kilgrevane*, now Kilgarvan, *Lachach* and *Farrenstackey*, all in Liselton parish. This family, like the preceding, continued to locate in Iraght, without, however, being reduced to the same state of obscurity. The *reformed* minister had a son and a grandson, the one *arch-deacon*, the other *chanter* of the Cathedral of Ardfert, who intermarried with the new Cromwellian proprietary, infusing a much boasted improvement into their Saxon blood; and, strange to say, their last known descendant, Mr. Ambrose O'Connor, became a convert to the Catholic Church, and, being an excellent classical scholar, kept a school at one time at Mill-street, and then at Listowell, in both of which some of the existing priests of the diocese were educated. Of Thomas, *by connexion a Protestant*, the present representative is Mr. John O'Connor, of Glanmore, near Dundrum, in the County of Dublin, a native of Liselton, the old *locale* of his ancestors.

5th. The Ballyline, or Ahannagran family, descended from a younger son of Dermod Sugagh (the pleasant), who died in 1154, just seven hundred years ago, forfeited those two estates in the parish of Ahavallin, where they had been located for five centuries. The forfeiting chief was Murrough O'Connor, who remained, as under tenant to the College middleman, on his own confiscated property, and was succeeded, as such, by his son, grandson, and great grandson. But this latter, another Murrough, who was a good poet, having represented to the Board the oppressive conduct of the chief tenant, was himself put in

his place by that body, who indeed have always maintained the character of good landlords.—See “Poems, Pastorals, and Dialogues, by Morrogh O’Connor, of Aughanagraun;” Dublin: E. Jones, Clarendon-street, 1739; in which volume Morrogh does justice to his benefactors. The book is alluded to by Smith (who was contemporary with Murrogh O’Connor), in a note to the “History of Kerry,” without any mention of the author’s name. An event, however, occurred shortly after the historian’s decease, which, had he lived, would have compelled him to notice the clan whom he so studiously passed, on all occasions, in silence. It was of an extraordinary nature, and refers to the poet’s son, who, from his fashion of wearing a French hat was called “Matthew Lefaux,” a soubriquet thus corrupted from *chapeau*, or, as others will have it, from his affecting to be the head of the entire sept—an honour pertaining, as is evident from what we have said, to the Alaghanna branch. It so happens that Matthew was once arrested for debt, and lodged in Tralee Jail. It was the Assizes week, and almost every man of the name was gathered in the county town at the moment. The news spread quickly and the jail was surrounded by the O’Connors calling for the deliverance of their clansman. The taking of the Bastile was about to be enacted in anticipatory rehearsal. A panic spread through the town, which reached the judge upon the Bench. And what was the result? The grave representative of majesty had to give orders for the instant opening of the prison gates, and “Matthew Lefaux” walked forth a free man, amid the cheers and congratulations of all the O’Connors of Kerry.

Two other families are recorded in Sir William Petty’s book, as having forfeited, at this period, in the Barony of

Truhenashmy, whence they were never, until then, dislodged; having held uninterrupted possession since the middle of the eleventh century. Both were descended from Donal, second son of Cathal O'Connor-Kerry, slain in 1049, whose elder brother, Connor O'Connor-Kerry, was ancestor of the five families of Iraght, already enumerated. These descendants of Donal were:

6th. The Rahonane family, now untraceable, but represented in Cromwell's time, by Brian O'Connor, who forfeited "*Rahonane, Cahirslee, and Lisloose*, in the Borough of Tralee, and *Carrigreague*, in the Parish of Annah," near that town: and lastly—

7th. The Nohoval family, who settled at Garrihees, in Corkagumny, after their confiscation, having forfeited *Nohoval, Lisglissane, Chuantarriff, and Bally Regan* (? Bally Egan), near Castleisland. Its chief, in Petty's time, was Thomas M'Furlogh O'Connor, of Novhoval, ancestor of Thomas O'Connor, Esq., of Beal, and his brother, Maurice O'Connor of Rusby Park, deputy to his cousin, William Hike, of Kilelton House, Esq., the present high sheriff of Kerry, and which latter gentleman is also maternally descended from the eldest, and extinct branch of O'Connor-Kerry, the O'Connor of Corrigafoile.

A remark we had intended for a subsequent place (lest it might escape us), we may here make. We feel surprised that Charles O'Connor, Esq., overlooked illustrious families, more ancient than his own in Connaught. Were not public opinion too partial in his favour, we would say that he wished rather to procure subscribers for his book and flatter persons in high positions, even though enemies to his faith, and to the profession of which, it must be admitted, his forefathers were ever true--than to enunciate boldly the naked truth.

Historians, who are actuated merely by vanity or sordid gain, are a curse to society. Through ambition, the one perverts truth, and *money* makes the other write against his convictions. Such creatures have ever done much injury to Ireland. In order to contribute to the pure river of knowledge, of which posterity could safely drink, the writer, when taking up his stylus, should place conspicuously before his mind the motto—

“Fiat justitia, ruat cælum,”

At any risk let truth be told.

We cannot recognise the foolish distinction that has been made between the descendants of Brian, son of Eocha Muidhmheadhain (*Agha Meeivin*), and elder brother of Niall, “of the nine hostages.” From Duachghalach (*Dhooghyllogh*), the son of Brain, who, with his sons, reigned in Connaught, when Patrick came to Ireland as an Apostle, are descended the O’Connor-Roe (*red*), the O’Connor-Donn (*brown*), and the O’Connor-Sligo. Terlagh O’Connor, who died monarch of Ireland, 1146, had five sons, viz. Cataldus de Carpo Rubro (of the Red branch). He was ancestor of the O’Conchobhair-Ruadh, and O’Conchobhair-Donn—O’Connor *the Red*, and O’Connor *the Brown*, so-called, we suppose from the colour of their ensigns, or battle flags, or it might have been from the colour of their hair. It is a known fact, that in Connaught the children of one brother used to be distinguished from those of the other by the cognomen, *red, black, fair, yellow, brown, &c.* Such was the origin of some sir-names, the chief ones having been first applied by Brian Borovey. The second son was Brian Laighneagh, father of O’Conchobair of Sligo. After him a place in Roscommon was ignorantly called “Mount

Leinster." It should be Mount Leyney, as the Barony of Leyney—once the patrimony of the O'Connor Sligo—after the name of the above king. Cromwell robbed the latter family of that inheritance; but, by industry, it has since acquired honour and property. The third son was Aodh (*Hugh*) Dall (*the blind*), from whom are the O'Gallways, the Keoghs, Mac Keoghs, and Mac Hughs or Hughes. The fourth son was Manus, from whom Mac Manus. The fifth son was Conchobhair na Midhe (O'Connor of Meath), from whom are the Conniffes. We have found it an invariable rule in the conversion of Irish names into English, that when a consonant was immediately followed by an aspirated letter, that the aspirated or dotted one become the same as the unaspirated one. In other words, that the preceding one was doubled. Hence the two *n* in "O'Connor," which is, beyond dispute, the way to spell the name. From what we have written it can be seen, that all the O'Connors of Roscommon, as being of the same stock, are all related. We cannot decide which branch is the O'Connor Donn. The nonsense of the Spanish title, Don, makes one laugh. Is not their royal descent much higher than a petty foreign title.

This family, historically considered, we are bound to say, exhibited at all times a vacillating spirit. In the days of Elizabeth they manifested a hesitancy to oppose her rule. The glorious O'Donnell had more than once to coerce them into the ranks of the national Irish party. It was strange that so much property was left to them, whilst others were confiscated. It may be that they, like Virgil's Tityrus, were left in their snug corner, whilst all around them were plundered. It may be that their bland manners and generosity, for which they were conspicuous, as Bishop O'Connell writes, rendered their persons and properties

sacred in those days of spoliation. Our nature inclines us to be partial to a family so thoroughly Catholic, and with which the O'Brennans were identified, and who possessed as largely as they, up to the time of James I.; but our motto is—

“Tros, Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.”

“Friend and foe we shall *treat as he deserved.*”

Ireland was first lost through the *feminine amiability* of the last monarch of this name. Had he treated Strongbow as an able warrior would have done, and disregarded all intercession, come whence it did, had he annihilated him when he had him confined within the City of Dublin, and as the *absolute necessity* of the crisis demanded, viz. to prevent the *merciless annihilation* of his own countrymen, he would not have had the mortification to see the Irish sceptre in the hand of an usurper, and *the crown on the brow of a stranger*. Alas! his ill-timed mercy to robbers was the cause of ruin and slaughter to the innocent Irish.

Mercy to the criminal and ambitious has often turned out to be dire cruelty to the innocent. When some urged on Roderick the expediency of mercy to the sinful spawn, had he addressed them in the following words of Cato, he would have defended his own right and have saved the nation:—“Hic mihi quisquam mansuetudinem et misericordiam nominat! Jam pridem equidem nos vera rerum vocabula amisimus; quia, bona aliena largiri, liberalitas; malarum rerum audacia, fortitudo vocatur: eò respublica in extremo sita est. Sint sanè, quoniam ita se mores habent, liberales ex sociorum fortunis; sint misericordes in furibus ærarii: ne illis sanguinem nostrum largiantur; et dum paucis sceleratis parcent, bonos omnes perditum eant.”

What a pity that a wiser head, though possessing a less

tender heart, had not the Irish crown on his head at that eventful time. If it graced the brow of one of the glorious O'Connors, the offspring of *Ir*, our poor old country would now be our own. Nor would we have to shed tears over seven centuries of misrule, worse than Egyptian bondage and Mahomedan persecutions. The O'Connors, now living, are lineally descended from Sir Hugh O'Connor, of Ballintubber Castle (once a great stronghold of the name, in Roscommon, of the early part of the last century), who had four sons, viz.: 1st. Calvach; 2nd. Hugh Oge (young) ancestor of Dominick O'Connor Donn, of Clonalis, and Alexander O'Connor Donn—his brother—who was never married, whose sister was married to Daniel Eccles, Esq., of Castlerea: the only representative, by Law, of Sir Hugh, is Alexander O'Connor Eccles; 3rd. Charles O'Connor, of Belanagare, the historian. Upon the death, in 1820, of Sandy (Alexander) of Clonalis—uncle of O'Connor Eccles, of Roscommon—Owen, of Belanagare, took the *imaginary* title, "Don," and, after his death, Denis assumed it; but, in right of blood it belonged to the son of Eccles. Alexander, being an eccentric man, left Clonalis, by will, to the issue of the third son, and, if he left no issue, to the children of Bryan, fourth son of Sir Hugh. With that arrangement we have nothing to do as writers. It was about 1790 the Belanagare family, to serve some whim, first spelled the name "O'Conor." The branches of that regal house, now living, are as follow:—the Minor O'Connor Don, whose father was a most accomplished character, of courtly address, cultivated mind, and refined taste. He was M. P., for Roscommon, and Lord of the Treasury. He had great weight in the House of Commons, because of his high royal origin as well as on account of his prudence. Denis O'Connor,

Esq., D. L., Mount Druid; Roderick O'Connor, Esq., J. P., Miltown, Tusk; Patrick O'Connor, Esq., J. P., Dundermod, Ex High Sheriff; and Arthur O'Connor, Esq., J. P., Elphin; also Roderick O'Connor, Esq., J. P., Clareview, County of Galway (who is brother of the above Patrick), are the living representatives of the Roscommon O'Connors. There is, we think, a branch of the family in Willsbrook, near Castlerea, to the south, whose ancestor was Denis, grandson of Colonel Roderick O'Connor, son of Bryan and of Miss O'Connor Roe of Castleruby.

To complete the note we will say, that the heir-at-law is *The Don*, but every member of the family is *a Don*, just as all the members of the Mac Dermott Roe family and the Connor Roe are designated *Roe*. The term *The Don*, simply implies, at present, *the heir of the Clonalis estate*, and is not a *Spanish title*, though the cognomen of one in whose veins royal blood circulates, and we know not what is in the *future*.

Mac Sweenys owned Fanaght, in Tyrconnell, they were treacherously murdered in Dun-na-long. One of them, Murrough, was the champion of Ulster, and the guardian of his family treasure. They were a noble and fearless tribe. We are inclined to the opinion that the Mac Sweenys of Roscommon and Munster are of the same stock. Persecution scattered that distinguished family, as it did all the old stock of Ulster. They took a prominent part in the insurrections of O'Donnell and O'Neill, and sturdily resisted English tyranny and the Reformation. A bishop of the name was killed at the head of 1300 men, at the siege of Letterkenny, in 1646.—Carte's "Ormond."

"The three *Murroughs* (O'Murphy's) of cattle, books, and groves."

These were Wexfordians, and were true to *fatherland*.

Wexford has been famous for patriotism, and is so at this day. Its present parliamentary representatives—Charles G. Duffy, the intrepid assertor of Ireland's rights; Thos. Devereux, famed for integrity, generosity, and piety; and P. M'Mahon, Esqrs., are an evidence of the independence of Wexford. The last independent member is a combination of the Ulster and Limerick tribes. His father's great-grandfather—Con Mac Mahon, of Limerick—commanded a body of cavalry at the Boyne; he received a wound in the knee. He assisted Sarsfield in blowing up William's artillery at the siege of Limerick. His wife was Ellen Mac Mahon, of Clonina, niece of the illustrious Sarsfield. Wexford may be proud of such men.

We have seen a copy of Dr. O'Connell's poem, in which is contained, instead of $\eta\alpha\ \tau\mu\acute{\iota}\ \mathfrak{M}\mu\rho\acute{\iota}\alpha\delta\epsilon$, these words $\Delta\eta\ \tau\mu\acute{\iota}\ \mathfrak{M}\mu\rho\acute{\iota}\alpha\delta$ —the former means "*the three Murphys*," whilst the latter is translated "*the chieftain Murphy*." This reading we prefer, but the text was printed before we met it.

Murtough Ruadh, or Rory O'Flaherty, "*of the battle-axes, cattle, and lawns*" of Moycullen, hereditary prince of Iar (West) Connaught, was father of Hugh O'Flaherty, the father of Roderick, author of that master-work, the "*Ogygia*." Rory committed frightful havoc, with his "*Battleaxe men*," amongst the enemies of his creed and country. Now and again, he and other chiefs walked, *from a prudent necessity*, along with the English; but when occasion presented, they made the foes reel before the might of their arms. Rory held out against Clanricarde, who supported the Ormondists, in opposition to the gallant policy of Rinnucini, the Irish bishops, and the *native Irish* Catholic Lords, who declined entering into terms with the notorious Murrough O'Brien—the *Church-burning*,

the *Prelate-murdering, Inchiquin*. They knew him to be an inveterate *apostate* bigot; they felt that such a recreant, who was unfaithful to his God, whose religion he abandoned for *pelf* and *honour*, was not to be relied upon—that he would keep a truce only as long as he thought he could not break it. It occurs to us that—from what we read of the *Murroughs O'Brien*, of Thomond, their back slidings, their changing sides so often, and their final adhesion to the Anglican party, both in Elizabeth's and Cromwell's days—they are alluded to by the Kerry bard, and that he weeps over their apostacy, and the disgrace they brought on their royal race, whose ancestor freed Ireland from Danish slavery. The castles of the O'Briens of Thomond, which was joined to Munster, in 1576, were Clonrode, Bunratty, and Ibrakin, in Clare.

The Iar Connaught O'Flahertys were great patrons of learning and learned men. They were themselves distinguished for erudition, and the cultivation of the fine arts. They were great musicians, and were famed for hospitality. Their descendants owe no fealty to the English crown. When the present members of the family will have calmly considered the following lines from O'Flaherty's "History of Ireland," they will have learned how little devotion they owe England. The author, after having mentioned a famous battle between a merchant, named *Orsben*, from whom Lough *Orsben* or *Corrib*, and *Ulinn*, the grandson of the monarch, Nuadh (*Nhooa*), whence Maghulinn (*Moycullin*), thus writes: "This is my natal soil and patrimony, enjoyed by my ancestors, time immemorial. There was a manor exempted, by a patent, from all taxes. It likewise had the privilege of holding a market and fairs, and was honoured with a Seneschal's Court to settle litigations. But, having lost

my father at the age of two years, I sheltered myself under the wings of royalty, and paid the usual sum for my wardship. Having come to the age of possessing my fortune, I was deprived of the patronage of my guardian by the detestable execution of my king. I was obliged (at the age of nineteen) to take refuge in a foreign clime. The Lord wonderfully restored the prince to his crown, but he has found me unworthy to be reinstated in the possession of my own estate." This language was a cutting satire on the perfidy of the faithless Charles II., in whose services *Murtagh Roe*,* and Hugh, the author's father, fought, bled, and forfeited. The words quoted were recorded in A.D. 1684, and we cannot learn what since happened to make any member of that ancient, plundered family, render any service to the *Saxon*. Roderick O'Flaherty, who was born in the town of Galway, was a half year older than Charles II.—See "*Ogygia*," part iii. page 27.

STANZA LXXXVIII.

Japla reannuċde. This was the *Great Earl of Desmond*, who fought his way so gallantly at Youghall. His greatest fortress was Shanat at Shanny Golden, in Limerick. Hence Shanat-aboo, "hurra for Shanat." He was afterwards treacherously murdered by a ruffian, named Kelly. His head was sent by Ormonde to Elizabeth, who had it placed on a spike at London-bridge. The three *great* insurrections were these of Fitzgerald, O'Donnell, and O'Neill, in the days of Elizabeth, the Stuarts, and Cromwells.

Some of our readers are to be reminded, that the Shannon skirts a part of Kerry, and that the Earl had a

* *Murtagh Ruadh* (Roe) is the same as "Rory" "Roderick" and "Rory" are compounds of "*Ruadh*," *red*, "*Righ*," *king* or *chief*, hence "*Rudricians*."

stronghold on its bank. In the days of Desmond, Hugh O'Neill, and O'Donnell, and other chieftains, fought many a hard battle with the Saxons at the close of Elizabeth's reign. The young *O'Moore* of Leix, "*who set the wisp a-going*," as our poet has it, all the way towards Fermagh; in other words, "*who lighted the blaze of nationality*," acted a chivalrous part in the struggle. How honourably does G. H. Moore, Esq., M.P. for Mayo—a lineal descendant of Rory O'Moore of *Uathne*—represent that ancient family in his ardent co-operation with the present band of *true men* to uphold the rights of Ireland. The state papers, to be seen in the Castle, present a frightful instance of the turpitude of recreant Irishmen, both in old and modern times. The examination of them would bring the reader to the irresistible conclusion, that *the independent opposition* of our representatives to *any* government, *no matter what may be their promises*, that will not concede protection to our industry and perfect religious equality to Catholics, is the only sure path to vindicate what is due to Irishmen, and to resist insult, to redress wrongs, to maintain the dignity of our old land, and to command respect. But to return. Were it not for the unhappy differences that occurred in 1602, between O'Neill and O'Donnell before Youghal, British rule and tyranny had been ended for that time in Ireland. And may we not say with shame and sorrow, that even at this day (such is England's prostration, and her contemptible figure before Europe, when her soldiers in the Crimea are obliged to *beg old* clothes and *bread* from Frenchmen) were it not for our representatives, we should and would obtain good terms for this country. The English treasury has debauched most of our public men, and scattered the seeds of division. They have *well* played the game: "*Divide et impera*;" yet *dum scribo, spero*, "every dog

has his day." The days of the "Corrupttonists" must end, and purity and honour will, in due time, be recognized. Men will find, at last, that no English Ministry has ever kept their word, nor monarch his or her oath with us. History presents this sad picture of human depravity. Elsewhere we have written on this painful topic. In the parliament that assembled in Dublin, in 1689, we have found, since the first part of this paragraph was in type, that a Garrett O'Moore sat for Mayo. So that, besides the migration from Leix, it appears there were O'Moores in Mayo of rank and fortune.

In the reign of James I., son of Mary, Queen of Scots, the diabolical treatment of the Irish is to be found in the case of the O'Byrnes of "The Ranelaghs."—See Matthew O'Connor's "History of the Catholics," appendix ii.; also "History of Confiscations in Birmingham Tower, in the Dublin Castle." The aforesaid James had the following words as a maxim: "*Plant Ireland with Puritans, and root out Papists, and secure it.*" Was not such language an unmistakeable royal mandate to extirpate—*quovis modo*—Catholics? Could words be *plainer* or *stronger*? The Scotchman did not confine himself to the expression of Chief Baron Wild, who said—"Popery is not to be endured in that kingdom." This phrase might be mildly interpreted, "Uproot Popery, but do not injure Papists." No, no! That would not satiate the sanguinary appetite of the king who, thirsting for blood, trampled upon every law, human, natural, and divine, and raised the cry of "To Hell or Connaught" *with Papists*, who, as Matthew O'Connor writes, "*were cooped up together in a barren corner to perish.*"

Catholic prelates and priests were hunted down like wolves. In fact, the total extirpation by butchery, star-

vation, and transportation of God's anointed clergy was the favourite system. It was thought that by the removal of the faithful shepherds, the sheep would become an easy prey to the wolf. It is no wonder that the impious, the profligate, and the debauched should have an implacable hatred to an order of men eminent for sanctity, ornaments to religion, and a check on the turpitude and depravity of the demons of those awful times. As a palliation for the butchery and plunder of the old Irish, and the English Lords and Catholics of the Pale, it was alleged, though without a shadow of proof, that a massacre of Protestants was committed by Catholics on the 23rd of October, 1641. If such a thing had occurred the despatches of the Lords Justices of Dublin, dated 25th October, 27th November, and 23rd December, of same year, and directed to the House of Commons, would give an account of so important a fact, but in them there was not a word on that point, though they specified that ten of the garrison of Lord Moore's house, at Melifont, were killed by a party of *rebels*, as they called patriots. There is not a word in the "Journals of the House of Commons" relative to a general massacre. The absence of a governmental record of the alleged fact is a clear proof that the assertion was a pure fabrication, a barefaced falsehood. Milton states, that 600,000 Protestants were massacred!!! Though, according to Sir William Petty, a most accurate statist, there were in all Ireland, at the time, only 220,000, that is 380,000 less than Milton said were killed! The Rev. Dr. Warner, F.T.C.D., reduces the number to 4,080; he adds, "it is easy to demonstrate the utter falsehood of every Protestant historian of the rebellion." Milton, Barton, Temple, Frankland, Rapin, Wormius, Clarendon, and Hume—the last of whom makes the number but 40,000—stand

convicted of a wilful and satanic lie, by parliamentary evidence as well as by Warner.

The cause of Sir Phelim O'Neill's insurrection, which was as follows, may not be known to some of our readers. Having seen the estates of the old owners in the possession of robbers—the minions of *Bess*, Mary, Harry, James—and having found Charles faithless, deaf to all entreaties for justice, and allowing his infamous minister, Strafford, to get up “a commission to enquire into defective titles,” and thus intending to rob such Connaught gentlemen, as were not plundered—Ulster having been already confiscated—and having seen *might* thus triumphing over *right*, Sir Phelim had recourse to the promptings of nature and the principles of equity—self-defence and self-preservation. He sought to win back Ireland for the Irish, and to secure freedom for Irishmen. The injustice began with England and its monarchs, in favour of any one of whom, as having acted justly to their silly *creature* supporters, no exception can be found in the bloody pages of their history. On the contrary, the spoilers were confirmed in their plunder. Were Irishmen but vigorous and united at the time, such villany could have been successfully resisted. Rinnucini, aided by God, would have righted the ancient land, would have restored the churches, and have put an end to foreign domination.

STANZA XC.

“When they drove away the Holy Nuncio,
Plague and famine overran the land.”

These two lines, if proof were wanted, mark Dr. O'Connell's estimation of the most illustrious, uncompromising, and dauntless Rinnucini, Archbishop of Fermo, in Italy. He came to Ireland to uphold Catholicity, to protect the native Irish, *at all hazards*, and *against all*

enemies, and, according to his own words before the Council of the Confederation of Kilkenny—Mountgarret, presiding—“*to uphold King Charles against the Cromwellians.*” Richard Beeling, alluded to in the next verse, who was secretary to the Confederation, went to Rome to implore the aid of His Holiness in the distressed state of the Catholics of Ireland. The patriot Franciscan friar, Father Wadding, went with him, as did the Right Rev. Heber Mac Mahon, of Clogher. Father Luke Wadding’s powerful and feeling addresses, delivered publicly in Rome to the people, had such an effect on Rinnucini, that he volunteered his services, if he got leave from the Pope. This being obtained he came away, *Beeling promising*—that the direction in all matters would be given to the Nuncio. How unstable are human affairs! This same Beeling became faithless to Rinnucini. He became the sycophant of the infamous Ormond, and deserted the Archbishop of Fermo. Let us see who this Beeling was in whom Catholics confided. It would strike us that he sought the post of secretary to betray and to create division. But he was a cunning man. O’Flaherty, author of the “*Ogygia*,” thought him a true man, when he asked his approbation of his work in 1684. We have read Beeling’s short note of approbation, and it appears strange that Harris places his death in 1677, anterior to the introduction to the “*Ogygia*,” whose dates are brought down to 1684. Beeling did what he could, in his writings after the Restoration to blacken the character of Rinnucini. He, in this matter, acted only the part of every man, who, to make himself secure in his property, or to acquire wealth, writes to support the powers that be. In vindication of the Nuncio’s conduct, we intend to give a beautiful letter of his, against holding any terms with the *apostate* Catholic

Inchiquin. We have translated it from a work well known—"Hibernia Dominicana." Before we present our readers with this interesting document, let us see, as we find in Harris' "Writers," what was Beeling's parentage, that confidence should be reposed in him.

We find in Harris' "Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century," that Beeling was "the father of Sir Richard Beeling, Knight, who was secretary to Catharine, Queen of Charles II.," and that "he was married to a lady named Arundel, heiress to a large estate. His children were obliged to adopt the mother's family name."—Harris' "Ware's Writers of Ireland," book. i. p. 165. From the fact of this *plunge* into another name, sight was lost of that Beeling family. The father stood by Ormond, who gambled away Ireland to Colonel Jones, and fled, leaving Dublin to the mercy of that ruthless, manslaying, city-dismantling, church-desecrating, infant mangling, woman torturing faction. How keenly our poet cuts up Ormond, in his allusion to Tankardstown Battle. We refer to stanza xciii. We find in Carte's "Ormond," vol. i. part 3, p. 494, that Ormond "gave money and relief to the *Covenanters*," in Ireland, to enable them to massacre the loyal Catholics. This was the "miller's dog," whom Beeling would support, and whose advice he would adopt in preference to the Nuncio, who came to Ireland, resting on his promise. It was this treachery on the part of Beeling, as well as the weakness produced in Meath, by Bishop Dease and the Prestons of Gormanstown, of those days, that made Rinnucini retire in disgust from a people for whom he was ready to lay down his life. How different from Bishop Dease is the present venerated and patriotic Rt. Rev. Dr. Cantwell, who is an ornament of religion and an honour to Ireland.

How dexterously does our poet refer, in stanza xci., to the writings of Beeling against Beeling himself. He quotes Beeling *v.* Beeling. A letter, purporting to be from the Council of the Catholic Confederation, was sent to Rinnucini, relative to the cessation or making terms with Inchiquin. The document was not signed by even a respectable, or an honest fraction of the Council. It had Beeling's name to it. Such was the document that was sought to be foisted on the Nuncio as a genuine minute of the Supreme Council. Here is a masterly argument and eloquent reply. We select this from many of his lucid letters in our possession.

THE LETTER OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS NUNCIO, DISSUADING THEM
FROM A TRUCE.

“A consideration, as well for our own duty, as a respect for your illustrious Lordships, always requires, that, in all the deliberations of the Supreme Council, we be most particularly anxious, that both the advancement of the Catholic religion, and the glory and the fame of country, as well as the joy of our Most Holy Lord (or Father), should be manifested, especially at the present moment, when a deputation from this kingdom to Rome has, as it is hoped, arrived safely with his Holiness. Wherefore, unless these three conditions meet in the truce, which is being just now treated of, with the Lord Baron de Inchiquin, it is very much to be doubted, but that a quite contrary effect to what is expected may follow, and that the way to a more extensive and a heavier injury to the country may be paved. For whereas the tendency of the present truce is to leave the state of affairs as it is at present, and that no change of parties is made—all see the present wretched condition of religion in Munster, since the cruelties and plunder that have been perpetrated therein, during the autumn and winter by the Baron himself, besides the fines imposed upon, and the transportation of so many priests, and the demolition of churches, all of which might continue to the destruction of so many souls, particularly at a time when, because of the weakness of the opposing army, and the impaired strength of even the Parliamentarians, it was to be hoped, that the Catholics would recover whatever they had lost in Munster, and would commence a year remarkable for, and favourable to religion. And hence proceeds the respect due to fame and glory by the Confederated Catholics; for it is now public throughout the entire of Europe, that the Lord Baron has laid in ruins the city of Cashel, and has within its Temple,

counties, and lastly at the very walls of Kilkenny insulted its chief Magistrate. Consequently let no one imagine, that the strength of the Catholics has been so exhausted, as that they would offer a truce to so deadly an enemy, having received so many calamities at his hands. Nay, even it will be the general opinion, that no greater glory could accrue to the Supreme Council, than, if upon an army being mustered, they should order them to enter the enemies quarters, and effect both the exemption from the contributions (that is, the tribute imposed), and the safety of the people. For who can bear, that the money and other means, which should be to support Catholic soldiers, are, by an unfortunate exchange, in the hands of the enemy, and make them our stronger and more implacable foes. Certainly all the counties to be freed from such tendency, ought, and will, give us, more cheerfully, than the enemy (from whom many always expect greater wrongs), resources. But as regards our Most Holy Lord, I confess, illustrious nobles, that I know not how I can offer this message to him, to obtain for the enemy a truce after such rapine and losses. Because His Holiness is already aware, that from past cessations have proceeded all the evils to which the kingdom has been subjected, and he is conscious nothing can be more pernicious than by delays to serve the enemy. For what will there be in this case in which it will not be unknown to His Holiness, that the enemy have a weak army, and that, through hunger and want, they have been making repeated excursions; moreover, that relief from England cannot be expected—that it has been gravely prejudicial to the Catholic religion, and that they, however, will have been persecuted. How, I ask, will this embassy obstruct the Delegates, appointed by your most illustrious Lordships, whom His Holiness will upbraid with this fear of the Confederation, and will justly think, that he is deservedly drawn from giving any further aid. On the contrary, if generously, and for the sake of restoring our holy religion in Munster, an army be collected, and some place at the sea be recovered, it is needless to repeat to your Lordships what will be the joy of His Holiness, or what will be his disposition towards the confederation, when they will satisfactorily learn from Dyonisius the Deccan, what His Holiness had prepared as well in money as in public honours if Dublin should come into their hands, as he most ardently wished and even yet wishes. I certainly now wish, and all along these two years wished for nothing more than to be once able to announce to His Holiness, something to incline his mind to greater benevolence towards your Lordships, and I know what can be expected from him. In this case, I am of opinion, the secret judgment of God is, that hitherto I could write only adverse, and inauspicious matters, nevertheless, I would judge it wonderful if the Confederation would

dedicated to St. Patrick, by a horrible sacrilege butchered many priests and women at the very altar, and afterwards imposed a tribute on many not for once strive to do that, as they will experience in the matter (otherwise useful to themselves), if what I have so often endeavoured to impress on them be true; and I have done so for no other reason than for the greatest happiness of your Lordships, and the due promotion of the Catholic religion. On this account we thought it our duty to write thus before our arrival.

“ I remain, as usual, illustrious lords,

“ ✠ JOHN BAPTIST RINNUCINI,
“ *Archbishop, Fermo.*”

To the above brilliant document a lengthy, shuffling rejoinder was sent by a clique of the Supreme Council, amongst whom was the Bishop of Limerick, Beeling, and Lord Athenry. Thos. Dease, Bishop of Meath, figured in another anti-national letter. In fact, at the time, the Council consisted mainly of Lord Mountgarret, Beeling, Bishop Dease of Meath, Bishop of Ossory and Limerick, and all the other Prelates and the native Peers were with the Nuncio. The annexed is the intrepid Nuncios' bold, straightforward, and brilliant reply :—

“ Having seen the response of your Illustrious Lordships, in having heard what, in their name, your Lordships' Commissary Generals have laid before me, relative to the negociation of a truce, it appears to me that the difficulty on this head still remains, unless we come to particular conditions, subject to which a treaty can be concluded, upon the due examination of which conditions rests a true judgment, to be formed with respect to such peace.

“ For, although it be most true as your Illustrious Lordships state, that truces have been at all places entered into, even with infidels, and that even the mightiest monarchs have at all times ratified them, it is still not less certain that these alone are approved of, which have been formed from necessity, but to advantage, and on the other hand, these are censured which want either of the aforesaid conditions.

“ But necessity in our case is confined to this alone, namely, whether the Confederates be unequal to both wars, in Leinster and Munster, in which circumstance I would suppose it worth while to convoke all the Generals, and hear their opinions, that a judgment may not be formed

without the greatest experimental proof of affairs. For it is their province to state, if the Catholic army be unequal to both expeditions, and after having weighed the present state of the enemies, to inquire diligently by what means they can be attacked or intercepted, and with how many legions, and within what limits the affair can be accomplished, otherwise, these, who are not in actual service, can easily pronounce as to the other point, to wit, that both armies have been reduced to straits, as is everywhere heard, and that, therefore, their forces are not to be dreaded; most particularly, and, above all, in a war undertaken in defence of religion, in which something is to be entrusted to God; or, on the contrary, that the strength of the enemies is not so impaired but that aid may be expected from England, and that, therefore, it may be said to come on terms with the other enemy. Which contrariety of opinions a Council of War only can solve.

“But, seeing that there was not necessity, let us try if there be utility in the cessation. And, in the first place, it is necessary that I should remove the erroneous impression which I find has been made on your Lordships’ minds by my former letter, as not being explicit enough. For in the letter, which, it is asserted, I wrote on the first of March, I think I did not at all approve of a truce with the Scots. Now, granting that such a passage be read in it, it was surely beside my intention, as I have advised a treaty neither with the Scots, nor with Inchiquin, himself, but with others of a different religion; and, in such cases, my meaning was merely as regarded some accommodation, or some such adjustment. And the reason of the difference is this, which I have touched upon in my first writing, namely, that during the cessation, things are to continue as they now are, without advancing the object for which the war is undertaken. But an adjustment or accommodation cannot be concluded unless something advantageous accrue to the contracting parties respectively; and when I considered that we could not possibly arrive at that with the Scots unless some increase to our religion had been permitted in these places, so also I not only always recommended, but even wished, that a like alliance, with the same increase, would be contracted with the Lord Baron, as most of the Lords of the Supreme Council will be able to testify. But wherever no such advantage can be had, I had no notion of approving of any truce, or the like interstice.

“Having laid down these premises, let us see what advantage to our religion, or to the king, can be discovered in this armistice. Now, as regards religion, if we do not come to particulars, nothing is heard hitherto that can advance it; and, therefore, what was considered in my first letter still holds true, to wit, that the state of religion in Munster has been no

where more unfortunate, and more confined, and that these who have inflicted the injury, will, to our greatest disgrace bear away the prize, and reap the advantages ; whereas spirits, truly Catholic, had the opportunity of rising up against the sacrilegious enemy, and, by an united effort, either subdue or repel them.

“ But with respect to the King, concerning whom your illustrious Lordships seem to suppose, that our Most Holy Father ought to be pleased that the confederation was devoted and friendly to His Majesty, and on this account acted well in having embraced with, and having moved to a truce, Lord Inchiquin, who declared for the King. I indeed signify to your illustrious Lordships, that His Holiness was of opinion, it was always a thousand times a better plan for the sovereign, if the citadels and strongholds of Munster continued in the hands of the Catholics, than in the Lord Baron’s, though he declared for the King, nay even that neither a more faithful guarding of them could be afforded, nor a more implicit obedience yielded to His Majesty than by Catholics, who can observe their allegiance to God. For why has His Holiness, during the past years, interposed so many acts of kindness, and admonitions through the Most Reverend Scarampiors, and subsequently through me, that the confederation would attack Dublin, which was in the possession of the Marquis of Ormond, who, not only declared for the King, but was even a Viceroy ; perhaps forsooth that its obedience might be withdrawn from His Majesty ; nay, but that the King would be served better by Catholics than by Protestants ; and wherefore if His Holiness were persuaded, that a truce with Inchiquin were entered into without evident necessity, and that, too, when the recovery of his Quarters might be expected, they may believe for a certainty, that he will take it very much to heart, that this had been done under such pretext, forsooth, of a declaration for the King ; on the contrary, His Holiness would be found to think, that neither the interest of religion, nor that of His Majesty was consulted.

“ But, indeed, my most illustrious Lords, what ! if this declaration, as having been made by a man (hitherto most hostile to the king), fickle, and naturally most cunning, be considered trifling by foreign princes, and in the eyes of persons who profoundly enquire into all matters, and not to be attended to, unless it be first proved by the surest and safest experiments ? What ! if Her Most Serene Majesty, the Queen, and the Prince, also consider it trifling, and believe it would be safer for them that the Catholic Confederation, rather than the Lord Baron, should hold those quarters ? What ! if, finally, Lord de Inchiquin, who has been united during the past months with Jones to intercept the confederates between them, having now previously sent the above-mentioned declaration, nevertheless, should

secretly coalesce with him, and as the confederate army would be approaching Dublin, even Jones declares himself a royalist, and together they should exclude from all acquisition the confederates? Will there then be observed towards Jones a law different from that with Inchiquin, and in what state will religion then be which is now almost lost in Munster, and without any advance in Leinster? For, that these things may happen, it sufficeth to give as example the Lord Marquis of Ormonde, who, when he was bound to the king, nevertheless, having no regard to His Majesty, made over Dublin to the Parliamentarians, and now again, as though this tergiversation were attended with no inconvenience, he returned to the king.

“Those are what our Most Holy Father deplores; he sees those uncertainties, he foresees those dangers, and he bewails the injury to religion, particularly if it happen through a pretext of obedience to the king or other advantages, or quiet, which are to be hoped for in vain, without any progress in religion, and which generally turn out false, as has been often remarked.

“Wherefore I said to your Lordship’s commissaries, that all these things could be managed with great honour and prudence, nay, even with the apparent sanction of foreign princes, and particularly of His Holiness, if, whilst the truce is being arranged, some army also would be sent into Munster against the Lord Baron, which would effect this, that he being now reduced to difficulties, and being irreconcilably opposed to the Parliament, would either come on terms, advantageous to your Lordships, and the whole Confederation, or would be stripped of some portion of his power. I thought it my duty to propose that the more on this account, when after the Lord Baron’s retirement from Kilkenny, I had written to His Holiness a long letter, detailing whatever was made known to me generally by public report, but especially by Lord (Bishop) of Limerick, namely, that the confederates being provoked by his hostile domineering, formed a closer union, and resolved, having laid aside their dissensions and jealousies, to send at once an united army against the Baron, and show him how they value both their religion and their country. But it is now to be deplored, and to be looked upon as the greatest misfortune, that we are compelled not only to write, that all these expectations vanished in smoke, but that the baron, for a mere parole declaration for the king, had altered the whole face of things, and that the confederates had come down to his entire satisfaction which, as I have fully explained in my first letter, I strongly suspect, may change the mind of His Holiness, particularly at a time when the delegates of your illustrious Lordships are most earnestly, and at this very moment imploring him, and I, as I have also written to

you, can see that I am placed in a most unpleasant situation, in which now, after so many months, I cannot, by any joyous tidings, more and more conciliate His Holiness to this country.

“However, all this has been said rather to throw light on the matter, shortly to be concluded from the Conventions intimated by your illustrious Lordships, and from the particular conditions of the cessation, many things can be considered which will more fully disclose, and more happily end the affair. In the mean time we have given directions, that prayers be poured out by all the religious and priests during fifteen successive days, to which we exhort your most illustrious Lordships, and all the laity, beseeching God, if this treaty be to His glory, and for the good of the country, that he vouchsafe to promote it by an unanimous consent, but if not, to prevent it; this humility of souls will obtain from God what we ask, and will inspire your most illustrious Lordships, whose hands we officially kiss.

✠ JOHN BAPTIST RINUCCINI.

“20th April, 1646.”

We are convinced that any impartial reader, who would carefully peruse the documents that passed between the Nuncio, and Ormondist clique of the Confederation, will decide that Rinuccini, as a man of truth, principle, and honour, had no other course to adopt but what he did. Wherever Ormond found the Protestant party, though anti-royal, likely to be unequal to the loyal Catholics, he was sure to aid either directly—as above shown—by supplying funds, or indirectly, by betraying the cause of his king—as his leaving Dublin vacant for the regicide Jones.

Ormond marched into the Counties of Wicklow, Wexford, Carlow, Queen’s, King’s, Kilkenny, and Kildare was present at, and aided in the atrocities, murders, burnings, and other depredations perpetrated by Sir Charles Coote, Colonel Armstrong, Sir Thomas Lucas, and Sir Patrick Wymes. He fought against Lord Mountgarrett, Lord Viscount Ikerin, Baron Lughmoe, Lord Dunboyne, the O’Dempsys, the O’Byrnes, and O’Cavenaghs, and other

well-known loyalists, though he ought to know that the leaders of his own party were secretly disloyal.—See Rushworth's "Historical Collections," part iii. pp. 510, 11, 12. This battle was at Tankardstown, in the Queen's County, on the Barrow, near the castle of Grange Melon, within four miles of Athy. Might this be the battle alluded to by Dr. O'Connell in the ninety-third stanza, wherein he hints that James—that is Ormond (some think "James, Duke of York," is hinted at)—and the *clique*, played "fast and loose." As we find the account in a most bigotted work, we must be sure we have a false account—we mean false as to the details of the battle, not as regards Ormond's treachery. As no volume, much less such a book as this, could give a detailed account of the injustices exercised by England on Ireland, we will here give a very short summary of a few of them.

The Irish were excluded from all places of honour and emolument. Their language, manners, dress, even the mode of wearing the hair, fell under the severity of England's penal laws. Leland bears ample testimony to the truth of this statement. Marriage with the Irish, fosterage, gossipred, was, by law, strictly prohibited under pain of forfeiture of property. Submission to Brehon jurisdiction, adoption of Irish names, the use of the Irish language, presentation of any Irishman to ecclesiastical livings; the reception of the Irish into nunneries and monasteries, and the entertainment of their bards, fell under the English penal code, in the time of the Edwards. (See Baron Finglas' "Breviat of Harris' Hibernia," p. 84, also Leland, vol. i. p. 320.) These unnatural laws had an effect quite the opposite of what they were intended to produce. For the De Burgos and the Geraldines of Desmond renounced the English manners, habits, and

dress, having conformed to those of Ireland.—See Finglas, p. 89; also Leland, vol. ii. p. 9. This disposition of the settlers continued to progress until even the humblest of them forgot their own country's language for the sweet, euphonious Celtic. Henry VII. revived the penal statutes, but it was all to no purpose. From this tendency on the part of the English nobility, resident in Ireland, and that of their dependants, the author of IRELAND'S DIRGE inferred that, generally speaking, they were kindly inclined towards the Irish. But a few schemers, who invariably had the government of affairs, exerted their nefarious influence to mar such a happy fusion of the races; on the contrary, they did what in them lay to keep them divided; and effectively to rule this country with a rod of iron, they ever devised means to create jealousy amongst the native chieftains. Such is the cursed machinery they have always used, in regard to every country that has had the misfortune to allow them a footing amongst them.

In the reign of Henry VII. the Geraldines of Desmond were pitted against the Mac Carthy and the O'Carroll, the O'Neill of Tyrone and the O'Neill of Tyrconnell were stimulated to contend for supremacy in the north. The *divide et impera* was put in requisition. The Earl of Kildare burned the Church of Cashel with the Archbishop in it, and assigned as his reason for so doing, that he had so acted, "*because the Archbishop was in it.*" The good Catholic, Henry, only laughed at the *piece of fun* of burning a prelate and a church!!! The O'Briens and their Munster clansmen, backed De Burgo, at Connaught, against his father-in-law, Kildare, who was supported by O'Neill and his dependants. The Kildare having gained a victory over De Burgo at Cnoctoa, near Galway, Lord Gormanstown recommended to "*cut the throats of the*

Irish who supported them, *in order to complete the victory.*" The only motive that influenced Kildare not to act on the suggestion was, that *they might be yet wanted.*

Next came Harry the Eighth, of infamous memory, who never spared *woman in his lust*, nor man, woman, or child *in his anger.* He hanged Lord Thomas Fitzgerald and his five uncles at Tyburn. His reign was one continued scene of blood, with which all our readers are acquainted. But his conduct towards Ireland was not worse than that of some of his predecessors. They excluded Irishmen, and murdered Irishmen *for being Irishmen*, he did the same because *they were Catholics.* Where is the difference? We do not see much.

In the reign of the *virtuous* boy, King Edward VI., the O'Moore and O'Connor, of Leinster, were entrapped to go to London, under the promise of being treated kindly. The former was put to death, and the latter lingered for some time in prison. For the atrocities committed in this vicious lad's reign, see Taaffe, O'Halloran, &c.

As regards the justice that was done to natives in Mary's reign, little can be said in favour of her. She treated with contempt all appeals made to her by those who were robbed in the former reigns because of their firm adhesion, under all privations, to the Catholic faith. She refused redress to her Irish Catholic subjects. Hence we assert that English monarchs, whether Catholic or Protestant, treated us alike. We can then safely state, that the question at all times, between the two nations, was one of cash, not of religion; and if we would at all aspire to national independence, there ought to be perfect religious toleration amongst Irishmen, in respect to the mode of worshipping. Mutual toleration is the basis of true happiness,

and the great bond of mutual good will and charity. Every man to be at liberty to adore God as his conscience tells him. Any convulsive attempt to revolutionize religion has been always attended with the most terrible results. The soul shrinks back from the bare recollection of the scenes of blood.

We have next the *virgin* Queen Elizabeth on the throne. As she was the child of a wicked father—whose crimes are too foul to be narrated—and of a sinful mother, she might, in truth, be called the *offspring of sin*. Hence we are not to be astonished at anything, however bloody, that might have occurred in her reign of terror. In this reign Sydney, whilst entertaining the O'Neill, murdered him at Clanaboy, and the Earl of Essex did the same, under similar circumstances, to the next O'Neill.—See page 84.

When these villain dastards were not able to meet the Irish chieftains in the field, they dishonoured the right of hospitality, which should protect, much less murder the unsuspecting guest. But no crime, however diabolical, was too red for the agent of English power in this country. No language can paint, or mind conceive the inhuman conduct pursued at this time towards the Irish. The utmost ferocity and cruelty prevailed. A succession of massacres, diversified with the demolition of houses, the burning of churches, and the wasting of substance, took place in all parts of the south by the government. Morrison, in his account of Lord Mountjoy's conduct, in the O'Moore's country, when he murdered Owen Mac Rory O'Moore; and of Calvagh Mac Walter; says, "the captains and soldiers did cut down and destroy £10,000 worth of the rebels' corn." He adds, he was surprised to find such a knowledge of agriculture amongst such *barba-*

rous inhabitants, and the reason whereof was, that the Queen's forces, during these wars, never till then came amongst them.—See “Annals of the Four Masters,” at 1500.

Let us hear Spencer on the humane policy he suggested to extirpate the Irish race—“The end of them will be very short, and although there should none of them fall by the sword—their being kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad, by this hard restraint they would quickly *consume themselves and devour one another!* The proof whereof has been seen in the late Warres of Mounster—'ere one year and a-half (by Spencer's system) they were brought to such wretchedness *as any stout heart would have rued the same*—they were creeping forth (from the woods) upon their hands, their legges would not bear them, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves, *the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves* in a short time a *most populous and plentiful country* suddainely left voide of man and beaste; in all that Warre there perished not many by the sword but by the *extremities of famine.*”—“View of the State of Ireland,” pp. 165 and 167.—Dublin edition, 1800.

Ben Johnson, in a letter to Drummond of Hawthornden, says, “that Spencer, himself, died *for lack of bread*, in London.” What a righteous and appropriate judgment.

STANZA CI.

The O'Briens were kings of Thomond (Tuath, *Thooa*), Múmhuain (Mooín), *North Munster*—that is, of all the Counties of Clare and Tipperary, as far as Cashel. In the time of Donough O'Brien, who stole the Irish crown to Rome, O'Donegan was chief of Lower Ormond, or East

Munster. It occurs to us that Múmhain, in olden times, comprised only Cork, Kerry, Waterford, and a part of Limerick.—See O'Brien's "Dictionary."

Some writers confound Leagh Modha (Lha Moa) with Munster, but erroneously, as part of Leinster was included in Eogan's (Owen's) southern half of Ireland. Clare was originally in Connaught. Hence, Thomond meant—not North Munster, but *North of Munster*—*Oir Múmhain*, "Ormond," *East of Munster*, *Iar Múmhain*, *West of Munster*, and that called *Deas Múmhain*, "Desmond," *South Munster*, is *stricté loquendo*, "Munster." At one time the Mac Carthys ruled South Munster—that is, all places south of a line, drawn from Dungarvan to Brandon's (O'Brennan's) hill, in Kerry; and the O'Briens possessed all parts north of the same line. This bipartile division, belonging to the descendants of Eogan Mor and Cormac Cas, was, in truth, Desmond and Thomond.

STANZA CIX.

Dun Ross, or *Ross Castle*, on the Lake of Killarney.—In the awful and troubled times of Charles, this Donough Mac Carthy, who was the second Lord Viscount Muskerry, the fifth Lord Muskerry, the first Earl, and the fifth in descent from *Cormac Ladir* (Lhadhir), was, as we find in the appendix to the translation of Keating's "Ireland," the last, in behalf of the *Stuarts*, who laid down his arms. He was the General of the royal forces in Munster. We shall show, before we close, that it had been fortunate for Ireland and her religion that he had never taken a prominent part in the luckless wars of the faithless and perfidious Stuarts.

The Castle of Ross is situated in the lower lake of Killarney, anciently Lough Lane, whence the river Lane

flows into the Atlantic, at Killorglin, or Castlemaine harbour. In the time of *pious* Bess, this place and the surrounding lands, were taken from the old Catholic proprietors, and given to an apostate, named Conway. After this family, it was sometimes called "Castle Conway." If we are not mistaken, it came by a female heir to the Blennerhasset family. It is in the diocese of Ardfert, County of Kerry, four and a quarter miles south-west from Milltown. The fortress of Mac Carthy was on an island in the lake, which was embosomed in lofty mountains, and could be approached, at that time, only by rugged paths. Hence, it might be deemed impregnable, or not to be taken unless by a protracted siege. After the unsuccessful battle of Cnock-na-glosa, Lord Muskerry, with about 1500 of the Catholic Confederate army, betook himself to this mountain fastness, and thought to secure himself therein, until succour would have come to him from Charles II., who was then in France. But nothing could secure him. For, as the author of our poem has graphically sung, plague and ruin overspread the land, because of Muskerry's contempt of the holy Rinuccini, who sought, as himself stated in eloquent language, in the presence of the insolent Mountgarrett, President of the Kilkenny Confederation, to assert the rights of the king, but at every risk, to vindicate and uphold the privileges and dignity of the Catholic Church. Such, said the glorious Nuncio, was the commission he had from Holy Innocent. He further added, "that he was instructed not to quit the island until he saw the churches and lands, of which violence and fraud had deprived them (the Catholics) restored." Heber Mac Mahon, Bishop of Clogher, to whom Rinnucini was confided, supported the eloquent appeal.

Smith, in his "History of Kerry," p. 316, writes that

the people believed, owing to a prophecy, that Castle Ross "could never be taken until a ship should swim on the lake." In the "*Gesta Hibernorum*," which are annexed to Sir J. Ware's "*Annals*" (p. 183, Dublin, 1705), we read this passage—"A.D., 1652. Rosse, in the County of Kerry, a castle in an island, is yielded up to Ludlow, after he had caused a small ship to be carried over the mountains and set afloat on the lough, which terrified the enemy." The hold the supposed prophecy had on public opinion, it would seem, from the words quoted, had also its effect on Protestant superstition. However, the facts themselves will show that Ludlow did not make so light of the difficulty of capturing the castle, as hostile writers have asserted. Let us hear Ludlow himself, who gave his memoirs to the world years later than the annals attributed to Ware. Though his own narration of his mode of besieging the castle is but very obscure, yet the reader will see that he had a considerable force.

Whilst Ludlow was thus engaged in watching the place of Mac Carthy's retreat, we find by a letter of the Rev. Mr. Jones, whose brother was the general to the regicide Cromwellian army, and who was himself afterwards made Bishop of Meath, under the very monarch whom they sought to keep from the throne, that an expedition was in readiness to sail from Kinsale to Castle Conway, on the next day. This letter was forwarded on the 14th of June, 1852: it requested that a force would be sent down to protect them as they were landing. This Jones was Scout Master to the rebellious parliamentary insurgents, whose objects were the subversion of monarchical power, the extirpation of Popery and Papists, plunder, and personal aggrandizement. His plan, as proposed by his dispatch to the commander-in-chief, was to prepare the materials

for twenty boats, capable of carrying, each, sixty men, two of them pinnaces with two pieces of ordnance in their bows. These we would now designate "Gunboats."

It is here to be observed that a branch of the Mac Carthys took the name of Mac Donough. They lived in Mallow in Cork. See note on stanza ciii.

STANZA CXX.

St. Fursa was the son of Fintain, of the tribe of Heber, king of south Munster, and of Gilgesia, of the royal Heremonian tribe of *Ui-Bruin*, in south-east Connaught, bordering along the Shannon. He was baptized and educated by his uncle St. Brennan. His father, because of his marriage with Gilgesia, was persecuted by his father. The saint built a house for them near his monastery at Clonfert. Here it was that St. Fursa was reared, and imbibed the early lessons of piety, which fired his soul with a burning zeal for the salvation of man. When he was of age (with the consent of his uncle) he founded a monastery in Lough Orsben (Lough Corrib). At this time, Ware and Hanmer write, that he, wishing to withdraw from the tumult of war, which was then raging between the wicked Saxons and the Britons, withdrew to France; founded several monasteries, which were filled with thousands of holy monks; he *rested in the Lord*, according to the Annals of Boyle (a place which has ever been surrounded with the clan "O'Brennan," for years a farmer class, through English plunder), A. D. 653, in Peronne in Piccardy. It should have been mentioned, that he, and one of his brothers were, at Rome, by the Pope consecrated bishops. He was a great patron of the arts and sciences, and walked in the footsteps of his illustrious uncle. The monastery built by him in the above

mentioned lake, though allowed for a long time to be in a state of dilapidation, was repaired with great splendour, and endowed with rich presents by a king of the East Saxons, or, we are apt to think, by a queen. It was situated in the deanery of Eanuichduin (Annadown), County of Galway, Archdiocese of Tuam. Near the monastery of Clonfert (in ancient times a bishop usually resided in each monastery) several thousand monks were edified by his instructions and sanctified example. The holy saint travelled for seven years as a pilgrim, spreading the light of the Gospel wherever he went, founding monasteries, attracting by the magnetic influence of his piety thousands of pious anchorites, establishing rules for their guidance, whilst he was in his person an example of self-denial and mortification; all the monks of his institution lived by the sweat of their brow. He must not be confounded with the eminent St. Brenan, of Ardfert, in Kerry.—Ware, vol. ii. p. 34; Hanmer, pp. 107, 117; also the life of St. Ruadanus (Ruane). A manuscript, lately discovered in the Burgundian library, it is said, asserts that he visited and taught not only the Icelanders, but even many parts of North America, and that he celebrated seven Easters on sea, and then returned home by France, having thus paid homage to the birth-place of Ireland's great Apostle, as well as to hear about and see his nephews, Fursa and Ultan. The fact of his having, at his own private expense, built his church and monastery, the nunnery and monastery of his niece and nephew, and having supported Fiontan and his wife as became members of royal families, is an evidence of his royal descent, wealth, and influence.

METRICAL VERSION
OF
THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP O'CONNELL'S
"DIRGE OF IRELAND,"

BY
THE REV. C. J. O'CONNOR-KERRY, C.C.

1. All glorious Erin with her noble sons,
The prey of godless tyrants worse than Huns!
Who waste her valleys, her fair fanes defile,
Her abbeys plunder, her pure priests exile,
2. Devour her people, melt in lust her wealth—
The thought, O God! it racks my heart—my health!
Most ancient Isle! for thee a seed was sav'd,
Not of their kin, whose Ark the Deluge brav'd.
3. Who rescued Finton? Was it sails or wings?
Oh, no! The right hand of the King of Kings!
'Tis well! when Noe to his mother Eve
Descends at last, 'twere further cause to grieve
4. Her mother's breast, in Limbus of the Fathers—
If aught could grieve her there!—to learn how gathers
O'er all her offspring desolating pain,
Since her first fault and Adam's, led on Cain,
5. And many a fratricide, to outrage Heaven;
Till sin grew greater than might be forgiven,*
And God, in anger, purg'd the world of men,
Sparing but three to people earth again.

* The poet means—sin so overspread the earth, that God, in his anger, sent a deluge to purge it of mankind.

6. Lo! when the universal flood subsides,
The Patriarch Sire among his sons divides
A world all verdant. Fertile Asia falls
To Sem the first-born; Africa, that appals
7. With snakes and sultry heat, to Ham unblest;
To Japhet Europe with its Islands of the West.
From Ham those monsters came that scare the world,
Titan, who would Heav'n's King from Heav'n have
hurl'd,
8. Atlas, who on his shoulders bore the skies;
Huge Argus with his hundred rolling eyes;
Briareus with as many horny hands,
And Nimrod leader of embattled bands.
9. And Nimrod, conscience-struck, a tower would build
Should reach the stars above! For, he had spill'd
Much blood, and much he fear'd a second flood—
But, vain his thoughts, his toils! they were not good!
10. Higher than Pelion pil'd on Ossa's hill,
There stood a mountain. Thither men of skill,
Masons and architects and labourers came
Around their king, to rear his tower of fame.
11. And they, be sure! had much to drink and eat,
Good beer and better bread and solid meat,
Not a potato food, our stingy pay!
Who dig a fallow-field on one scant meal a day.
12. And, God beheld them from high Heav'n's expanse,
Who sees the wide creation at a glance!
He sees them—insects!—toiling noon and morn;
He sees the worms! and laughs their toil to scorn!

13. Down fell the fabric at the Godhead's frown,
And down the mountain fell, and people down,
Each upon other—shrieking as they fell,
Some to the earth alive, and some alive to hell!
14. Confusion seized them! Where one tongue at first,
And one alone, was heard—a hundred burst
Forth from as many lips. Few neighbours knew
Their neighbours' speech, and all, at once, withdrew
From that ill-fated spot. Some eastward fled,
Some north, some south—as chance or instinct led.
15. In Scythia's wilds there liv'd in after years,
A prince accomplish'd beyond all his peers,
Niul, Phinusa's son. Him sacred love
Of learning and of languages did move.
16. Forth went professors, by his sage command,
To glean the treasur'd lore of every land;
For whom return'd, like honied bees, from far,
He founds his royal college at Shenaar.
17. And Pharoah, hearing of Phinusa's son—
Of all the peaceful laurels he had won,
Bids him to Egypt, to become his guide
In wisdom and in arts; and gives beside
His golden-braided daughter as his bride.
18. And Scota was that maiden's name—a name
She left our Western Isle, well known to fame;
And theirs was one illustrious son, Gadele,
The future father of the far-famed Gael.
19. 'Twas in those days the Israelites in chains,
Toil'd at their thankless task on Memphian plains;
And Pharoah rul'd them with an iron rod;
But Scota pitied the choice tribe of God.

20. People of God ! *now* be ye slaves no more !
 The Red Sea opens wide from shore to shore
 And Moses leads you safe as on dry ground—
 Pharaoh hath follow'd—but his hosts are drowned !
21. And shall Gadelas stay in such a land,
 So signally chastised by Heav'n's own hand ?
 Ah, no ! his ships already woo the gale ;
 Well mann'd and well equipp'd, for Greece they sail.
22. Athens and Lacedemon, Thebes and each
 Proud city hail'd him, as he touch'd their beach.
 O'er old Beotia's towns he rul'd awhile,
 But, he must seek the destin'd Western Isle.
23. Not he, in sooth ! His life is but too brief !
 Time of his race hath rais'd another chief—
 Who summons all the offspring of Gadele,
 Now numerous as brave, to tempt the gale.
24. Hark ! how the tempest howls athwart their fleet !
 It drives them from Ortygia back to Crete,
 Down on Miletus—Ephesus—and on
 Cabriri, sacred to Alcmena's son,
25. And Scylla's rocks, whence quick repell'd, they hear
 The mermaid of Carybdis singing near.
 Landed at length, to Baal they sacrifice,
 " On to the Western Isle ! " the prophet cries.
26. Then, sword in hand, they traverse sunny Spain,
 Where Mile Espanne in Biscay 'gins to reign ;
 And Breögan hath built Breganza's tower,
 Whence Eire may be spied at evening's roseate hour.

27. "Hail, happy Island! Ith shall view thy strand,
 "And bring us tidings of our promis'd land!"
 Ith sail'd, and saw its fields of shining green,
 But liv'd not to relate what he had seen.
28. The Danaans, in all wiles of sorcery skill'd,
 Lur'd him on shore, and, peaceful slumbering, kill'd!
 Sad tidings for his sons to bear away!
 O'Driscoll More, O'Leary, frank and gay,
 And Coffy who on tuneful harps could play.
29. "What shall his '*Eric*' be?" "A kingly crown!
 Blood and revenge!" In wine their vows they drown.
 And such the welcome Ith's three sons receive;
 And greeted thus, why will they longer grieve?
30. For, see! from every full Galician port
 There issues many a ship that "*Eric*" to extort.
 Hail to the brave in such a cause who dare!
 Despite the storm they reach thy banks, Kenmare!
31. Whose arms embrace the proud invading host,
 Debarked on Donn's still well-remember'd coast.
 But Donn, their leader! will he join them soon?
 He and his flag-ship perish at "*Tec Duin*!"
32. Ir, too, lies mangled by the whirlwind's force—
 Lone Skellig of St. Michael holds his corse!
 And vainly Enda hopes the shore to make,
 Wreck'd at the Innys' mouth, nigh Tarman's Lake.
33. Three princes these—whose glory ne'er will fade!
 And, shall not slaughter'd foes appease each shade?
 Three kings at Telton* fell! Our Isle hath names
 She bears in honour of their queenly dames!

* Telton is in Meath; all the other remarkable places here mentioned are in the County Kerry.

34. Thy "*Eric*," Ith! was paid at Telton well,
Where kings and queens and Danaan people fell!
Nor, yet, may thy Milesians idly boast—
Add Slieve Mis and Glen'ais!—then count the cost—
35. Scots the Empress, Fais the druid's bride,
The bard Amergin, Colpa, sword of pride!—
Enough! we will reserve our tears! The sun
Three thousand less three hundred years had run,
Ere those two fights were nobly fought and won.
36. Heber those fields and Heremon survive,
The sons of Ir and Ith are still alive—
Four patriarchs brave, from whom our ancient race
Their royalty and lineage love to trace.
37. Heber and Ith dwell by Momonia's rills;
By Ullah's cataracts, and Connaught's hills
Are Heremon's fierce sons; and far and wide
O'er Erie of the streams, the Irians abide.
38. From Ir, on every side, descend Clan Roy,
Prophets and chiefs, a people's pride and joy!
Kings that gave laws to suit remotest time,
And poets of the sweet, satiric rhyme.
39. Heroes and bards are of his brother's kin,
Finians of Erin, Oscar, Ossian, Finn—*
Oscar, yet living in a father's lays,
And Finn, who left a son to sing his praise;
40. Mac Owen without beard and Conran bald,
Glas from his nut-brown locks, the comely called;
Blithe Dermot's heir, Mac Allen of the skiffs,
Who built Dun Edin's fort on Albyn's snowy cliffs.

* Fion son of Cumhal, the Fingal of M'Pherson's "*Ossian*."

41. Oh ! they were good—those sons of Innisfail !
 But, oft o'er summer seas sweeps the loud gale ;
 And sudden o'er the calm of Fola pass'd
*Dissension, that first fault, which haunts her to the
 last !*
42. Conn of the battles and great Eugene More
 The Isle partitioned, straight, from shore to shore ;
 And now a feud among her tribes arose,
 The fruitful source of many hopeless woes.
43. Yet, tho' she knew no ray of Gospel Light,
 And Eirie bent the knee to druid rite,
 Still was she moral, valorous, and true
 And bounteous as the gently falling dew.
44. To Jove her sons a homage offer'd free,
 As king of Heav'n and Hell, of Earth and Sea ;
 Some bow'd to Pluto, some fear'd Neptune's nod —
 In these three names they worshipped man as God.
45. And some adored the sun, and some the moon,
 And some the stars, that gladden night's pale noon ;
 Mars, too, had votaries, and rash Cupid fam'd,
 And sage Apollo, God of Wisdom nam'd.
46. To black-lipp'd Vulcan, blacksmiths rendered vows ;
 Shepherds to Pan, on misty mountain brows ;
 But some prefer'd to Nymphs of air or sea,
 The Sibyl Prophetess of Carrig Leigh.
47. Ah ! soon such deities shall wing their flight,
 And Gentile darkness yield to Gospel Light !
 From Rome—Heav'n sent ! a missionary hath sped
 To preach a Man-God slain and risen from the dead.

48. Patrick, empower'd by Celestine the Pope—
 Prelates, without the Pontiff's grace, but grope !
 To Erin came, what time Ulidia fair
 Mark Milcho served, and Tara crowned Loghaire.

49. He preached the Cross—and, lo ! the blest result !
 Quick he baptized each infant and adult ;
 Struck demons dumb, effac'd sin's mortal taints,
 And made green Erin's Isle an Isle of Saints.

50. Long had the Monarch stood from Faith aloof—
 His proud heart asks a miracle for proof—
 "Druid and Christian in yon fire be thrown !
 He who escapes unscathed, *his* God I own !"

51. So spake the king. A druid and a priest,
 Exchanging clothes, stepp'd in to dare the test.
 The screaming druid straight to ashes burns ;
 But the good priest of Christ unharm'd returns.

52. Holy the bishops were, and past all praise,
 Who taught in Desmond ere St. Patrick's days ;
 Declan of Decies, Ailbé, Emly's star,
 Kieran the wise, and eloquent Ivar.

53. But who with Calphurn's son can cope in grace,
 With whom the Lord held converse face to face,
 Gave him a book and crozier, promising
 Patrick shall judge the Gael when the last trump
 shall ring !

54. And Jesu gave him power each Sabbath eve,
 Four souls of that fair nation to relieve
 From purgatorial flames. The blest Ivar
 Affirms the number freed is greater far.

55. And Jesu promis'd him the seventh last year
 Before the conflagration of our sphere,
 Should see a flood o'er Erin's mountains flow
 To save her rescued race from Antichrist and woe.
56. Great was our saint! The very song he wrote
 With blessings to the sons of men is fraught.
 Who has not heard of "PATRICK'S HYMN?" I sung
 Its verses from my mother's lips, when I was young!
57. Oh! learn ye sons of Eirie! that sweet strain;
 At death 'twill save from purgatorial pain;
 Nay! but the last three stanzas, as you die,
 Will shield and soothe you in your agony.
58. Three-score the years he taught. Alas! too few
 For zeal for ever burning fresh and new!
 Three hundred were the bishops whom he left
 To mourn a flock of such a primate reft.
59. Three thousand priests his holy hand ordained;
 He spread six hundred churches o'er the land,
 Where many a deacon, many a canon pray'd,
 And virgins took the veil in chastity array'd.
60. What wonder that a people thus thrice bless'd,
 Should spurn this world and pant for heav'nly rest?
 Oh, yes! God's fear and love her heart inflam'd,
 And Erin Isle of Saints was justly nam'd!
61. And such for ages was her bearing, till
 The squadrons of the North her havens fill,
 And Danes deal havoc o'er the sainted Isle,
 Importing evil manners, which defile.

62. But, Brian *of the Tributes* rose in time,
And stay'd the Gentiles' fierce career of crime.
'Twas on Good Friday noon, in one pitch'd fight,
Falling himself, he conquer'd Erin's right.
63. Scarce on Clontarf the blood of foes was dry,
When sons of friends were stung with jealousy ;
Each with each other warr'd ; and, worse than Danes !
E'en Irish shed the life of Irish veins.
64. Dismantled towers appear'd on every side ;
Morals were changed—man took his brother's bride ;
Mac Murrough seiz'd the princess of O'Rorke—
Then Banba's monarch rag'd, then follow'd ruin's
work !
65. Hate in his heart and vengeance in his head,
From Ferns to England's throne fierce Dermot fled ;
Against his country arms and aid he claim'd,
That country's right the rich reward he nam'd.
66. And, Henry smil'd !—he smil'd with cunning hope !
His fair pretext—a brave Bull from the Pope—
“Faith to restore !” Alas, he brought a curse.
“And Peter's pence to pay”—into his purse.
67. Back with the traitor churl Earl Strongbow sail'd,
Men in his train in finish'd armour mail'd—
Why waste my breath ? The story soon is told—
Dissension did the deed—Eirie was sold.
68. But, they grew kind, those sons of Saxon sires,
And mildly mingled round our social fires,
Mixing their blood with ours in marriage rite,
Loving the clergy well—our hearts' delight !

69. They reverenc'd the laws our Brehons plann'd,
Nor crush'd the foe that fear'd their strong command;
So Celt and Saxon soon were brothers all
In love; and Gall was Gael and Gael was Gall.

70. At length—the Law, the Faith they flung o'erboard,
When carnal Calvin, lecherous Luther roar'd,
“Down with the Church! free Passion from duress
“Raise high the floodgates of Licentiousness!”

71. That cry reverberates round England's throne,
Where rules a despot's iron will alone;
Henry, Elizabeth, and Scottish James
Echo the cry, and set a realm in flames.

72. The tale is quickly told. Black sin corrodes
The Saxon people and their Irish toads.
They follow'd wheresoe'er their sovereigns led,
And made a king or queen the clergy's head!

73. They stripp'd the Church of all the poor's estate,
And gave its acres to the guilty great.
They dressed the Latin Mass in English guise—
Oh, what a Mass—without a sacrifice!

74. Rapine and lust and perjury had sway,
Scarce one went out to keep the Sabbath day;
And, on a sunny Sunday—men assert—
A woman and her son would stay at home to flirt.

75. And there was feasting high—my soul it grieves
E'en on Good Friday and Apostles' Eves.
Who *then* eat cresses at the gushing well?
None, save the hermit creeping from his cell.

76. No fast ! but drunkenness, gluttony and strife !
 Who drinks your health—will swear away your life—
 And yon sleek fop the pleasant dance that treads,
 Hath pocketted hard cash for priests' and bishops'
 heads.
77. Blood without cause was spilt, the poor were fleec'd,
 Churches destroy'd, church-land to spendthrifts leas'd,
 Widows were seen their husbands to deplore,
 And orphans begg'd for crumbs from door to door.
78. And laws were fram'd to harrow and to vex,
 Dire penal laws ! their very names perplex—
 Assizes, sessions, livery, college rents,
 Wardships, exchequer courts and parliaments.
79. Greenwax and capias, lattitat, replevin,
 Bailbonds, bills, fines, and wrongs that cry to heaven,
 Provosts and portrieves, tipstuffs, sheriffs, manors,
 With aught but "JUSTICE" written on their banners.
80. But, there was one small law—Oh, quite a blessing !
 And yet we Irish thought it sore distressing—
 Just only to surrender all our lands,
 And trust our wealth in our oppressor's hands !
81. 'Twas this last outrage rous'd Leath Cuin* to arms,
 And vainly fill'd our Isle with war's alarms—
 Up with the "BLOOD-RED-HAND" of Owen Roe,†
 A flag that never quiver'd to a foe !
82. Onward, O'Donnell ! Onward, rich O'Kane !
 O'Rourke, O'Boyle, O'Kelly without stain !
 Maguire of England and Maguire of Erin !
 M'Mahon and Magennis nobly daring !

* The half of Ireland, from the Boyne and Shannon, northward.

† Owen Roe O'Neill.

83. O'Reilly and M'Manus march in power,
Robert O'Neill whose fate was London Tower,
M'Donogh and O'Dowd of Castles bold,
And dark M'Sorly* ransom'd for his gold!
84. O'Connor, on! for sterling worth renown'd,
M'Murphy who in kine and books abound,
M'Swiny of the axe that shone like rays,
And you who set the signal wisp ablaze!
85. On! with each chief from Leinster to Lough Lean,
Courageous Walsh and Cavanagh serene;
Thou, too, of narrow Galleys† yellow Earl!
No tall ships on the lake their sails unfurl.
86. March to the fight! alas, that fight is vain!
Tho' Geraldines will join from Glyn and Maine—
From Shannet, Callan, and the Mang's wild flood,
And bright O'Doherty of Ossian's Finian blood!
87. In many a field they met the Regicides—
But, what avail the brave whom feud divides?
Still o'er the land black ruin had not sped
Till Phelim rose unwise, and King Charles lost his
head.
88. Then were the people seized with bitter qualms,
Driv'n on the world to crave precarious alms.
Plague crawl'd along and famine loudly yell'd—
Why not? Christ's holy Nuncio was expell'd!
89. Let truth be told! Not England's martial hordes,
Nor our own want of men, or means, or swords,
Not her superior power, nor our weak force
Lost us our Island—'twas DIVISION's curse!

* M'Donnell, Earl of Antrim. † Donogh M'Carthy, Lord Muskerry.

90. An alien leader and an Irish army—
Such odds against me must be sure to charm me !
An alien army and an Irish leader—
Poor Erin ! she were lucky had they freed her !
91. But rumour runs—can it, perchance, be true ?
Muskerry, Murrough, Ormond, Burgh—base crew !
At Stankard hung upon the guilty rear,
And play'd a game of “ neutrals ”—rather queer !
92. “ Spades, trumps ”—they pass from hand to hand
the ace ;
“ Win, Gael, win, Gall ”—*they* win in any case.
So, Cromwell scour'd the field, and at his side
Was seen son Harry hardily to ride.
93. Ireton and Ludlow—fit for worst misdeed !
Fleetwood and Waller—fanatics in creed !
The ready carbine and the polish'd gun—
These were the men by whom our Land was won !
94. By force or fraud they seiz'd each town or fort,
Banish'd or hang'd by military court—
From Innisboffin* to the Hill of Howth,
From Causeway to Cape Clear, their names we loathe.
95. Oh ! it was they who routed from our Isle
The old—the gentle stock ! who knew no guile—
The Lord of Meath, the Butlers, Burkes, and Deases,
Now seek their fortune where hard fortune pleases.
96. The Barrys old, and eke ! the Barrys young,
The Roches rich, who scorn'd to do a wrong—
Power, Plunkett, Eustace, doom'd to droop and pine,
The Leinster and the Munster Geraldine.

* An island north-west on the coast of the county of Galway.

97. The Bagot of the plenteous harvest field ;
 Moores, Cantillons, and Creaghs that ne'er would
 yield ;
 Trant, Staunton, Raleigh, Rices, Gallweys, Mees,
 Courseys and Cooleys—sent across the seas.
98. Where are the Supples, Purcells, Condons, Lacys ?
 Of Sherlocks, Keatings, Cusacks—where the traces ?
 Where Brown of beauteous Torc ? Where he of
 Spittal ?*
 Replac'd, perhaps, by Scotch or English wittol !
99. Ah ! whither vanish they of Heber's seed ?
 The strong M'Mahon of the leaping steed ?
 The Mac Con Mara prompt to do or dare ?
 The great O'Brien, Lord of craggy Clare ?
100. And, have they all departed—woe is me !
 The relics of our pristine Piety ?
 M'Carthy More, the pride of Innisfail ?
 And his brave offspring, princes of the Gael ?
101. M'Donogh, too, the clergy's prop and stay,
 With the three chiefs who own'd his potent sway ?
 Is Reagh, the swarthy, number'd with the dead ?
 And, has Dun Donal to some refuge fled ?
102. Where are the lords of Bearra and Dunkerron ?
 Where they who hunted with the hawk, the heron ?
 Where is the cheerful Tiernagh of Cos Mang ?
 And where M'Finnan, who the red deer sprang ?
103. Say, shall I find M'Carthy at Killeague ?
 Or, has he fallen the victim of intrigue ?
 A clan, unmatch'd in field or in defile,
 Prove weak before the fell deceiver's wife !

* Hospital, in the County of Limerick.

104. Nor may I here forget Hugh Brennan's race,
 Those priests who were the altar's light and grace.
 You *feel* their eloquence resounding still,
 From Limerick of the ships to Brandon Hill.
105. Tis felt! for its good fruits will ne'er depart—
 Nor may I pass the children of my heart
 In silence, for their names are told in Heaven!
 My own O'Connells and the sons of Crevin.
106. But who denies the homage of a tear—
 Tho' grief but ill beseems the martyr's bier!
 To those three friends who, 'mid a people's prayers,
 Hung on one gallows where men hold their fairs!*
107. The good Pierce Ferriter of song and sword,
 Brave Teig O'Connor, Tarbert's rightful Lord,
 M'Egan—bishop Boetius was he hight!
 And he absolv'd them for their Heav'n-ward flight!
108. O'Connor's head upon a spike was plac'd—
 A nobler never yet a gibbet grac'd!
 His two fair boys steal nigh on market day,
 And crowds will bless and screen them as they kneel
 to pray.
109. Thousands are banish'd to Jamaica's swamps!
 Thousands are banish'd to far, foreign camps!
 The son of Ross O'Donoghue is gone,
 While he of Flesk in covert lingers on!
110. How plans my mirthful Sheara his escape?
 He now can know no mirth in any shape!
 Dungid, Dunday, and Dunenar are mute,
 Unheard within their halls the laugh or lute!

* The "Fair Hill," Killarney; called in Irish, *Cnocán a B-croia*.

111. No hope for us albeit we cross the main !
 No hope for us albeit we hug our chain !
 No hope for us albeit their oaths we try !
 Conscience rebukes—our life's a living lie !
112. What shall we do ? or whither shall we go ?
 Nor hill, nor woods, nor mountain, hides from woe,
 No cure is here and no physician there ;
 But God is good ! Let our resource be prayer !
113. O God ! who makest Moon and stars so bright,
 Who framedst Earth and Heav'n and spheres of light,
 Thou who hast been and art, and e'er wilt be
 One God alone—a Triune Deity !
114. Is Thy sight dim ? Thy sense of hearing hushed ?
 Art Thou not He who once the monsters crushed ?
 Will not Thy lightning our oppressors rive ?
 They've quench'd the Faith—scarce left a spark alive.
115. Is this Thy promise made to Patrick erst,
 When on Mount Heremon ye both conversed ?
 Was this the promise vouchsaf'd on the Reeks,
 When he had fasted well his Fast of Weeks ?
116. Oh, no ! It is not thus ! Thou art ALL TRUTH !
 Eternal years are Thine—yet Thine is YOUTH !
 Our's is the sin—the more Thy hand bestows,
 The more Thy bounteous treasure overflows.
117. Let Mary hear us ! fair-neck'd, undefil'd
 Virgin, and Mother of Thine only child !
 Hear, John the Baptist ! hear us, second John !
 Hear us, Apostles ! pillars of God's Throne !

118. Saint Michael, Angel-guardian of our Isle!
 Patrick, great saviour from the demon's guile!
 Ye saints of Eirie, full of holy Love!
 Columbas, each as gentle as his dove!
119. Ye Finians! and ye Brendans! three and three,
 But chiefly thou who'st brav'd the Arctic sea!
 Thou of the ivied oak, whose vows did lay
 The Spirit of the Plague when on his way
 To decimate the plains of Iveray!
120. Thou, round whose islet Shannon's waters flow!
 Thou of the bright, the sunny Aghadoe!
 Thou of the grotto o'er the placid lake,
 And thou whose abbey walls the ocean billows break!
121. Oh! pray for Erie, blessed soul of Bride!
 And all ye saints and anchorets beside—
 Pray that your God may free us from despair,
 And I, too, pray that God may hear your prayer!
122. "Almighty Father, who in Heav'n hast rest!
 Restore our Faith, thus let thy name be blessed!
 Teach us to bear this overwhelming yoke,
 The many pains our many sins provoke!"
123. "All hail, sweet Mary! full of Jesu's grace!
 Thrice hallow'd thou who seest him face to face;
 In this her dreary, darksome hour of night,
 Obtain for *Erin* LIBERTY AND LIGHT!"

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e. p. = et passim.
a. e. = and elsewhere.
pro. = pronoun.
pre. = preposition.
pref. = preface.

n. c. = nominative case.
d. c. = dative case.
p. = page.
h. n. = historical notes.

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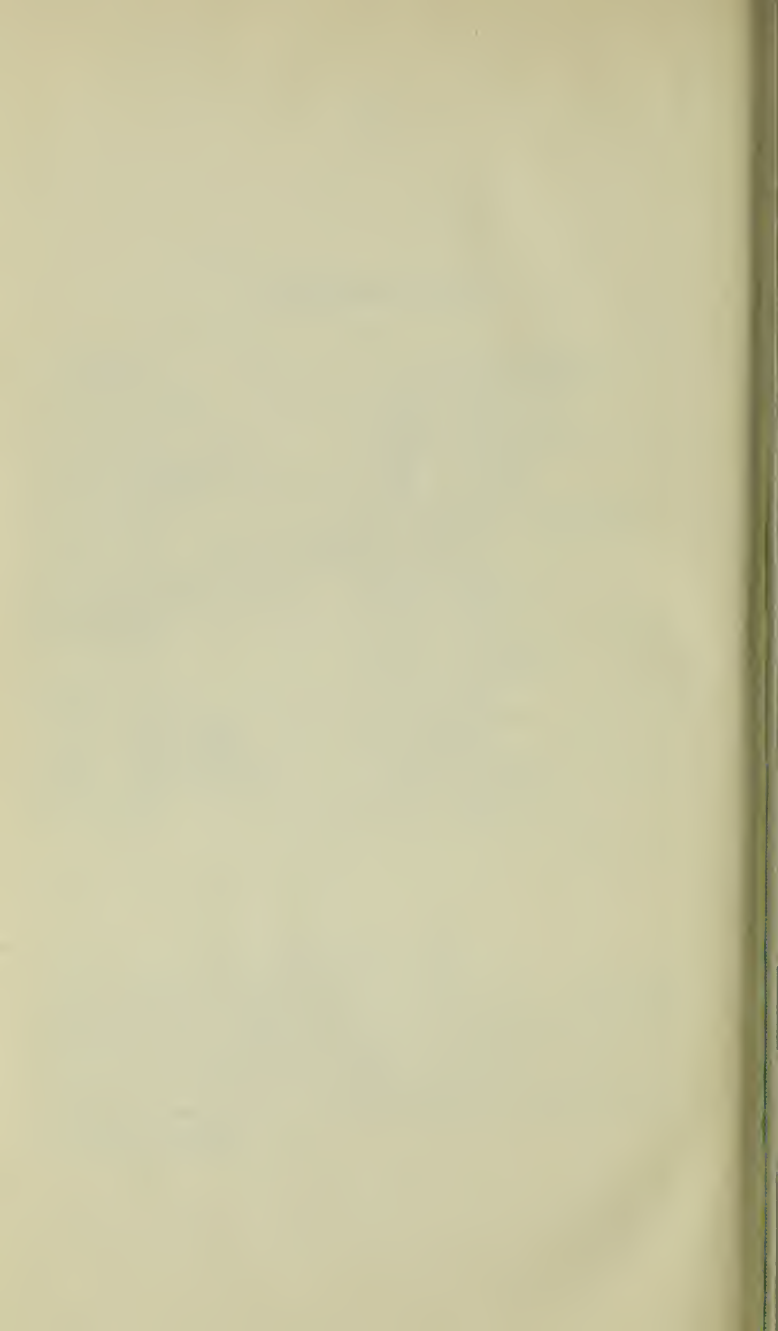
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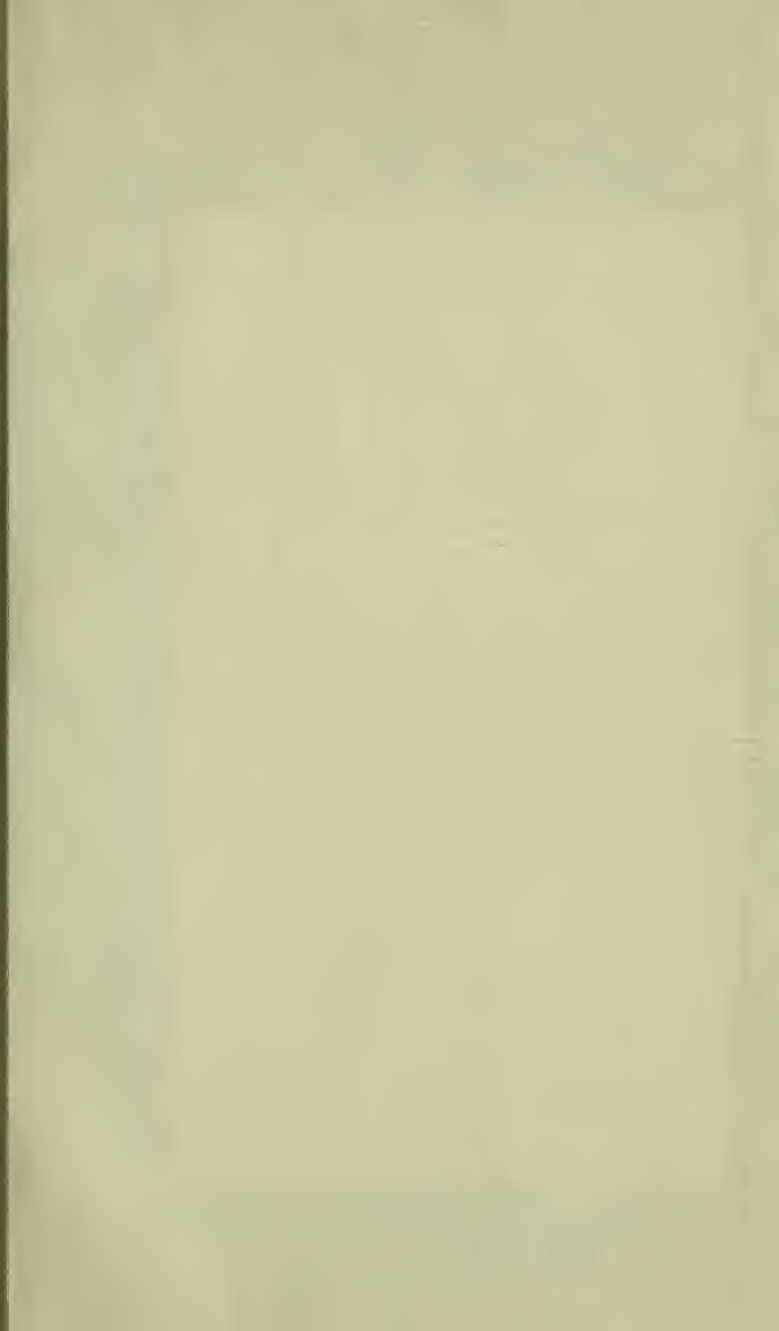
CONTRACTIONS.

= Equal to.	A. F. = after the Flood.
Der. = derivation.	Con. = contraction.
V. or vid. = see.	Nom. = nominative.
G. = genitive.	Comp. = compounded.
Str. or Strab. = Strabo.	Ap. = appendix.
Paus. = Pausanias.	Mas. = masculine.
Sg. = signifying.	Fem. = feminine.
Sa. = stanza.	Ib. = <i>ibidem</i> = same place.
V. g. = <i>verbi gratia</i> , for sake of example.	V. = verse.
Pas. pres. = passive present.	Plu. = plural.
Pro. = pronounce.	Mel. = Mela.
Gr. = Greek.	Stat. = Statius.
Lat. = Latin.	Pli. = Pliny.
L. = book.	Pomp. = Pomponius.
Pto. = Ptolemy.	Her. = Heredotus.
Com. = commentaries.	V. = Virgil.
A. M. = Anno Mundi.	Hom. = Homer.
B. C. = before Christ.	St. = Saint.
B. F. = before the Flood.	P. = page.
Sp. = Spanish.	Pas. = many places.
It. = Italian.	He. = Hebrew.
	Cel. = Celtic, Cellarius.

NOTE ON STANZA CXIV.

buŋ r a ſuŋ.—These are terms used in playing cards, and mean—the former *three fives* (fifteen), and the latter the *five fives*, or what is called *jink and wheel out*. Though forty-five be the Munster game, yet if any player get the *five lifts* together, he has won the game. The allusion in the stanza is, that the dishonest Irishmen of Cromwell's days were playing *fast and loose*, and resolved to have some of the spoil whether the King or the Puritans succeeded.





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